















# REALMS OF MELODY



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# Realms of Melody



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DEDICATED  
TO  
YOUTHFUL VOYAGERS  
EARLY VENTURING OVER THE WAVES  
OF IMAGINATION  
IN QUEST OF THE ISLES OF MAKE-BELIEVE  
AND REGIONS RICH  
IN  
SONG



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G. C.



*HASTE ! COME ABOARD AND MAN THE SHIP OF  
WONDER !*

*HEAVE, HEAVE AND PAWL AS WE SWING THE  
ANCHOR FREE !*

*WHITE CREAMS THE FOAM ; WE CLEAVE THE SEAS  
ASUNDER :*

*OH ! SET THE SAILS FOR THE REALMS OF  
MELODY !*

*SUNSHINE OF SONG BATHES ALL OUR WAKE WITH  
GLORY,*

*GILDING A PATH MID THE BLUE OF SKY AND  
SEA.*

*LAND LOOMS AHEAD—FAIR ISLES OF RHYME AND  
STORY —*

*BEAR UP THE HELM FOR THE REALMS OF  
MELODY !*





# GUIDE TO THE SEVERAL REALMS

	PAGE
REALM 1. ENGLAND	1
REALM 2. ROMANCE	11
REALM 3. HEROES AND HEROINES	79
REALM 4. SONGS	103
REALM 5. ODES	119
REALM 6. ELOQUENCE	137
REALM 7. BATTLE	157
REALM 8. FAREWELLS, LAMENTS, AND ELEGIES	221
REALM 9. THE SEA, SHIPS, AND SAILORS	229
REALM 10. BURLESQUE AND PARODY	251
REALM 11. HUMOUR	271
REALM 12. FAIRYLAND	311
REALM 13. HOMILY	327
LAST REALM. PRAYER	339



# REALM 1

## ENGLAND

	PAGE
1. <i>England, impregnable in her sea-girt strength, has nothing to fear even from a world in arms, if only she will commit herself to rulers worthy of trust and avoid dissensions at home . . . . .</i>	2
2. <i>England's glorious heritage; and the shame attaching to the effeminate and self-indulgent who forget, in the ease that her protection affords, the duties of citizenship . . . .</i>	3
3. <i>England and the happiness of those who die for her . . . . .</i>	5
4. <i>England and her Flag . . . . .</i>	6

## ENGLAND

### I

THIS royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,  
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,  
This other Eden, demi-paradise,  
This fortress built by Nature for herself  
Against infection and the hand of war,  
This happy breed of men, this little world,  
This precious stone set in the silver sea—  
Which serves it in the office of a wall  
Or as a moat defensive to a house  
Against the envy of less happier lands—  
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this  
England,

This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings—  
Fear'd by their breed and famous by their birth  
Renown'd for their deeds as far from home,  
For Christian service and true chivalry,  
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry  
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son—  
This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,  
Dear for her reputation through the world,  
Is now leased out, I die pronouncing it,  
Like to a tenement or pelting farm.

England, bound in with the triumphant sea,  
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege,  
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,  
With inky blots and rotten parchment bonds.  
That England, that was wont to conquer others,  
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.

## II

THIS England never did, nor never shall,  
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,  
But when it first did help to wound itself.  
Now these her princes are come home again,  
Come the three corners of the world in arms,  
And we shall shock them. Naught shall make us  
rue,  
If England to itself do rest but true.

## III

LET us be backed with God, and with the seas  
Which he hath given for fence impregnable,  
And with their helps only defend ourselves.  
In them, and in ourselves, our safety lies.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

## ENGLAND

ENGLAND, with all thy faults, I love thee still,  
My country ! and, while yet a nook is left  
Where English minds and manners may be found,  
Shall be constrained to love thee. Though thy  
clime

Be fickle, and thy year, most part, deformed  
With dripping rains, or withered by a frost,  
I would not yet exchange thy sullen skies  
And fields without a flower for warmer France  
With all her vines ; nor for Ausonia's groves  
Of golden fruitage, and her myrtle bowers.

To shake thy senate, and from heights sublime  
Of patriot eloquence to flash down fire  
Upon thy foes, was never meant my task ;  
But I can feel thy fortunes, and partake

Thy joys and sorrows with as true a heart  
As any thunderer there. And I can feel  
Thy follies too, and with a just disdain  
Frown at effeminate, whose very looks  
Reflect dishonour on the land I love.  
How, in the name of soldiership and sense,  
Should England prosper, when such things, as  
smooth

And tender as a girl, all-essenced o'er  
With odours, and as profligate as sweet,  
Who sell their laurel for a myrtle wreath,  
And love when they should fight,—when such as  
these

Presume to lay their hand upon the ark  
Of her magnificent and awful cause?  
Time was when it was praise and boast enough  
In every clime, and travel where we might,  
That we were born her children; praise enough  
To fill the ambition of a private man,  
That Chatham's language was his mother tongue,  
And Wolfe's great name compatriot with his own.

Farewell those honours, and farewell with them  
The hope of such hereafter! They have fallen  
Each in his field of glory: one in arms,  
And one in council—Wolfe upon the lap  
Of smiling Victory that moment won,  
And Chatham, heart-sick of his country's shame.  
They made us many soldiers. Chatham still  
Consulting England's happiness at home,  
Secured it by an unforgiving frown  
If any wronged her. Wolfe, where'er he fought,  
Put so much of his heart into his act,  
That his example had a magnet's force,  
And all were swift to follow whom all loved.  
Those suns are set. Oh, rise some other such!  
Or all that we have left is empty talk  
Of old achievements, and despair of new.

WILLIAM COWPER.

## ENGLAND, MY ENGLAND

WHAT have I done for you,  
    England, my England ?  
What is there I would not do,  
    England, my own ?  
With your glorious eyes austere,  
As the Lord were walking near,  
Whispering terrible things and dear  
    As the Song on your bugles blown,  
    England—  
    Round the world on your bugles blown !

Where shall the watchful sun,  
    England, my England,  
Match the master-work you've done,  
    England, my own ?  
When shall he rejoice agen  
Such a breed of mighty men  
As come forward, one to ten,  
    To the Song on your bugles blown,  
    England—  
    Down the years on your bugles blown ?

Ever the faith endures,  
    England, my England :—  
“ Take and break us : we are yours,  
    England, my own !  
Life is good, and joy runs high  
Between English earth and sky :  
Death is death ; but we shall die  
    To the Song on your bugles blown,  
    England—  
    To the stars on your bugles blown ! ”

## FIRST REALM

They call you proud and hard,  
     England, my England :  
 You with worlds to watch and ward,  
     England, my own !  
 You whose mailed hand keeps the keys  
 Of such teeming destinies,  
 You could know nor dread nor ease  
     Were the Song on your bugles blown,  
     England,  
     Round the Pit on your bugles blown !

Mother of Ships whose might,  
 England, my England,  
 Is the fierce old Sea's delight,  
     England, my own,  
 Chosen daughter of the Lord,  
 Spouse-in-Chief of the ancient Sword,  
 There's the menace of the Word  
     In the Song on your bugles blown,  
     England—  
     Out of heaven on your bugles blown !

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY.

## THE FLAG OF ENGLAND

WINDS of the World, give answer ! They are  
     whimpering to and fro—  
 And what should they know of England who only  
     England know ?—  
 The poor little street-bred people that vapour and  
     fume and brag,  
 They are lifting their heads in the stillness to yelp  
     at the English Flag.

Must we borrow a clout from the Boer—to plaster  
     anew with dirt ?



An Irish liar's bandage, or an English coward's  
shirt ?

We may not speak of England ; her Flag's to sell  
or share.

What is the Flag of England ? Winds of the world  
declare !

The North Wind blew :—" From Bergen my steel-  
shod vanguards go ;

I chase your lazy whalers home from the Disko floe.  
By the great North Lights above me I work the  
will of God,

And the liner splits on the ice-field or the Dogger  
fills with cod.

I barred my gates with iron, I shuttered my doors  
with flame,

Because to force my ramparts your nutshell navies  
came ;

I took the sun from their presence, I cut them down  
with my blast,

And they died, but the Flag of England blew free  
ere the spirit passed.

The lean white bear hath seen it in the long, long  
Arctic night,

The musk-ox knows the standard that flouts the  
Northern light :

What is the Flag of England ? Ye have but my  
bergs to dare,

Ye have but my drifts to conquer. Go forth, for it  
is there ! "

The South Wind sighed :—" From the Virgins  
my mid-sea course was ta'en,

Over a thousand islands lost in an idle main,

Where the sea-egg flames on the coral, and the  
long-backed breakers croon  
Their endless ocean legends to the lazy, locked  
lagoon.

Strayed amid lonely islets, mazed amid outer keys,  
I waked the palms to laughter—I tossed the scud  
in the breeze—

Never was isle so little, never was sea so lone,  
But over the scud and the palm-trees an English  
flag was flown.

I have wrenched it free from the halliard to hang  
for a wisp on the Horn ;  
I have chased it north to the Lizard—ribboned  
and rolled and torn ;  
I have spread its fold o'er the dying, adrift in a  
hopeless sea ;  
I have hurled it swift on the slaver, and seen the  
slave set free.

My basking sunfish know it and wheeling albatross,  
Where the lone wave fills with fire beneath the  
Southern Cross.  
What is the Flag of England ? Ye have but my  
reefs to dare,  
Ye have but my seas to furrow. Go forth, for it is  
there ! ”

The East Wind roared :—“ From the Kuriles, the  
Bitter Seas, I come,  
And me men call the Home-Wind, for I bring the  
English home.  
Look—look well to your shipping ! By the breath  
of my mad typhoon  
I swept your close-packed Praya and beached your  
best at Kowloon !

The reeling junks behind me and the racing seas  
before,  
I raped your richest roadstead—I plundered Singa-  
pore !  
I set my hand on the Hoogli ; as a hooded snake she  
rose,  
And I heaved your stoutest steamers to roost with  
the startled crows.

Never the lotos closes, never the wild-fowl wake,  
But a soul goes out on the East Wind that died for  
England's sake—  
Man or woman or suckling, mother or bride or  
maid—  
Because on the bones of the English the English flag  
is stayed.

The desert-dust hath dimmed it, the flying wild-ass  
knows,  
The seared white leopard winds it across the taintless  
snows.  
What is the Flag of England ! Ye have but my  
sun to dare,  
Ye have but my sands to travel. Go forth, for it is  
there ! ”

The West Wind called :—“ In squadrons the  
thoughtless galleons fly  
That bear the wheat and cattle lest street-bred  
people die.  
They make my might their porter, they make my  
house their path,  
And I loose my neck from their service and whelm  
them all in my wrath.

I draw the gliding fog-bank as a snake is drawn  
from the hole,  
They bellow to one another, the frightened ship-bells  
toll :

For day is a drifting terror till I raise the shroud  
with my breath,  
And they see strange bows above them and the two  
go locked to death.

But whether in calm or wrack-wreath, whether by  
dark or day  
I heave them whole to the conger or rip their plates  
away,  
First of the scattered legions, under a shrieking sky,  
Dipping between the rollers, the English Flag goes  
by.

The dead dumb fog hath wrapped it—the frozen  
dews have kissed—  
The morning stars have hailed it, a fellow-star in  
the mist.  
What is the Flag of England? Ye have but my  
breath to dare,  
Ye have but my waves to conquer. Go forth, for  
it is there!”

RUDYARD KIPLING.

## REALM 2

### ROMANCE

	PAGE
1. <i>How King John's comundrums were answered</i>	12
2. <i>How a dishonest and pest-ridden town was robbed of its progeny . . . . .</i>	16
3. <i>How an arrogant and proud-souled King was taught humility . . . . .</i>	25
4. <i>How the sword Excalibur was cast into the Mere, and how a sable barge carried King Arthur from the sight of men . . . . .</i>	32
5. <i>How the brave Lord Hugh was done to death and afterwards avenged . . . . .</i>	40
6. <i>How they brought the good news from Ghent to Aix . . . . .</i>	42
7. <i>How a vain Beauty was put to very notable shame . . . . .</i>	44
8. <i>How a bold knight carried off a fair lady . . . . .</i>	46
9. <i>How forty singing seamen blundered into Wonderland . . . . .</i>	48
10. <i>How the Red Indian chieftain Hiawatha built himself a birch-bark canoe . . . . .</i>	53
11. <i>How Pau-Puk-Keewis danced at Hiawatha's wedding . . . . .</i>	56
12. <i>How Beau Brocade the Highwayman was worsted by a woman . . . . .</i>	59
13. <i>How an inn-keeper's daughter proved faithful unto death ; a very pitiful story of true love . . . . .</i>	67
14. <i>How the son of a notorious Border thief enlisted in the Guides . . . . .</i>	72

## KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY

### I

AN ancient story I'll tell you anon  
Of a notable prince that was callêd King John ;  
And he rulêd England with main and with might,  
For he did great wrong, and maintained little right.

And I'll tell you a story, a story so merry,  
Concerning the Abbot of Canterbury ;  
How for his house-keeping and high renown,  
They rode post for him to fair London town.

An hundred men, the king did hear say,  
The abbot kept in his house every day ;  
And fifty gold chains, without any doubt,  
In velvet coats waited the abbot about.

" How now, father abbot, I hear it of thee,  
Thou keepest a far better house than me ;  
And for thy house-keeping and high renown,  
I fear thou work'st treason against my crown."

" My liege," quoth the abbot, " I would it were  
known  
I never spend nothing, but what is my own ;  
And I trust your grace will do me no deere,  
For spending of my own true-gotten gear."

“ Yes, yes, father abbot, thy fault it is high,  
And now for the same thou needest must die ;  
For except thou canst answer me questions threc,  
Thy head shall be smitten from thy bodie.

And first,” quoth the king, “ when I’m in this stead,  
With my crown of gold so fair on my head,  
Among all my liegemen so noble of birth,  
Thou must tell me to one penny what I am worth.

Secondly, tell me, without any doubt,  
How soon I may ride the whole world about ;  
And at the third question thou must not shrink,  
But tell me here truly what I do think.”

“ O these are hard questions for my shallow wit,  
Nor I cannot answer your grace as yet.  
But if you will give me but three weeks’ space,  
I’ll do my endeavour to answer your grace.”

“ Now three weeks’ space to thee will I give,  
And that is the longest time thou hast to live ;  
For if thou dost not answer my questions three,  
Thy lands and thy livings are forfeit to me.”

## II

Away rode the abbot all sad at that word,  
And he rode to Cambridge and Oxenford ;  
But never a doctor there was so wise,  
That could with his learning an answer devise.

Then home rode the abbot of comfort so cold,  
And he met his shepherd a-going to fold ;  
“ How now, my lord abbot, you are welcome home ;  
What news do you bring us from good King John ? ”

“ Sad news, sad news, shepherd, I must give,  
That I have but three days more to live ;  
For if I do not answer him questions three,  
My head will be smitten from my bodie.

The first is to tell him there in that stead,  
With his crown of gold so fair on his head,  
Among all his liegemen so noble of birth,  
To within one penny of what he is worth.

The second, to tell him, without any doubt,  
How soon he may ride this whole world about ;  
And at the third question I must not shrink,  
But tell him there truly what he does think.”

“ Now cheer up, sir abbot, did you never hear yet,  
That a fool he may learn a wise man wit ?  
Lend me horse and serving men, and your apparel  
And I’ll ride to London to answer your quarrel.

Nay frown not, if it hath been told unto me,  
I am like your lordship, as ever may be ;  
And if you will but lend me your gown,  
There is none shall know us at fair London town.”

“ Now horses and serving men thou shalt have,  
With sumptuous array most gallant and brave,  
With crozier and mitre, and rochet, and cope,  
Fit to appear ’fore our father the pope.”

### III

“ Now, welcome, sir abbot,” the king he did say,  
“ ’Tis well thou’rt come back to keep thy day :  
For and if thou canst answer my questions three,  
Thy life and thy living both savêd shall be.

And first, when thou seest me here in this stead,  
With my crown of gold so fair on my head,



Among all my liegemen so noble of birth,  
Tell me to one penny what I am worth."

"For thirty pence our Saviour was sold  
Among the false Jews, as I have been told.  
And twenty-nine is the worth of thee,  
For I think thou art one penny worser than He."

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Bittel,  
"I did not think I had been worth so little!  
—Now secondly tell me, without any doubt,  
How soon I may ride this whole world about."

"You must rise with the sun, and ride with the same,  
Until the next morning he rises again;  
And then your grace need not make any doubt  
But in twenty-four hours you'll ride it about."

The king he laughed, and swore by St. John,  
"I did not think it could be gone so soon!  
—Now from the third question thou must not shrink,  
But tell me here truly what I do think."

"Yea, that shall I do, and make your grace merry;  
You think I'm the Abbot of Canterbury;  
But I'm his poor shepherd, as plain you may see,  
That am come to beg pardon for him and for me."

The king he laughed, and swore by the mass,  
"I'll make thee lord abbot this day in his place!"  
"Now nay, my liege, be not in such speed,  
For alack! I can neither write nor read."

"Four nobles a week then I will give thee,  
For this merry jest thou hast shown unto me;  
And tell the old abbot when thou comest home,  
Thou hast brought him a pardon from good King  
John."

OLD BALLAD.

## THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

## I

Hamelin town's in Brunswick,  
By famous Hanover city ;  
The River Weser, deep and wide,  
Washes its walls on the southern side ;  
A pleasanter spot you never spied :  
But, when begins my ditty,  
Almost five hundred years ago,  
To see the townsfolk suffer so  
From vermin, was a pity.

## II

Rats !  
They fought the dogs and killed the cats,  
And bit the babies in the cradles,  
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,  
And licked the soup from the cooks' own ladles,  
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,  
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,  
And even spoiled the women's chatts  
By drowning their speaking  
With shrieking and squeaking  
In fifty different sharps and flats.

## III

At last the people in a body  
To the Town Hall came flocking.  
“ 'Tis clear,” cried they, “ our Mayor's a noddy ;  
And as for our Corporation—shocking  
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine  
For dolts that can't or won't determine  
What's best to rid us of our vermin !

You hope, because you're old and obese,  
To find in the furry civic robe ease !  
Rouse up, Sirs ! Give your brains a racking  
To find the remedy we're lacking,  
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing ! ”  
At this the Mayor and Corporation  
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

## IV

An hour they sat in council.

At length the Mayor broke silence,  
“ For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell—

I wish I were a mile hence !  
It's easy to bid one rack one's brain—  
I'm sure my poor head aches again  
I've scratched it so ; and all in vain—  
Oh, for a trap, a trap, a trap ! ”

Just as he said this, what should hap,  
At the chamber door, but a gentle tap.

“ Bless us ! ” cried the Mayor, “ what's that ? ”

(With the Corporation as he sat,  
Looking little though wondrous fat ;  
Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister  
Than a too-long-opened oyster,  
Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous  
For a plate of turtle green and glutinous.)

“ Only a scraping of shoes on the mat !  
Anything like the sound of a rat  
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat ! ”

## V

“ Come in ! ” the Mayor cried, looking bigger,  
And in did come the strangest figure !  
His queer long coat, from heel to head,  
Was half of yellow and half of red ;  
And he himself was tall and thin,

With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,  
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,  
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,  
But lips where smiles went out and in—  
There was no guessing his kith and kin.  
And nobody could enough admire  
The tall man and his quaint attire.  
Quoth one, "It's as if my great-grandsire,  
Starting up at the Trump of Doom's tone,  
Had walked this way from his painted tombstone !"

## VI

He advanced to the council table.  
And, "Please your honours," said he, "I'm able,  
By means of a secret charm, to draw  
All creatures living beneath the sun,  
That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,  
After me so as you never saw !  
And I chiefly use my charm  
On creatures that do people harm,—  
The mole, the toad, the newt, the viper ;  
And people call me the Pied Piper."  
(And here they noticed round his neck  
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,  
To match with his coat of the self-same check ;  
And at the scarf's end hung a pipe.  
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying  
As if impatient to be playing  
Upon his pipe, as low it dangled  
Over his vesture so old-fangled.)  
"Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,  
In Tartary I freed the Cham,  
Last June, from his huge swarm of gnats ;  
I eased in Asia the Nizam  
Of a monstrous brood of vampire bats :  
And as for what your brain bewilders,  
If I can rid your town of rats

Will you give me a thousand guilders ? ”  
“ One ! fifty thousand ! ” was the exclamation  
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

## VII

Into the street the Piper stopt,  
Smiling first a little smile,  
As if he knew what magic slept  
In his quiet pipe the while.  
Then, like a musical adept,  
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,  
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,  
Like a candle-flame where salt is sprinkled.  
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,  
You heard as if an army muttered ;  
And the muttering grew to a grumbling ;  
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling ;  
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling ;  
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,  
Brown rats, black rats, grey rats, tawny rats,  
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,  
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,  
Cocking tails, and pricking whiskers.  
Families by tens and dozens ;  
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—  
Followed the Piper for their lives.  
From street to street he piped, advancing,  
And step for step they followed dancing,  
Until they came to the River Weser,  
Wherein all plunged and perished !—  
Save one, who, stout as Julius Cæsar,  
Swam across and lived to carry  
(As he, the manuscript he cherished)  
To Rat-land home his commentary : ,  
Which was, “ At the first shrill note of the pipe  
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,  
And putting apples, wondrous ripe,

Into a cider-press's gripe :  
 And a moving away of pickle-tub boards,  
 And a leaving ajar of conserve-cupboards,  
 And a drawing the corks of train-oil-flasks,  
 And a breaking the hoops of butter-casks ;  
 And it seemed as if a voice  
 (Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery  
 Is breathed) called out, ' Oh, rats, rejoice !  
 The world is grown to one vast drysaltery !  
 So munch on, crunch on, take your nunccheon,  
 Breakfast, dinner, supper, luncheon ! '  
 And just as a bulky sugar-puncheon,  
 All ready staved, like a great sun shone  
 Glorious, scarce an inch before me,  
 Just as methought it said, ' Come, bore me ! '—  
 I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

## VIII

You should have heard the Hamelin people  
 Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple.  
 " Go," cried the Mayor, " and get long poles !  
 Poke out the nests, and block up the holes !  
 Consult with carpenters and builders,  
 And leave in our town not even a trace  
 Of the rats ! " When suddenly, up the face  
 Of the Piper perked in the market-place,  
 With a, " First, if you please, my thousand  
 guilders ! "

## IX

A thousand guilders ! The Mayor looked blue ;  
 So did the Corporation, too.  
 For council dinners made rare havoc  
 With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock ;  
 And half the money would replenish  
 Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.

To pay this sum to a wandering fellow,  
With a gipsy coat of red and yellow !  
“ Beside,” quoth the Mayor, with a knowing wink,  
“ Our business was done at the river’s brink ;  
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,  
And what’s dead can’t come to life, I think.  
So friend, we’re not the folks to shrink  
From the duty of giving you something for drink,  
And a matter of money to put in your poke.  
But, as for the guilders, what we spoke  
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.  
Beside, our losses have made us thrifty.  
A thousand guilders ! come, take fifty ! ”

## X

The Piper’s face fell, and he cried,  
“ No trifling ! I can’t wait. Beside !  
I’ve promised to visit by dinner-time  
Bagdad, and accept the prime  
Of the Head-Cook’s pottage, all he’s rich in,  
For having left, in the ealiph’s kitchen,  
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor.  
With him I proved no bargain-driver ;  
With you, don’t think I’ll bate a stiver !  
And folks who put me in a passion  
May find me pipe after another fashion.”

## XI

“ How ! ” eried the Mayor, “ d’ye think I’ll brook  
Being worse treated than a cook ?  
Insulted by a lazy ribald  
With idle pipe and vesture piebald !  
You threaten us, fellow ! Do your worst ;  
Blow your pipe there till you burst ! ”

## XII

Once more he stept into the street,  
And to his lips again  
Laid his long pipe of smooth, straight cane ;  
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet  
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning  
Never gave the enraptured air)  
There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling  
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling,  
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,  
Little hands clapping and little tongues chattering,  
And, like fowls in a farmyard when barley is  
scattering,  
Out came the children running.  
All the little boys and girls,  
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,  
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,  
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after  
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

## XIII

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood  
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,  
Unable to move a step, or cry  
To the children merrily skipping by,—  
Could only follow with the eye  
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.  
And now the Mayor was on the rack,  
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,  
As the Piper turned from the High Street  
To where the Weser rolled its waters  
Right in the way of their sons and daughters !  
However he turned from South to West  
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,  
And after him the children pressed—  
Great was the joy in every breast.



“ He never can cross that mighty top !  
He’s forced to let the piping drop,  
And we shall see our children stop ! ”  
When, lo, as they reached the mountain-side,  
A wondrous portal opened wide,  
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed ;  
And the Piper advanced, and the children followed,  
And when all were in to the very last,  
The door in the mountain-side shut fast.  
Did I say “ All ” ? No ! One was lame,  
And could not dance the whole of the way  
And in after years, if you would blame  
His sadness, he was used to say,—  
“ It’s dull in our town since my playmates left !  
I can’t forget that I’m bereft  
Of all the pleasant sights they see,  
Which the Piper also promised me.  
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,  
Joining the town and just at hand,  
Where waters gushed and fruit trees grew,  
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,  
And everything was strange and new ;  
And sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,  
And their dogs outran our fallow-deer,  
And honey-bees had lost their stings,  
And horses were born with eagles’ wings ;  
And just as I became assured  
My lame foot would be speedily cured,  
The music stopped, and I stood still,  
And found myself outside the Hill,  
Left alone against my will,  
To go now limping as before,  
And never hear of that country more ! ”

## XIV

Alas, alas for Hamelin !

There came into many a burgher’s pate

A text which says that Heaven's gate  
Opes to the rich at as easy rate  
As the needle's eye takes a camel in !

The Mayor sent East, West, North, and South,  
To offer the Piper, by word of mouth,  
Wherever it was man's lot to find him,  
Silver and gold to his heart's content,  
If he'd only return the way he went,  
And bring the children behind him.  
But when they saw 't was a lost endeavour,  
And Piper and dancers were gone for ever,  
They made a decree that lawyers never  
Should think their records dated duly  
If, after the day of the month and the year,  
These words did not as well appear,  
"And so long after what happened here  
On the twenty-second of July,  
Thirteen hundred and seventy-six."  
And the better in memory to fix  
The place of the children's last retreat,  
They called it, "The Pied Piper's Street,"  
Where any one playing on pipe or tabor  
Was sure for the future to lose his labour.  
Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern  
To shock with mirth a street so solemn ;  
But opposite the place of the cavern  
They wrote the story on a column,  
And on the great church-window painted  
The same, to make the world acquainted  
How their children were stolen away—  
And there it stands to this very day.  
And I must not omit to say  
That in Transylvania there's a tribe  
Of alien people that ascribe  
The outlandish ways and dress,  
On which their neighbours lay such stress,

To their fathers and mothers having risen  
 Out of some subterranean prison  
 Into which they were trepanned,  
 Long ago in a mighty band,  
 Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,  
 But how or why, they don't understand.

## XV

So, Willy, let you and me be wipers  
 Of scores out with all men,—especially pipers !  
 And, whether they pipe us free from rats or from  
     mice,  
 If we've promised them aught, let us keep our  
     promise !

ROBERT BROWNING.

## KING ROBERT OF SICILY

ROBERT of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane  
 And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,  
 Apparelled in magnificent attire,  
 With retinue of many a knight and squire,  
 On St. John's Eve, at vespers, proudly sat  
 And heard the priests chant the *Magnificat*.  
 And as he listened, o'er and o'er again  
 Repeated, like a burden or refrain,  
 He caught the words, "*Deposuit potentes  
 De sede, et exaltavit humiles*" ;  
 And slowly lifting up his kingly head  
 He to a learned clerk beside him said,  
 "What mean these words?" The clerk made  
     answer meet,  
 "He has put down the mighty from their seat,

And has exalted them of low degree.”  
Thereat King Robert muttered scornfully,  
“ ’Tis well that such seditious words are sung  
Only by priests and in the Latin tongue ;  
For unto priests and people be it known,  
There is no power can push me from my throne ! ”  
And leaning back, he yawned and fell asleep  
Lulled by the chant monotonous and deep.

When he awoke, it was already night.  
The church was empty, and there was no light  
Save where the lamps, that glimmered few and  
faint,  
Lighted a little space before some saint.  
He started from his seat and gazed around,  
But saw no living thing and heard no sound.  
He groped towards the door, but it was locked ;  
He cried aloud, and listened, and then knocked,  
And uttered awful threatenings and complaints,  
And imprecations upon men and saints.  
The sounds re-echoed from the roof and walls  
As if dead priests were laughing in their stalls.

At length the sexton, hearing from without  
The tumult of the knocking and the shout,  
And thinking thieves were in the house of prayer,  
Came with his lantern, asking, “ Who is there ? ”  
Half-choked with rage, King Robert fiercely said,  
“ Open ! ’Tis I, the King ! Art thou afraid ? ”  
The frightened sexton, muttering, with a curse,  
“ This is some drunken vagabond, or worse ! ”  
Turned the great key and flung the portal wide—  
A man rushed by him at a single stride,  
Haggard, half-naked, without hat or cloak,  
Who neither turned, nor looked at him, nor spoke,  
But leaped into the blackness of the night,  
And vanished like a spectre from his sight.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane  
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,  
Despoiled of his magnificent attire,  
Bareheaded, breathless, and besprent with mire,  
With sense of wrong and outrage desperate,  
Strode on and thundered at the palace gate ;  
Rushed through the courtyard, thrusting in his rage  
To right and left each seneschal and page,  
And hurried up the broad and sounding stair,  
His white face ghastly in the torches' glare.  
From hall to hall he passed with breathless speed ;  
Voices and cries he heard, but did not heed,  
Until at last he reached the banquet-room,  
Blazing with light and breathing with perfume.

There on the daïs sat another king,  
Wearing his robes, his crown, his signet-ring,  
King Robert's self in features, form, and height,  
But all transfigured with angelic light !  
It was an Angel ; and his presence there  
With a divine effulgence filled the air,  
An exaltation, piercing the disguise,  
Though none the hidden Angel recognize.

A moment speechless, motionless, amazed,  
The throneless monarch on the Angel gazed,  
Who met his look of anger and surprise  
With the divine compassion of his eyes ;  
Then said, " Who art thou ? and why com'st thou  
here ? "

To which King Robert answered, with a sneer,  
" I am the King, and come to claim my own  
From an impostor, who usurps my throne ! "  
And suddenly, at these audacious words,  
Up sprang the angry guests, and drew their swords.  
The Angel answered, with unruffled brow,  
" Nay, not the King, but the King's Jester. Thou

Henceforth shalt wear the bells and scalloped cape  
And for thy counsellor shalt lead an ape.  
Thou shalt obey my servants when they call,  
And wait upon my henchmen in the hall ! ”

Deaf to King Robert's threats and cries and  
prayers,  
They thrust him from the hall and down the stairs.  
A group of tittering pages ran before  
And, as they opened wide the folding door,  
His heart failed, for he heard, with strange alarms,  
The boisterous laughter of the men-at-arms,  
And all the vaulted chamber roar and ring  
With the mock plaudits of “ Long live the King ! ”

Next morning, waking with the day's first beam,  
He said within himself, “ It was a dream ! ”  
But the straw rustled as he turned his head.  
There were the cap and bells beside his bed.  
Around him rose the bare, discoloured walls.  
Close by, the steeds were champing in their stalls.  
And in the corner, a revolting shape,  
Shivering and chattering sat the wretched ape.  
It was no dream ; the world he loved so much  
Had turned to dust and ashes at his touch !

Days came and went : and now returned again  
To Sicily the old Saturnian reign.  
Under the Angel's governance benign  
The happy island danced with corn and wine,  
And deep within the mountain's burning breast  
Enceladus, the giant, was at rest.  
Meanwhile King Robert yielded to his fate,  
Sullen and silent and disconsolate.  
Dressed in the motley garb that Jesters wear,  
With look bewildered and a vacant stare,

Close shaven above the ears, as monks are shorn,  
By courtiers mocked, by pages laughed to scorn,  
His only friend the ape, his only food  
What others left,—he still was unsubdued.  
And when the Angel met him on his way,  
And half in earnest, half in jest, would say,  
Sternly, though tenderly, that he might feel  
The velvet scabbard held a sword of steel,  
“ Art thou the King ? ” the passion of his woe  
Burst from him in resistless overflow,  
And, lifting high his forehead, he would fling  
The haughty answer back, “ I am, I am the King ! ”

Almost three years were ended ; when there came  
Ambassadors of great repute and name  
From Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,  
Unto King Robert, saying that Pope Urbane  
By letter summoned them forthwith to come  
On Holy Thursday to his city of Rome.  
The Angel with great joy received his guests,  
And gave them presents of embroidered vests,  
And velvet mantles with rich ermine lined,  
And rings and jewels of the rarest kind.  
Then he departed with them o’er the sea  
Into the lovely land of Italy,  
Whose loveliness was more resplendent made  
By the mere passing of that cavalcade,  
With plumes, and cloaks, and housings, and the stir  
Of jewelled bridle and of golden spur.

And lo ! among the menials, in mock state,  
Upon a piebald steed with shambling gait,  
His cloak of fox-tails flapping in the wind,  
The solemn ape demurely perched behind,  
King Robert rode, making huge merriment  
In all the country towns through which they went.



The Pope received them with great pomp and  
blare  
Of bannered trumpets, on Saint Peter's square,  
Giving his benediction and embrace,  
Fervent, and full of apostolic grace.  
While with congratulations and with prayers  
He entertained the Angel unawares,  
Robert, the Jester, bursting through the crowd,  
Into their presence rushed, and cried aloud,  
"I am the King! Look, and behold in me  
Robert, your brother, King of Sicily!  
This man, who wears my semblance to your eyes,  
Is an impostor in a king's disguise.  
Do you not know me? Does no voice within  
Answer my cry, and say we are akin?"  
The Pope in silence, but with troubled mien,  
Gazed at the Angel's countenance serene;  
The Emperor, laughing, said, "It is strange sport  
To keep a madman for thy Fool at court!"  
And the poor baffled Jester in disgrace  
Was hustled back among the populace.

In solemn state the Holy Week went by,  
And Easter Sunday gleamed upon the sky.  
The presence of the Angel with its light,  
Before the sun rose, made the city bright,  
And with new fervour filled the hearts of men  
Who felt that Christ indeed had risen again.  
Even the Jester, on his bed of straw,  
With haggard eyes the unwonted splendour saw.  
He felt within a power unfelt before,  
And, kneeling humbly on his chamber floor,  
He heard the rushing garments of the Lord  
Sweep through the silent air, ascending heavenward.

And now the visit ending, and once more  
Valmond returning to the Danube's shore,



Homeward the Angel journeyed. And again  
The land was made resplendent with his train  
Flashing along the towns of Italy  
Unto Salerno, and from thence by sea.  
And when once more within Palermo's wall,  
And, seated on the throne in his great hall,  
He heard the Angelus from convent towers,  
As if the better world conversed with ours,  
He beckoned to King Robert to draw nigher,  
And with a gesture bade the rest retire.  
And when they were alone, the Angel said,  
"Art thou the King?" Then, bowing down his  
head,  
King Robert crossed both hands upon his breast,  
And meekly answered him, "Thou knowest best!  
My sins as scarlet are. Let me go hence,  
And in some cloister's school of penitence,  
Across those stones, that pave the way to heaven,  
Walk barefoot, till my guilty soul be shriven!"

The Angel smiled, and from his radiant face  
A holy light illumined all the place.  
And through the open window, loud and clear,  
They heard the monks chant in the chapel near  
Above the stir and tumult of the street.  
"He has put down the mighty from their seat,  
And has exalted them of low degree!"  
And through the chant a second melody  
Rose like the throbbing of a single string,  
"I am an Angel, and thou art the King!"

King Robert, who was standing near the throne,  
Lifted his eyes, and lo! he was alone!  
But all apparelled, as in days of old,  
With ermined mantle and with cloth of gold.  
And when his courtiers came, they found him there  
Kneeling upon the floor, absorbed in silent prayer.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

## THE PASSING OF ARTHUR

So all day long the noise of battle roll'd  
Among the mountains by the winter sea ;  
Until King Arthur's Table, man by man,  
Had fall'n in Lyonesse about their lord  
King Arthur. Then, because his wound was deep,  
The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,  
And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,  
A broken chancel with a broken cross  
That stood on a dark strait of barren land.  
On one side lay the Ocean, and on one  
Lay a great water. And the moon was full.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere,  
“ The sequel of to-day unsolders all  
The goodliest fellowship of famous knights  
Whereof this world holds record. Such a sleep  
They sleep—the men I loved. I think that we  
Shall never more, at any future time,  
Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,  
Walking about the gardens and the halls  
Of Camelot, as in the days that were.  
I perish' by this people which I made,—  
Tho' Merlin sware that I should come again  
To rule once more. But, let what will be, be,  
I am so deeply smitten thro' the helm  
That without help I cannot last till morn.  
Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,  
Which was my pride. For thou rememberest how  
In those old days, one summer noon, an arm  
Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,  
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,  
Holding the sword—and how I row'd across  
And took it, and have worn it, like a king.  
(And, wheresoever I am sung or told

In aftertime, this also shall be known.)  
But now delay not. Take Excalibur,  
And fling him far into the middle mere.  
Watch what thou seëst, and lightly bring me  
word."

To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere,  
"It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus,  
Aidless, alone, and smitten thro' the helm—  
A little thing may harm a wounded man.  
Yet I thy hest will all perform at full,  
Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word."

So saying, from the ruin'd shrine he stept  
And in the moon, athwart the place of tombs  
Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,  
Old knights, and over them the sea-wind sang  
Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He, stepping  
down  
By zig-zag paths, and juts of pointed rock,  
Came on the shining levels of the lake.

There drew he forth the brand Excalibur ;  
And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon,  
Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth  
And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt ;  
For all the haft twinkled with diamond sparks,  
Myriads of topaz-lights, and jacinth-work  
Of subtlest jewellery. He gazed so long  
That both his eyes were dazzled, as he stood—  
This way and that dividing the swift mind  
In act to throw. But at the last it seem'd  
Better to leave Excalibur conceal'd  
There in the many-knotted waterflags  
That whistled stiff and dry about the marge.  
So strode he back slow to the wounded King.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere,  
“Hast thou perform’d my mission which I gave?  
What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?”

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere,  
“I heard the ripple washing in the reeds,  
And the wild water lapping on the crag.”

To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale,  
“Thou hast betray’d thy nature and thy name,  
Not rendering true answer, as besem’d  
Thy fêalty, nor like a noble knight.  
For surer sign had follow’d. Either hand,  
Or voice, or else a motion of the mere.  
This is a shameful thing for men to lie.  
Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go again,  
As thou art lief and dear, and do the thing  
I bade thee. Watch, and lightly bring me word.”

Then went Sir Bedivere the second time  
Across the ridge, and paced beside the mere,  
Counting the dewy pebbles, fix’d in thought.  
But when he saw the wonder of the hilt,  
How curiously and strangely chased, he smote  
His palms together, and he cried aloud,

“And if indeed I cast the brand away,  
Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,  
Should thus be lost for ever from the earth,  
Which might have pleased the eyes of many men.  
What good should follow this, if this were done?  
What harm, undone? Deep harm to disobey,  
Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.  
Were it well to obey then, if a king demand  
An act unprofitable, against himself?  
The King is sick, and knows not what he does.  
What record, or what relic of my lord,  
Should be to aftertime, but empty breath

And rumours of a doubt ? But were this kept,  
Stored in some treasure-house of mighty kings,  
Some one might show it at a joust of arms,  
Saying, ' King Arthur's sword, Excalibur,  
Wrought by the lonely maiden of the Lake.  
Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps  
Upon the hidden bases of the hills.'  
So might some old man speak in the aftertime  
To all the people, winning reverence.  
But now much honour and much fame were lost."

So spake he, elouded with his own conceit,  
And hid Excalibur the second time,  
And so strode back slow to the wounded King.

Then spoke King Arthur, breathing heavily,  
" What is it thou hast seen ? or what hast heard ? "

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere,  
" I heard the water lapping on the crag,  
And the long ripple washing in the reeds."

To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath,  
" Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,  
Unknightly, traitor-hearted ! Woe is me !  
Authority forgets a dying king,  
Laid widow'd of the power in his eye  
That bow'd the will. I see thee what thou art,  
For thou, the latest-left of all my knights,  
In whom should meet the offices of all,  
Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt—  
Either from lust of gold, or like a girl  
Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.  
Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice  
And the third time may prosper, get thee hence.  
But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,  
I will arise and slay thee with my hands."

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran  
And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged  
Among the bulrush-beds, and clutch'd the sword,  
And strongly wheel'd and threw it. The great  
brand  
Made lightnings in the splendour of the moon,  
And flashing round and round, and whirl'd in an arch,  
Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,  
Seen where the moving isles of winter shock  
By night, with noises of the northern sea.  
So flash'd and fell the brand Excalibur.  
But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm  
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,  
And caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him  
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.  
And lightly went the other to the King.

Then spoke King Arthur, drawing thicker breath,  
“ Now see I by thine eyes that this is done.  
Speak out ! What is it thou hast heard, or seen ? ”

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere,  
“ Sir King, I elosed mine eyelids, lest the gems  
Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,  
Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,  
Not tho' I live three lives of mortal men,  
So great a miracle as yonder hilt.  
Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling him ;  
But when I look'd again, behold an arm,  
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,  
That caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him  
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.”

And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard,  
“ My end draws nigh. 'Tis time that I were gone.  
Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight,  
And bear me to the margin. Yet I fear  
My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die.”

So saying, from the pavement he half rose,  
Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,  
And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes  
As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere  
Remorsefully regarded thro' his tears,  
And would have spoken, but he found not words ;  
Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,  
O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,  
And rising bore him thro' the place of tombs.

But, as he walk'd, King Arthur panted hard,  
Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed  
When all the house is mute. So sigh'd the King,  
Muttering and murmuring at his ear, " Quick,  
quick !

I fear it is too late, and I shall die."  
But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,  
Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walk'd,  
Larger than human on the frozen hills.  
He heard the deep behind him, and a cry  
Before. His own thought drove him like a goad.  
Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves  
And barren chasms, and all to left and right  
The bare black cliff elang'd round him, as he based  
His feet on juts of slippery erag that rang  
Sharp-smitten with the dint of armêd heels—  
And on a sudden, lo ! the level lake  
And the long glories of the winter moon.

Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,  
Dark as a funeral searf from stem to stern,  
Beneath them ; and descending they were ware  
That all the decks were dense with stately forms,  
Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream—by these  
Three Queens with crowns of gold ; and from them  
rose

A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,  
And, as it were one voice, an agony



Of lamentation, like a wind that shrills  
All night in a waste land, where no one comes  
Or hath come since the making of the world.

Then murmur'd Arthur, "Place me in the  
barge";  
So to the barge they came. There those three  
Queens  
Put forth their hands, and took the King, and wept.  
But she, that rose the tallest of them all  
And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,  
And loosed the shatter'd casque, and chafed his  
hands  
And call'd him by his name, complaining loud  
And dropping bitter tears against his brow  
Striped with dark blood. For all his face was white  
And colourless, and like the wither'd moon  
Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east;  
And all his greaves and cuisses dash'd with drops  
Of onset; and the light and lustrous curls—  
That made his forehead like a rising sun  
High from the daïs-throne—were parch'd with  
dust,  
Or, clotted into points and hanging loose,  
Mix'd with the knightly growth that fringed his lips.  
So like a shattered column lay the King;  
Not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest,  
From spur to plume a star of tournament,  
Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and charged  
Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere,  
"Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go?  
Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes?  
For now I see the true old times are dead,  
When every morning brought a noble chance  
And every chance brought out a noble knight.



Such times have been not since the light that led  
The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.  
But now the whole Round Table is dissolved  
Which was an image of the mighty world.  
And I, the last, go forth companionless,  
And the days darken round me, and the years,  
Among new men, strange faces, other minds."

And slowly answered Arthur from the barge,  
"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,  
And God fulfils himself in many ways  
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.  
Comfort thyself. What comfort is in me?  
I have lived my life, and that which I have done  
May He within Himself make pure! But thou,  
If thou shouldst never see my face again,  
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by  
prayer  
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy  
voice

Rise like a fountain for me night and day!  
For what are men better than sheep or goats  
That nourish a blind life within the brain,  
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer  
Both for themselves and those who call them  
friend?

For so the whole round earth is every way  
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.  
But now farewell. I am going a long way  
With these thou seest—if indeed I go  
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)—  
To the island-valley of Avilion;  
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,  
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies  
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard-lawns  
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,  
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."

So said he, and the barge with oar and sail  
Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan  
That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,  
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood  
With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere  
Revolving many memories, till the hull  
Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn,  
And on the mere the wailing died away.

LORD TENNYSON.

### SHAMEFUL DEATH

THERE were four of us about that bed ;  
The mass-priest knelt at the side,  
I and his mother stood at the head,  
Over his feet lay the bride ;  
We were quite sure that he was dead,  
Though his eyes were open wide.

He did not die in the night,  
He did not die in the day,  
But in the morning twilight  
His spirit passed away,  
When neither sun nor moon was bright,  
And the trees were merely grey.

He was not slain with the sword,  
Knight's axe, or the knightly spear,  
Yet spoke he never a word  
After he came in here ;  
I cut away the cord  
From the neck of my brother dear.

He did not strike one blow,  
For the reereants came behind,  
In a place where the hornbeams grow,  
A path right hard to find,  
For the hornbeam boughs swing so,  
That the twilight makes it blind.

They lighted a great torch then,  
When his arms were pinioned fast.  
Sir John the Knight of the Fen,  
Sir Guy of the Dolorous Blast,  
With knights threescore and ten,  
Hung brave Lord Hugh at last.

I am threescore and ten,  
And my hair is all turned grey,  
But I met Sir John of the Fen  
Long ago on a summer day,  
And am glad to think of the moment when  
I took his life away.

I am threescore and ten,  
And my strength is mostly passed,  
But long ago I and my men,  
When the sky was overcast,  
And the smoke rolled over the reeds of the fen,  
Slew Guy of the Dolorous Blast.

And now, knights all of you,  
I pray you pray for Sir Hugh,  
A good knight and a true,  
And for Alice, his wife, pray too.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

## HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he ;  
I galloped, Direk galloped, we galloped all three ;  
“ Good speed ! ” cried the watch, as the gate-bolts  
undrew ;  
“ Speed ! ” echoed the wall to us galloping through ;  
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,  
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other. We kept the great pace  
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our  
place.

I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,  
Then shortened each stirrup and set the pique  
right,  
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,  
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

’Twas moonset at starting ; but while we drew  
near

Lokeren, the coeks crew, and twilight dawned clear ;  
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see ;  
At Düffeld, ’twas morning as plain as could be ;  
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the  
half chime,  
So Joris broke silence with, “ Yet there is time ! ”

At Aershot, up-leaped of a sudden the sun.  
And against him the cattle stood black every one,  
To stare through the mist at us galloping past.  
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last  
With resolute shoulders, each butting away  
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray ;

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent  
back  
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his  
track ;  
And one eye's black intelligence—ever that glance  
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance !  
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and  
anon  
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Direk groaned ; and cried Joris,  
“ Stay spur !  
Your Roos galloped bravely. The fault's not in her.  
We'll remember at Aix ”—for one heard the quick  
wheeze  
Of her chest, saw her stretched neck and staggering  
knees,  
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,  
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,  
Past Looz and past Tongres. No cloud in the sky—  
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh.  
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble  
like chaff ;  
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,  
And “ Gallop,” gasped Joris, “ for Aix is in sight !

How they'll greet us ! ” and all in a moment his  
roan  
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone !  
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight  
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her  
fate,  
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim  
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each holster let fall,  
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,  
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,  
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without  
peer ;  
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise,  
bad or good,  
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is friends flocking round  
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the  
ground—  
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,  
As I poured down his throat our last measure of  
wine  
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)  
Was no more than his due who brought good news  
from Ghent.

ROBERT BROWNING.

## THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS

KING FRANCIS was a hearty king and loved a royal  
sport  
And, one day as his lions fought, sat looking on  
the court.  
The nobles fill'd the benches, with the ladies in  
their pride,  
And 'mongst them sat the Count de Lorge, with  
one for whom he sighed.  
And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see that crowning  
show—  
Valour and love, and a King above, and the royal  
beasts below.

Ramped and roared the lions, with horrid laughing  
jaws.

They bit, they glared ; gave blows like beams. A  
wind went with their paws.

With wallowing might and stifled roar they rolled  
on one another,

Till all the pit, with sand and mane, was in a  
thunderous smother.

The bloody foam above the bars came whisking  
through the air ;

Said Francis then, " Faith, gentlemen, we're better  
here than there ! "

De Lorge's love o'erheard the King, a beauteous,  
lively dame,

With smiling lips, and sharp bright eyes, which  
always seem'd the same.

She thought, " The Count, my lover, is brave as  
brave can be ;

He surely would do wondrous things to show his  
love of me !

King, ladies, lovers, all look on ; the occasion is  
divine.

I'll drop my glove to prove his love ; great glory  
will be mine ! "

She dropped her glove to prove his love ; then  
looked at him and smiled.

He bowed, and in a moment leaped among the  
lions wild !

The leap was quick. Return was quick. He has  
regained his place—

Then threw the glove, but not with love, right in  
the lady's face !

" By Heav'n ! " said Francis, " rightly done ! "   
and he rose from where he sat ;

" No love," quoth he, " but vanity, sets love a  
task like that ! "

LEIGH HUNT.

## LOCHINVAR

O, YOUNG Lochinvar is come out of the west,  
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best,  
And save his good broad-sword he weapons had  
none ;

He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.  
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,  
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for  
stone ;

He swam the Eske river where ford there was none ;  
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,  
The bride had consented. The gallant came late—  
For a laggard in love and a dastard in war  
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby hall  
Among bride's-men and kinsmen and brothers and  
all.

Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his  
sword

(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a  
word),

“ O come ye in peasee here, or come ye in war,  
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar ? ”

“ I long wooed your daughter. My suit you denied.  
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—  
And now I am come, with this lost love of mine,  
To lead but one measure, drink one eup of wine.  
There are maidens in Seotland more lovely by far,  
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar.”



The bride kissed the goblet. The knight took it up.  
 He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.  
 She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,  
 With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.  
 He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—  
 “Now tread we a measure!” said young  
 Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,  
 That never a hall such a galliard did grace ;  
 While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,  
 And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and  
 plume ;  
 And the bride-maidens whispered, “ ’Twere better  
 by far  
 To have matched our fair cousin with young  
 Lochinvar.”

One touch to her hand and one word in her ear  
 When they reached the hall-door and the charger  
 stood near !  
 So light to the croup the fair lady he swung !  
 So light to the saddle before her he sprung !  
 “She is won! We are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur ;  
 They’ll have fleet steeds that follow,” quoth young  
 Lochinvar.

There was mounting ’mong Græmes of the Netherby  
 clan ;  
 Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and  
 they ran ;  
 There was racing, and chasing, on Cannobie Lee,  
 But the lost bride of Netherby ne’er did they see.  
 So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,  
 Have ye e’er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar ?

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

## FORTY SINGING SEAMEN

“In our lands be Beeres and Lyons of dyvers colours as ye redd, grene, black, & white. And in our land be also unicornes and these Unicornes slee many Lyons. . . . Also there dare no man make a lye in our lande, for if he dyde he sholde incontynent be sleyn.”—*Mediaeval Epistle of Pope Prester John*.

## I

ACROSS the seas of Wonderland to Mogadore we  
plodded,  
Forty singing seamen in an old black barque,  
And we landed in the twilight where a Polyphemus  
nodded  
With his battered moon-eye winking red and  
yellow through the dark !  
For his eye was growing mellow,  
Rich and ripe and red and yellow,  
As was time, since old Ulysses made him bellow  
in the dark !  
CHORUS.—Since Ulysses bunged his eye up with a  
pine-torch in the dark !

## II

Were they mountains in the gloaming or the giant's  
ugly shoulders  
Just beneath the rolling eyeball, with its bleared  
and vinous glow,  
Red and yellow o'er the purple of the pines among  
the boulders  
And the shaggy horror brooding on the sullen  
slopes below,  
Were they pines among the boulders  
Or the hair upon his shoulders ?  
We were only simple seamen, so of course we  
didn't know.  
CHORUS.—We were simple singing seamen, so of  
course we couldn't know.

## III

But we crossed a plain of poppies, and we came  
upon a fountain

Not of water, but of jewels, like a spray of leaping  
fire ;

And behind it, in an emerald glade, beneath a  
golden mountain

There stood a crystal palace, for a sailor to  
admire ;

For a troop of ghosts come round us,

Which with leaves of bay they crowned us,

Then with grog they well nigh drowned us, to  
the depth of our desire !

CHORUS.—And 'twas very friendly of them, as a  
sailor can admire !

## IV

There was music all about us, we were growing  
quite forgetful

We were only singing seamen from the dirt of  
London town,

Though the nectar that we swallowed seemed to  
vanish half regretful

As if we wasn't good enough to take such vittles  
down,

When we saw a sudden figure,

Tall and black as any nigger,

Like the devil—only bigger—drawing near us  
with a frown !

CHORUS.—Like the devil—but much bigger—and  
he wore a golden crown !

## V

And “ what's all this ? ” he growls at us ! With  
dignity we chaunted,

“ Forty singing seamen, sir, as won't be put  
upon ! ”

“ What ? Englishmen ? ” he cries, “ Well, if ye  
 don’t mind being haunted,  
 Faith, you’re welcome to my palace ; I’m the  
 famous Prester John !  
 Will ye walk into my palace ?  
 I don’t bear ’ee any malice !  
 One and all ye shall be welcome in the halls of  
 Prester John ! ”

CHORUS.—So we walked into the palace and the  
 halls of Prester John !

## VI

Now the door was one great diamond and the hall  
 a hollow ruby—  
 Big as Beachy Head, my lads, nay bigger by a  
 half !  
 And I sees the mate wi’ mouth agape, a-staring  
 like a booby,  
 And the skipper close behind him, with his  
 tongue out like a calf !  
 Now the way to take it rightly  
 Was to walk along politely  
 Just as if you didn’t notice—so I couldn’t help  
 but laugh !

CHORUS.—For they both forgot their manners and  
 the crew was bound to laugh !

## VII

But he took us through his palace, and, my lads, as  
 I’m a sinner,  
 We walked into an opal like a sunset-coloured  
 cloud—  
 “ My dining-room,” he says, and, quick as light  
 we saw a dinner  
 Spread before us by the fingers of a hidden fairy  
 crowd ;

And the skipper, swaying gently  
After dinner, murmurs faintly,  
“ I looks to-wards you, Prester John, you’ve done  
us very proud ! ”

CHORUS.—And we drank his health with honours,  
for he *done* us *very* proud !

## VIII

Then he walks us to his garden where we sees a  
feathered demon

Very splendid and important on a sort of spiey tree !  
“ That’s the Phoenix,” whispers Prester, “ which  
all eddicated seamen

Knows the only one existent, and *he’s* waiting  
for to flee !

When his hundred years expire

Then he’ll set hisself a-fire

And another from his ashes rise most beautiful  
to see ! ”

CHORUS.—With wings of rose and emerald most  
beautiful to see !

## IX

Then he says, “ In yonder forest there’s a little  
silver river,

And whosoever drinks of it, his youth shall  
never die !

The centuries go by, but Prester John endures for  
ever

With his music in the mountains and his magic  
on the sky !

While *your* hearts are growing colder

While your world is growing older,

There’s a magic in the distance, where the sea-line  
meets the sky.”

CHORUS.—It shall call to singing seamen till the  
fount o’ song be dry !

## X

So we thought we'd up and seek it, but that forest  
fair defied us,—

First a crimson leopard laughs at us most horrible  
to see,

Then a sea-green lion came and sniffed and licked  
his chops and eyed us,

While a red and yellow unicorn was danc'ing  
round a tree !

We was trying to look thinner,

Which was hard, because our dinner

Must ha' made us very tempting to a cat o' high  
degree !

CHORUS.—Must ha' made us very tempting to the  
whole menarjeree !

## XI

So we seuttled from that forest and across the  
poppy meadows

Where the awful shaggy horror brooded o'er us  
in the dark !

And we pushes out from shore again a-jumping  
at our shadows,

And pulls away most joyful to the old black  
barque !

And home again we plodded

While the Polyphemus nodded

With his battered moon-eye winking red and  
yellow through the dark.

CHORUS.—Oh, the moon above the mountains, red  
and yellow through the dark.

## XII

Across the seas of Wonderland to London-town we  
blundered,

Forty singing seamen as was puzzled for to know

If the visions that we saw was caused by—here  
again we pondered—

A tippie in a vision forty thousand years ago.

Could the grog we *dreamt* we swallowed

Make us *dream* of all that followed ?

We were only simple seamen, so of course we  
didn't know !

CHORUS.—We were simple singing seamen, so of  
course we could not know !

ALFRED NOYES.

## HOW HIAWATHA BUILT HIMSELF A BIRCH-BARK CANOE

“ GIVE me of your bark, O Birch-Tree !

Of your yellow bark, O Birch-Tree !

Growing by the rushing river,

Tall and stately in the valley !

I a light canoe will build me,

Build a swift Cheemaun for sailing,

That shall float upon the river,

Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,

Like a yellow water-lily !

Lay aside your cloak, O Birch-Tree !

Lay aside your white-skin wrapper,

For the Summer-time is coming,

And the sun is warm in heaven,

And you need no white-skin wrapper ! ”

Thus aloud cried Hiawatha

In the solitary forest,

By the rushing Taquamenaw,

When the birds were singing gaily,

In the Moon of Leaves were singing,

And the sun, from sleep awaking,

Started up and said, "Behold me !  
Geezis, the great Sun, behold me !"

And the tree with all its branches  
Rustled in the breeze of morning,  
Saying, with a sigh of patience,  
"Take my cloak, O Hiawatha !"

With his knife the tree he girdled ;  
Just beneath its lowest branches,  
Just above the roots, he cut it,  
Till the sap came oozing outward.  
Down the trunk, from top to bottom,  
Sheer he cleft the bark asunder,  
With a wooden wedge he raised it,  
Stripped it from the trunk unbroken.

"Give me of your boughs, O Cedar !  
Of your strong and pliant branches,  
My canoe to make more steady,  
Make more strong and firm beneath me !"

Through the summit of the Cedar  
Went a sound, a cry of horror,  
Went a murmur of resistance ;  
But it whispered, bending downward,  
"Take my boughs, O Hiawatha !"

Down he hewed the boughs of cedar,  
Shaped them straightway to a framework,  
Like two bows he formed and shaped them,  
Like two bended bows together.

"Give me of your roots, O Tamarack !  
Of your fibrous roots, O Larch-Tree !  
My canoe to bind together,  
So to bind the ends together  
That the water may not enter,  
That the river may not wet me !"

And the Larch, with all its fibres,  
Shivered in the air of morning,  
Touched his forehead with its tassels,  
Said, with one long sigh of sorrow,  
"Take them all, O Hiawatha !"



From the earth he tore the fibres,  
Tore the tough roots of the Lareh-Tree,  
Closely sewed the bark together,  
Bound it closely to the framework.

“ Give me of your balm, O Fir-Tree !  
Of your balsam and your resin,  
So to close the seams together  
That the water may not enter,  
That the river may not wet me ! ”

And the Fir-Tree, tall and sombre,  
Sobbed through all its robes of darkness,  
Rattled like a shore with pebbles,  
Answered wailing, answered weeping,  
“ Take my balm, O Hiawatha ! ”

And he took the tears of balsam,  
Took the resin of the Fir-Tree,  
Smeared therewith each seam and fissure,  
Made each crevice safe from water.

“ Give me of your quills, O Hedgehog !  
All your quills, O Kagh, the Hedgehog !  
I will make a necklace of them,  
Make a girdle for my beauty,  
And two stars to deck her bosom ! ”

From a hollow tree the Hedgehog  
With his sleepy eyes looked at him,  
Shot his shining quills, like arrows,  
Saying, with a drowsy murmur,  
Through the tangle of his whiskers,  
“ Take my quills, O Hiawatha ! ”

From the ground the quills he gathered,  
All the little shining arrows,  
Stained them red and blue and yellow,  
With the juice of roots and berries.  
Into his canoe he wrought them,  
Round its waist a shining girdle,  
Round its bows a gleaming necklace,  
On its breast two stars resplendent.

Thus the Bireh Canoe was builded

In the valley, by the river,  
In the bosom of the forest.  
And the forest's life was in it,  
All its mystery and its magic,  
All the lightness of the birch-tree,  
All the toughness of the cedar,  
All the larch's supple sinews.  
And it floated on the river,  
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,  
Like a yellow water-lily.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

## HOW PAU-PUK-KEEWIS DANCED AT HIAWATHA'S WEDDING

*You shall hear how Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
How the handsome Yenangizze,  
Danced at Hiawatha's wedding . . .*

Sumptuous was the feast Nokomis  
Made at Hiawatha's wedding.  
All the bowls were made of bass-wood,  
White and polished very smoothly ;  
All the spoons of horn of bison,  
Black and polished very smoothly.

She had sent through all the village  
Messengers with wands of willow  
As a sign of invitation,  
As a token of the feasting.  
And the wedding guests assembled,  
Clad in all their richest raiment,  
Robes of fur and belts of wampum,  
Splendid with their paint and plumage,  
Beautiful with beads and tassels.

First they ate the sturgeon, Nahma,

And the pike, the Maskenozha,  
Caught and cooked by old Nokomis;  
Then on pemican they feasted,  
Pemican and buffalo marrow,  
Haunch of deer and hump of bison,  
Yellow cakes of the Mondamin,  
And the wild rice of the river.

But the gracious Hiawatha,  
And the lovely Laughing Water,  
And the careful old Nokomis,  
Tasted not the food before them.  
Only waited on the others,  
Only served their guests in silence.

And when all the guests had finished,  
Old Nokomis, brisk and busy,  
From an ample pouch of otter,  
Filled the red stone pipes for smoking  
With tobacco from the South-land,  
Mixed with bark of the red willow,  
And with herbs and leaves of fragrance.

Then she said, " O Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
Dance for us your merry dances,  
Dance the Beggar's Dance to please us,  
That the feast may be more joyous,  
That the time may pass more gaily,  
And our guests be more contented! "

Then the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
He the idle Yenadizze,  
He the merry mischief-maker,  
Whom the people called the Storm-Fool,  
Rose among the guests assembled.

Skilled was he in sports and pastimes,  
In the merry dance of snow-shoes,  
In the play of quoits and ball-play;  
Skilled was he in games of hazard,  
In all games of skill and hazard,  
Pugasaing, the Bowl and Counters,  
Koomtassoo, the Game of Plum-stones.

Though the warriors called him Faint-Heart,  
Called him coward, Shaugodaya,  
Idler, gambler, Yenadizze,  
Little heeded he their jesting,  
Little cared he for their insults ;  
For the women and the maidens  
Loved the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis.

He was dressed in shirt of doc-skin,  
White and soft, and fringed with ermine,  
All inwrought with beads of wampum ;  
He was dressed in deer-skin leggings,  
Fringed with hedgehog quills and ermine,  
And in mocassins of buck-skin,  
Thick with quills and beads embroidered.  
On his head were plumes of swan's down,  
On his heels were tails of foxes,  
In one hand a fan of feathers,  
And a pipe was in the other.

Barred with streaks of red and yellow,  
Streaks of blue and bright vermilion,  
Shone the face of Pau-Puk-Keewis.  
From his forehead fell his tresses,  
Smooth and parted like a woman's,  
Shining bright with oil, and plaited,  
Hung with braids of scented grasses,  
As among the guests assembled,  
To the sound of flutes and singing,  
To the sound of drums and voices,  
Rose the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
And began his mystic dances.

First he danced a solemn measure,  
Very slow in step and gesture,  
In and out among the pine-trees,  
Through the shadows and the sunshine.  
Treading softly like a panther,  
Then more swiftly and still swifter,  
Whirling, spinning round in circles,  
Leaping o'er the guests assembled,

Eddying round and round the wigwam,  
Till the leaves went whirling with him,  
Till the dust and wind together  
Swept in eddies round about him.

Then along the sandy margin  
Of the lake, the Big-Sea-Water,  
On he sped with frenzied gestures,  
Stamped upon the sand, and tossed it  
Wildly in the air around him ;  
Till the wind became a whirlwind,  
Till the sand was blown and sifted  
Like great snowdrifts o'er the landscape,  
Heaping all the shores with Sand Dunes,  
Sand Hills of the Nagow Wudjoo !

Thus the merry Pau-Puk-Keewis  
Danced his Beggar's Dance to please them,  
And returning, sat down laughing  
There among the guests assembled,  
Sat and fanned himself serenely  
With his fan of turkey feathers.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

## THE BALLAD OF "BEAU BROCADE"

"Hark ! I hear the sound of coaches !" — *Beggar's Opera*.

### I

SEVENTEEN hundred and thirty-nine :—  
That was the date of this tale of mine.

First great GEORGE was buried and gone ;  
GEORGE the Second was plodding on.

LONDON then, as the " Guides " aver,  
Shared its glories with *Westminster* ;

And people of rank to correct their "tone,"  
Went out of town to *Marybone*.

Those were the days of the War with *Spain*,  
PORTO-BELLO would soon be ta'en ;

WHITEFIELD preached to the colliers grim,  
Bishops in lawn sleeves preached at him ;

WALPOLE talked of "a man and his price" ;  
Nobody's virtue was over-nice ;

Those, in fine, were the brave days when  
Coaches were stopped by . . . *Highwaymen* !

And of all the knights of the gentle trade  
Nobody bolder than "BEAU BROCADE."

This they knew on the whole way down ;  
Best,—maybe,—at the "*Oak and Crown*."

(For timorous cits on their pilgrimage  
Would "club" for a "Guard" to ride the stage ;

And the Guard that rode on more than one  
Was the Host of this hostel's sister's son.)

Open we here on a March day fine,  
Under the oak with the hanging sign.

There was Barber DICK with his basin by ;  
Cobbler JOE with the patch on his eye ;

Portly product of Beef and Beer,  
JOHN the host, he was standing near.

Straining and creaking, with wheels awry,  
Lumbering came the "*Plymouth Fly*" ;—

Lumbering up from *Bagshot Heath*,  
Guard in the basket armed to the teeth ;

Passengers heavily armed inside ;  
Not the less surely the coach had been tried !

Tried !—but a couple of miles away,  
By a well-dressed man !—in the open day !

Tried successfully, never a doubt,—  
Pockets of passengers all turned out !

Cloak-bags rifled, and cushions ripped,—  
Even an Ensign's wallet stripped !

Even a Methodist hosier's wife  
Offered the choice of her Money or Life !

Highwayman's manners no less polite,  
Hoped that their coppers (returned) were right ;—

Sorry to find the company poor,  
Hoped next time they'd travel with more ;—

Plucked them all at his ease, in short :—  
Such was the "*Plymouth Fly's*" report.

Sympathy ! horror ! and wonderment !  
"Catch the Villain !" (But Nobody went.)

Hosier's wife led into the Bar,  
(That's where the best strong waters are !)

Followed the tale of the hundred-and-one  
Things that Somebody ought to have done.

Ensign (of BRAGG's) made a terrible clangour :  
But for the Ladies had drawn his hanger !

Robber, of course, was "BEAU BROCADE";  
Out-spoke DOLLY the Chambermaid.

Devonshire DOLLY, plump and red,  
Spoke from the gallery overhead;—

Spoke it out boldly, staring hard :—  
"Why didn't you shoot then, GEORGE the Guard?"

Spoke it out bolder, seeing him mute :—  
"GEORGE the Guard, why didn't you shoot?"

Portly JOHN grew pale and red,  
(JOHN was afraid of her, people said);

Gasped that "DOLLY was surely cracked,"  
(JOHN was afraid of her—that's a fact!)

GEORGE the Guard grew red and pale,  
Slowly finished his quart of ale :—

"Shoot? Why—Rabbit him!—didn't he shoot?"  
Muttered—"The Baggage was far too cute!"

"Shoot? Why, he'd flashed the pan in his eye!"  
Muttered—"She'd pay for it by and by!"  
Further than this made no reply.

Nor could a further reply be made,  
*For GEORGE was in league with "BEAU BROCADE"!*

And JOHN the Host, in his wakefullest state,  
Was not—on the whole—immaculate.

But nobody's virtue was over-nice  
When WALPOLE talked of "a man and his price";

And wherever Purity found abode,  
'Twas certainly *not* on a posting road.



## II

“Forty ” followed to “Thirty-nine,”  
Glorious days of the *Hanover* line !

Princes were born, and drums were banged ;  
Now and then batches of Highwaymen hanged.

“Glorious news ! ”—from the *Spanish Main* ;  
PORTO-BELLO at last was ta'en.

“Glorious news ! ”—for the liquor trade ;  
Nobody dreamed of “BEAU BROCADE.”

People were thinking of *Spanish Crowns* ;  
*Money* was coming from seaport towns !

Nobody dreamed of “BEAU BROCADE,”  
(Only DOLLY the Chambermaid !)

Blessings on VERNON ! Fill up the cans ;  
*Money* was coming in “*Flys* ” and “*Vans*.”

Possibly, JOHN the Host had heard ;  
Also, certainly, GEORGE the Guard.

And DOLLY had possibly tidings, too,  
That made her rise from her bed anew,

Plump as ever, but stern of eye,  
With a fixed intention to warn the “*Fly*.”

Lingering only at JOHN his door,  
Just to make sure of a jerky snore ;

Saddling the grey mare, *Dumpling Star* ;  
Fetchng the pistol out of the bar ;

(The old horse-pistol that, they say,  
Came from the battle of *Malplaquet* ;)

Loading with powder that maids would use,  
Even in "Forty," to clear the flues ;

And a couple of silver buttons, the Squire  
Gave her, away in *Devonshire*.

These she wadded—for want of a better—  
With the B-SH-P of L-ND-N's "Pastoral Letter "

Looked to the flint, and hung the whole,  
Ready to use, at her pocket-hole.

Thus equipped and accoutred, DOLLY  
Clattered away to "*Exciseman's Folly*" ;—

Such was the name of a ruined abode,  
Just on the edge of the *London* road.

Thence she thought she might safely try,  
As soon as she saw it, to warn the "*Fly*."

But, as chance fell out, her rein she drew,  
As the BEAU came cantering into the view.

By the light of the moon she could see him drest  
In his famous gold-sprigged tambour vest ;

And under his silver-grey surtout,  
The laced, historical coat of blue,

That he wore when he went to *London-Spaw*,  
And robbed Sir MUNGO MUCKLETHRAW.

Out-spoke DOLLY the Chambermaid,  
(Trembling a little, but not afraid,)  
"Stand and Deliver, O 'BEAU BROCADE' !"

But the BEAU drew nearer, and would not speak,  
For he saw by the moonlight a rosy cheek ;

And a spavined mare with a rusty hide ;  
And a girl with her hand at her pocket-side.

So never a word he spake as yet,  
For he thought 'twas a freak of MEG or BET ;—  
A freak of the “ *Rose* ” or the “ *Rummer* ” set.

Out-spoke DOLLY the Chambermaid,  
(Tremulous now, and sore afraid,)  
“ Stand and Deliver, O ‘ BEAU BROCADE ’ ! ”

Firing then, out of sheer alarm,  
Hit the BEAU in the bridle-arm.

Button the first went none knows where,  
But it carried away his *solitaire* ;

Button the second a circuit made,  
Glanced in under the shoulder-blade ;—  
Down from the saddle fell “ BEAU BROCADE ” !

Down from the saddle and never stirred !—  
DOLLY grew white as a *Windsor* curd.

Slipped not less from the mare, and bound  
Strips of her kirtle about his wound.

Then, lest his Worship should rise and flee,  
Fettered his ankles—tenderly.

Jumped on his chestnut, BET the fleet  
(Called after BET of *Portugal Street*) ;

Came like the wind to the old Inn-door ;—  
Roused fat JOHN from a threefold snore ;—

Vowed she'd 'peach if he misbehaved . . .  
Briefly, the "*Plymouth Fly*" was saved !

*Staines* and *Windsor* were all on fire :—  
DOLLY was wed to a *Yorkshire* squire ;  
Went to 'Town at the K—G's desire !

But whether His M—J—STY saw her or not,  
HOGARTH jotted her down on the spot ;

And something of DOLLY one still may trace  
In the fresh contours of his "*Milkmaid's*" face.

GEORGE the Guard fled over the sea :  
JOHN had a fit—of perplexity ;

Turned King's evidence, sad to state ;—  
But JOHN was never immaculate.

As for the BEAU, he was duly tried,  
When his wound was healed, at *Whitsuntide* ;

Served—for a day—as the last of " sights,"  
To the world of *St. James's Street* and "*White's*,"

Went on his way to TYBURN TREE,  
With a pomp befitting his high degree.

Every privilege rank confers :—  
Bouquet of pinks at *St. Sepulchre's* ;

Flagon of ale at *Holborn Bar* ;  
Friends (in mourning) to follow his Car—  
(" t " is omitted where HEROES are !)

Every one knows the speech he made ;  
Swore that he " rather admired the Jade !"—

Waved to the crowd with his gold-laced hat :  
Talked to the Chaplain after that ;

Turned to the Topsman undismayed . . .  
This was the finish of " BEAU BROCADE " !

---

*And this is the Ballad that seemed to hide  
In the leaves of a dusty " LONDONER'S GUIDE " ;*

*" Humbly Inscrib'd (with curls and tails)  
By the Author to FREDERICK, Prince of WALES :—*

*Published by FRANCIS and OLIVER PINE ;  
Ludgate Hill, at the Blackmoor Sign.  
Seventeen-Hundred-and-Thirty-Nine."*

AUSTIN DOBSON.

## THE HIGHWAYMAN

### I

THE wind was a torrent of darkness among the  
gusty trees,  
The moon was a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy  
seas,  
The road was a ribbon of moonlight over the purple  
moor,  
And the highwayman came riding—  
Riding—riding—  
The highwayman came riding, up to the old inn-  
door.

He'd a French cocked-hat on his forehead, a bunch  
of lace at his chin,  
A coat of the claret velvet, and breeches of brown  
doeskin ;  
They fitted with never a wrinkle : his boots were  
up to the thigh !  
And he rode with a jewelled twinkle,  
His pistol butts a-twinkle,  
His rapier hilt a-twinkle, under the jewelled sky.

Over the cobbles he clattered and clashed in the  
dark inn-yard,  
And he tapped with his whip on the shutters, but  
all was locked and barred ;  
He whistled a tune to the window, and who should  
be waiting there  
But the landlord's black-eyed daughter,  
Bess, the landlord's daughter,  
Plaiting a dark red love-knot into her long black  
hair.

And dark in the dark old inn-yard a stable-wicket  
creaked  
Where Tim the ostler listened ; his face was white  
and peaked ;  
His eyes were hollows of madness, his hair like  
mouldy hay,  
But he loved the landlord's daughter,  
The landlord's red-lipped daughter ;—  
Dumb as a dog he listened, and he heard the robber  
say—

“ One kiss, my bonny sweetheart, I'm after a prize  
to-night,  
But I shall be back with the yellow gold before the  
morning light ;

Yet, if they press me sharply, and harry me through  
the day,  
Then look for me by moonlight,  
Watch for me by moonlight,  
I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should  
bar the way."

He rose upright in the stirrups ; he scarce could  
reach her hand,  
But she loosened her hair i' the casement ! His  
face burnt like a brand  
As the black cascade of perfume came tumbling  
over his breast ;  
And he kissed its waves in the moonlight,  
(Oh, sweet black waves in the moonlight !)  
Then he tugged at his rein in the moonlight, and  
galloped away to the West.

## II

He did not come in the dawning ; he did not come  
at noon ;  
And out o' the tawny sunset, before the rise o' the  
moon,  
When the road was a gipsy's ribbon, looping the  
purple moor,  
A red-coat troop came marching—  
Marching—marching—  
King George's men came marching, up to the old  
inn-door.

They said no word to the landlord, they drank his  
ale instead,  
But they gagged his daughter and bound her to the  
foot of her narrow bed ;  
Two of them knelt at her casement, with muskets  
at their side !

There was death at every window ;  
And hell at one dark window ;  
For Bess could see, through her casement, the road  
that *he* would ride.

They had tied her up to attention, with many a  
sniggering jest ;  
They had bound a musket beside her, with the  
barrel beneath her breast !  
“ Now keep good watch ! ” and they kissed her.  
She heard the dead man say—  
*Look for me by moonlight ;*  
*Watch for me by moonlight ;*  
*I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should bar*  
*the way !*

She twisted her hands behind her ; but all the knots  
held good !  
She writhed her hands till her fingers were wet with  
sweat or blood !  
They stretched and strained in the darkness, and  
the hours crawled by like years,  
Till, now, on the stroke of midnight,  
Cold, on the stroke of midnight,  
The tip of one finger touched it ! The trigger at  
least was hers !

The tip of one finger touched it ; she strove no  
more for the rest !  
Up, she stood to attention, with the barrel beneath  
her breast,  
She would not risk their hearing ; she would not  
strive again ;  
For the road lay bare in the moonlight ;  
Blank and bare in the moonlight ;  
And the blood of her veins in the moonlight throbbed  
to her love's refrain.



*Tlot-tlot ; tlot-tlot !* Had they heard it ? The  
horse-hoofs ringing clear ;  
*Tlot-tlot, tlot-tlot,* in the distance ? Were they deaf  
that they did not hear ?  
Down the ribbon of moonlight, over the brow of  
the hill,  
The highwayman came riding,  
Riding, riding !  
The red-coats looked to their priming ! She  
stood up, straight and still !

*Tlot-tlot,* in the frosty silence ! *tlot-tlot,* in the  
echoing night !  
Nearer he came and nearer ! Her face was like a  
light !  
Her eyes grew wide for a moment ; she drew one  
last deep breath,  
Then her finger moved in the moonlight,  
Her musket shattered the moonlight,  
Shattered her breast in the moonlight and warned  
him—with her death.

He turned ; he spurred to the Westward ; he did  
not know who stood  
Bowed, with her head o'er the musket, drenched  
with her own red blood !  
Not till the dawn he heard it, and slowly blanched  
to hear  
How Bess, the landlord's daughter,  
The landlord's black-eyed daughter,  
Had watched for her love in the moonlight, and  
died in the darkness there.

Back, he spurred like a madman, shrieking a curse to  
the sky,  
With the white road smoking behind him and his  
rapier brandished high !

Blood-red were his spurs i' the golden noon ; wine-  
red was his velvet coat ;  
When they shot him down on the highway,  
    Down like a dog on the highway,  
And he lay in his blood on the highway, with the  
    bunch of lace at his throat.

*And still of a winter's night, they say, when the  
    wind is in the trees,  
When the moon is a ghostly galleon tossed upon  
    cloudy seas,  
When the road is a ribbon of moonlight over the  
    purple moor,  
A highwayman comes riding—  
    Riding—riding—  
A highwayman comes riding, up to the old inn-door.*

*Over the cobbles he clatters and clangs in the dark  
    inn-yard,  
And he taps with his whip on the shutters, but all is  
    locked and barred ;  
He whistles a tune to the window, and who should be  
    waiting there  
But the landlord's black-eyed daughter,  
    Bess, the landlord's daughter,  
Plaiting a dark red love-knot into her long black hair.*

ALFRED NOYES.

## A BALLAD OF EAST AND WEST

*Oh, east is east, and west is west, and never the twain  
    shall meet  
Till earth and sky stand presently at God's great  
    Judgment Seat.*

*But there is neither east nor west, border nor breed  
nor birth,  
When two strong men stand face to face, though they  
come from the ends of the earth.*

Kamal is out with twenty men to raise the Border  
side,  
And he has lifted the Colonel's mare that is the  
Colonel's pride :  
He has lifted her out of the stable-door between  
the dawn and the day,  
And turned the calkins upon her feet, and ridden  
her far away.  
Then up and spoke the Colonel's son that led a  
troop of the Guides,  
" Is there never a man of all my men can say  
where Kamal hides ? "  
Then up and spoke Mahommed Khan, the son of  
the Ressaldar,  
" If ye know the track of the morning-mist, ye  
know where his pickets are.  
At dusk he harries the Abazai—at dawn he is into  
Bonair—  
But he must go by Fort Bukloh to his own place  
to fare,  
So if ye gallop to Fort Bukloh as fast as a bird can fly,  
By the favour of God ye may cut him off ere he  
win to the Tongue of Jagai.  
But if he be past the Tongue of Jagai, right swiftly  
turn ye then,  
For the length and the breadth of that grisly plain  
are sown with Kamal's men."  
The Colonel's son has taken horse, and a raw rough  
dun was he,  
With the mouth of a bell and the heart of Hell  
and the head of the gallows-tree.  
The Colonel's son to the Fort has won, they bid  
him stay to eat—

Who rides at the tail of a Border thief, he sits not  
long at his meat.

He's up and away from Fort Bukloh as fast as he  
can fly,

Till he was aware of his father's mare in the gut  
of the Tongue of Jagai,

Till he was aware of his father's mare with Kamal  
upon her back,

And when he could spy the white of her eye, he  
made the pistol crack.

He has fired once, he has fired twice, but the  
whistling ball went wide.

"Ye shoot like a soldier," Kamal said. "Show  
now if ye can ride."

It's up and over the Tongue of Jagai, as blown  
dust-devils go,

The dun he fled like a stag of ten, but the mare  
like a barren doe.

The dun he leaned against the bit and slugged his  
head above,

But the red mare played with the snaffle-bars as  
a lady plays with a glove.

They have ridden the low moon out of the sky,  
their hoofs drum up the dawn,

The dun he went like a wounded bull, but the mare  
like a new-roused fawn.

The dun he fell at a water-course—in a woful heap  
fell he,—

And Kamal has turned the red mare back, and  
pulled the rider free.

He has knocked the pistol out of his hand—small  
room was there to strive—

"'Twas only by favour of mine," quoth he, "ye  
rode so long alive ;

There was not a rock for twenty mile, there was  
not a clump of tree,

But covered a man of my own men with his rifle  
cocked on his knee.

If I had raised my bridle-hand, as I have held it  
low,  
The little jackals that flee so fast were feasting all  
in a row ;  
If I had bowed my head on my breast, as I have  
held it high,  
The kite that whistles above us now were gorged  
till she could not fly.”  
Lightly answered the Colonel’s son, “ Do good to  
bird and beast,  
But count who come for the broken meats before  
thou makest a feast.  
If there should follow a thousand swords to carry  
my bones away,  
Belike the price of a jackal’s meal were more than  
a thief could pay.  
They will feed their horse on the standing crop,  
their men on the garnered grain,  
The thatch of the byres will serve their fires when  
all the cattle are slain.  
But if thou thinkest the price be fair—thy brethren  
wait to sup—  
The hound is kin to the jackal-spawn,—howl, dog,  
and call them up !  
And if thou thinkest the price be high, in steer and  
gear and stack,  
Give me my father’s mare again, and I’ll fight my  
own way back ! ”  
Kamal has gripped him by the hand, and set him  
upon his feet.  
“ No talk shall be of dogs,” said he, “ when wolf  
and grey wolf meet.  
May I eat dirt if thou hast hurt of me in deed or  
breath.  
What dam of lances brought thee forth to jest at  
the dawn with Death ? ”  
Lightly answered the Colonel’s son :—“ I hold by  
the blood of my clan ;

Take up the mare for my father's gift—By God  
she has earried a man ! ”

The red mare ran to the Colonel's son, and nuzzled  
her nose in his breast,

“ We be two strong men,” said Kamal then, “ but  
she loveth the younger best.

So she shall go with a lifter's dower, my turquoise-  
studded rein,

My broidered saddle and saddle-cloth, and silver  
stirrups twain.”

The Colonel's son a pistol drew and held it muzzle-  
end,

“ Ye have taken the one from a foe,” said he ;  
“ will ye take the mate from a friend ? ”

“ A gift for a gift,” said Kamal straight ; “ a limb  
for the risk of a limb.

Thy father has sent his son to me, I'll send my son  
to him ! ”

With that he whistled his only son, who dropped  
from a mountain-crest—

He trod the ling like a buck in spring and he looked  
like a lance in rest.

“ Now here is thy master,” Kamal said, “ who  
leads a troop of the Guides,

And thou must ride at his left side as shield to  
shoulder rides.

Till Death or I cut loose the tie, at camp and board  
and bed,

Thy life is his—thy fate it is to guard him with  
thy head.

And thou must eat the White Queen's meat, and  
all her foes are thine,

And thou must harry thy father's hold for the peace  
of the Border-line,

And thou must make a trooper tough and hack thy  
way to power—

Belike they will raise thee to Ressaldar when I am  
hanged in Peshawur.”

They have looked each other between the eyes, and  
there they found no fault,  
They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood  
on leavened bread and salt ;  
They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood  
on fire and fresh-cut sod,  
On the hilt and the haft of the Khyber knife, and  
the Wondrous Names of God.

The Colonel's son he rides the mare and Kamal's  
boy the dun,  
And two have come back to Fort Bukloh where  
there went forth but one.  
And when they drew to the Quarter-Guard, full  
twenty swords flew clear—  
There was not a man but carried his feud with the  
blood of the mountaineer.  
“ Ha' done ! ha' done ! ” said the Colonel's son.  
“ Put up the steel at your sides !  
Last night ye had struk at a Border thief—to-night  
'tis a man of the Guides ! ”

*Oh, east is east, and west is west, and never the twain  
shall meet  
Till earth and sky stand presently at God's great  
Judgment seat.  
But there is neither east nor west, border nor breed  
nor birth,  
When two strong men stand face to face, though they  
come from the ends of the earth.*

RUDYARD KIPLING.





## REALM 3

### HEROES AND HEROINES

	PAGE
1. <i>Robert Blake</i> . . . . .	80
2. <i>Hervé Riel</i> . . . . .	84
3. <i>Admiral Benbow</i> . . . . .	89
4. <i>Lord Hawke</i> . . . . .	91
5. <i>Napoleon's Standard-bearer</i> . . . . .	92
6. <i>The Heroine of Turner's most famous picture</i>	93
7. <i>The troops of the transport Birkenhead</i> .	95
8. <i>Florence Nightingale</i> . . . . .	97
9. <i>John Nicholson</i> . . . . .	98
10. <i>A Private of the East Kent Regiment</i> . .	101

## ROBERT BLAKE

OUR Happy Warrior ! of a race  
To whom are richly given  
Great glory and peculiar grace  
Because in league with Heaven.  
Not that the mortal course they trod  
Was free from briar and thorn—  
Who wears the arrow-mark of God  
Must first the wound have borne.

O like a sailor saint was he,  
Our Sea-King ! grave and sweet  
In temper after victory,  
Or cheerful in defeat ;  
And men would leave their quiet home  
To follow in his wake,  
And fight in fire, or float in foam,  
For love of Robert Blake.

Like that drumhead of Ziska's skin  
Thrills his heroic name.  
And how the salt-sea sparkle in  
Us flashes at his fame !  
His picture in our heart's best books  
Still keeps its pride of place,  
From which a lofty spirit looks  
With an unfading face ;

The face as of an angel, who  
Might live his boyhood here ;

And yet how deadly grand it grew,  
When Wrong drew darkening near !  
All ridged, and ready trenched for war  
The fair frank brow was bent ;  
Then shone, like sudden scimitar,  
The lion lineament.

Behold him, with his gallant band,  
On leaguered Lyme's red beach !  
Shoulder to shoulder, see them stand,  
At Taunton in the breach !  
Safe through the battle shocks he went  
With sword-sweep stern and wide ;  
Strode the grim heaps as Death had lent  
Him his White Horse to ride.

" Give in ! our toils you cannot break ;  
The Lion is in the net !  
Famine fights for us." " No," said Blake,  
" My boots I have not ate."  
He smiled across the bitter cup ;  
He gripped his good sword-heft ;  
" I should not dream of giving up  
While such a meal is left."

Where trumpets blow and streamers flow,  
Behold him, calm and proud,  
Bear down upon the bravest foe,  
A bursting thunder-cloud.  
Foremost of all the host that strove  
To crowd Death's open door,  
In giant mood his way he clove,  
Aye first to go before.

And though the battle-lightning blazed,  
The thunders roar and roll,  
He to Immortal Beauty raised  
A statue with his soul ;

And never did the Greeks of old  
Mirror in marble rare  
A wrestler of so fine a mould,  
An athlete half so fair.

Homeward the dying Sea-King turns  
From his last famous fight.  
For England's dear green hills he yearns  
At heart, and strains his sight.  
The old cliffs loom out gray and grand.  
The old war-ship glides on.  
With one last wave life tries to land,  
Falls seaward, and is gone.

With that last leap to touch the coast  
He passed into his rest,  
And Blake's unwearying arms were crossed  
Upon his martial breast.  
And while our England waits, and twines  
For him her latest wreath,  
His is a crown of stars that shines  
From out the dusk of death.

For him no pleasant age of ease,  
To wear what youth could win ;  
For him no children round his knees,  
To gather his harvest in.  
But with a soul serene he takes  
Whatever lot may come ;  
And such a life of labour makes  
A glorious going home.

Famous old Truheart, dead and gone !  
Long shall his glory grow,  
Who never turned his back upon  
A friend, nor face from foe.  
He made them fear old England's name  
Wherever it was heard.

He put her proudest foes to shame,  
And Peace smiled on his sword.

With lofty courage, loftier love,  
He died for England's sake ;  
And 'mid the loftiest lights above  
Shines our illustrious Blake.  
And shall shine ! Glory of the West  
And beacon for the seas ;  
While Britain bares its sailor breast  
To battle or to breeze.

Great sailor on the seas of strife ;  
Victor by land and wave ;  
Brave liver of a gallant life ;  
Lord of a glorious grave ;  
True soldier set on earthly hill  
As sentinel of heaven ;  
A king who keeps his kingdom till  
The last award be given.

Till she forget her old sea-fame  
Shall England honour him,  
And keep the grave-grass from his name  
Till her old eyes be dim ;  
And long as free waves folding round,  
Brimful with blessing break,  
At heart she holds him, calm and crowned,  
Immortal Robert Blake.

GERALD MASSEY.

## HERVÉ RIEL

ON the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred  
ninety-two,  
Did the English fight the French,—woe to  
France !  
And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter thro'  
the blue,  
Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of  
sharks pursue,  
Came crowding ship on ship to St. Malo on the  
Rance,  
With the English fleet in view.

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor  
in full chase ;  
First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship,  
Damfreville ;  
Close on him fled, great and small,  
Twenty-two good ships in all ;  
And they signalled to the place  
“ Help the winners of a race !  
Get us guidance, give us harbour, take us quick—  
or, quicker still,  
Here's the English can and will ! ”

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leapt  
on board ;  
“ Why, what hope or chance have ships like  
these to pass ? ” laughed they.  
“ Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage  
scarred and scored !  
Shall the *Formidable* here with her twelve and  
eighty guns  
Think to make the river-mouth by the single  
narrow way,

Trust to enter where 'tis ticklish for a craft of  
twenty tons,  
And with flow at full beside ?  
Now, 'tis slackest ebb of tide.  
Reach the mooring ? Rather say,  
While rock stands or water runs,  
Not a ship will leave the bay ! ”

Then was called a council straight.  
Brief and bitter the debate :  
“ Here's the English at our heels ; would you have  
them take in tow  
All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern  
and bow,  
For a prize to Plymouth Sound ?  
Better run the ships aground ! ”  
(Ended Damfreville his speech).  
Not a minute more to wait !  
“ Let the Captains all and each  
Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on  
the beach !  
France must undergo her fate.

Give the word ! ” But no such word  
Was ever spoke or heard ;  
For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid  
all these  
—A Captain ? A Lieutenant ? A Mate—first,  
second, third ?  
No such man of mark, and meet  
With his betters to compete !  
But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville  
for the fleet,  
A poor coasting-pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese.  
And, “ What mockery or malice have we here ? ”  
cries Hervé Riel.

"Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you  
 cowards, fools, or rogues?  
 Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the  
 soundings, tell  
 On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell  
 'Twixt the offing here and Grève where the river  
 disembogues?  
 Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the  
 lying's for?  
 Morn and eve, night and day,  
 Have I piloted your bay,  
 Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.

Burn the fleet and ruin Francee? That were worse  
 than fifty Hogues!  
 Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe  
 me there's a way!  
 Only let me lead the line,  
 Have the biggest ship to steer,  
 Get this *Formidable* clear,  
 Make the others follow mine,  
 And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I  
 know well,  
 Right to Solidor past Grève,  
 And there lay them safe and sound;  
 And if one ship misbehave,  
 —Keel so much as grate the ground,  
 Why, I've nothing but my life,—here's my head!"  
 cries Hervé Riel.

Not a minute more to wait.  
 "Steer us in, then, small and great!  
 Take the helm. Lead the line. Save the  
 squadron!" cried its chief.  
 "Captains, give the sailor place!  
 He is Admiral, in brief."  
 Still the north-wind, by God's grace!  
 See the noble fellow's face,



As the big ship with a bound  
Clears the entry like a hound,  
Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide  
seas profound !

See, safe thro' shoal and rock,  
How they follow in a flock,  
Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates  
the ground,

Not a spar that comes to grief !  
The peril, see, is past !  
All are harboured to the last,  
And just as Hervé Riel hollas "Anchor !" —sure as  
fate  
Up the English come, too late !

So, the storm subsides to calm :  
They see the green trees wave  
On the o'erlooking Grève.  
Hearts that bled are stanch'd with balm.  
"Just our rapture to enhance,  
Let the English rake the bay,  
Gnash their teeth and glare askance,  
As they cannonade away !  
'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the  
Rance !"  
How hope succeeds despair on each Captain's  
countenance !  
Out burst all with one accord,  
"This is Paradise for Hell !  
Let France, let France's King  
Thank the man that did the thing !"  
What a shout, and all one word,  
"Hervé Riel !"  
As he stepped in front once more,  
Not a symptom of surprise  
In the frank blue Breton eyes :  
Just the same man as before.

Then said Damfreville, " My friend,  
I must speak out at the end,  
Though I find the speaking hard.  
Praise is deeper than the lips :  
You have saved the King his ships ;  
You must name your own reward.  
'Faith our sun was near eclipse !  
Demand whate'er you will,  
France remains your debtor still.  
Ask to heart's content and have ! or my name's  
not Damfreville."

Then a beam of fun outbroke  
On the bearded mouth that spoke,  
As the honest heart laughed through  
Those frank eyes of Breton blue.  
" Since I needs must say my say,  
Since on board the duty's done,  
And from Malo Roads to Croisie Point, what is it  
but a run ?—  
Since 'tis ask and have, I may—  
Since the others go ashore—  
Come ! A good whole holiday !  
Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the  
Belle Aurore !"  
That he asked and that he got,—nothing more.

Name and deed alike are lost :  
Not a pillar nor a post  
In his Croisie keeps alive the feat as it befell ;  
Not a head in white and black  
On a single fishing smack,  
In memory of the man but for whom had gone to  
wrack  
All that France saved from the fight whence  
England bore the bell.  
Go to Paris : rank on rank  
Search the heroes flung pell-mell

On the Louvre, face and flank !

You shall look long enough ere you come to  
Hervé Riel.

So, for better and for worse,  
Hervé Riel, accept my verse !

In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more  
Save the squadron, honour France, love thy wife,  
the Belle Aurore !

ROBERT BROWNING.

## THE DEATH OF ADMIRAL BENBOW

COME all you sailors bold,  
Lend an ear, lend an ear ;  
Come all you sailors bold  
Lend an ear !  
'Tis of our Admiral's fame,  
Brave Benbow called by name,  
And of his captains' shame  
You shall hear.

Brave Benbow he set sail  
For to fight, for to fight ;  
Brave Benbow he set sail  
For to fight.  
Brave Benbow he set sail,  
With a fine and pleasant gale,  
But his captains they turned tail  
Ere the night.

Says Kirkby unto Wade,  
" I shall run, I shall run " ;  
Says Kirkby unto Wade,  
" I shall run.  
I value not disgrace,  
Nor the losing of my place.  
My foes I will not face  
With a gun."

## THIRD REALM

'Twas the *Ruby* and *Noah's Ark*  
     Bore the stress, bore the stress ;  
 'Twas the *Ruby* and *Noah's Ark*  
     Bore the stress.  
 The Frenchman at his call  
 Had ten ships, great and small,  
 And Benbow fought them all—  
     Nothing less.

But as he turned in chase,  
     Came a shot, came a shot ;  
 But as he turned in chase,  
     Came a shot—  
 A chain-shot broke his legs  
 “ Fight on, my boys,” he begs ;  
 “ Though bitter be life's dregs,  
     'Tis my lot.”

While the surgeon dressed his wounds,  
     Thus he said, thus he said,  
 While the surgeon dressed his wounds,  
     Thus he said,  
 “ Let my cradle now in haste  
 On the quarter-deck be placed,  
 That the Frenchmen may be faced  
     Till I'm dead.”

And there bold Benbow lay  
     Crying out, crying out ;  
 And there bold Benbow lay  
     Crying out,  
 “ O let me taek once more—  
 I'll fling them on the shore ;  
 Or put them, as of yore,  
     All to rout.”

OLD BALLAD.

## HAWKE

IN seventeen hundred and fifty-nine,  
When Hawke came swooping from the West,  
The French King's Admiral with twenty of the line,  
Was sailing forth, to sack us, out of Brest.  
The ports of France were crowded, the quays of  
France a-hum  
With thirty thousand soldiers marching to the drum,  
For bragging time was over and fighting time was  
come  
When Hawke came swooping from the West.

'Twas long past noon of a wild November day  
When Hawke came swooping from the West ;  
He heard the breakers thundering in Quiberon Bay  
But he flew the flag for battle, line abreast.  
Down upon the quicksands roaring out of sight  
Fiercely beat the storm-wind, darkly fell the night,  
But they took the foe for pilot and the cannon's  
glare for light  
When Hawke came swooping from the West.

The Frenchmen turned like a covey down the wind  
When Hawke came swooping from the West ;  
One he sank with all hands, one he caught and  
pinned,  
And the shallows and the storm took the rest.  
The guns that should have conquered us they rusted  
on the shore,  
The men that would have mastered us they drummed  
and marched no more,  
For England was England, and a mighty brood  
she bore  
When Hawke came swooping from the West.

SIR HENRY NEWBOLT.

## INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP

You know we French stormed Ratisbon.

A mile or so away  
On a little mound, Napoléon  
Stood on our storming-day ;  
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,  
Legs wide, arms locked behind,  
As if to balance the prone brow  
Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused " My plans  
That soar, to earth may fall,  
Let once my army-leader Lannes  
Waver at yonder wall,"—  
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew  
A rider, bound on bound  
Full-galloping ; nor bridle drew  
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,  
And held himself erect  
By just his horse's mane, a boy.  
You hardly could suspect—  
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,  
Scarce any blood came through)  
You looked twice ere you saw his breast  
Was all but shot in two.

" Well," cried he, " Emperor, by God's grace  
We've got you Ratisbon !  
The Marshal's in the market-place  
And you'll be there anon

To see your flag-bird flap his vans  
Where I, to heart's desire,  
Perched him ! " The Chief's eye flashed. His  
plans  
Soared up again like fire.

The Chief's eye flashed ; but presently  
Softened itself, as sheathes  
A film the mother-eagle's eye  
When her bruised eaglet breathes :  
" You're wounded ! " " Nay," his soldier's pride  
Touched to the quick, he said,  
" I'm killed, Sire ! " And his Chief beside,  
Smiling the boy fell dead.

ROBERT BROWNING.

### THE FIGHTING *TÉMÉRAIRE*

It was eight bells ringing,  
For the morning watch was done,  
And the gunner's lads were singing,  
As they polished every gun.  
It was eight bells ringing,  
And the gunner's lads were singing,  
For the ship she rode a-swinging  
As they polished every gun.

*Oh ! to see the linstock lighting,  
Téméraire ! Téméraire !  
Oh ! to hear the round shot biting,  
Téméraire ! Téméraire !  
Oh ! to see the linstock lighting,  
And to hear the round shot biting,  
For we're all in love with fighting  
On the Fighting Téméraire.*

## THIRD REALM

It was noontide ringing,  
 And the battle just begun,  
 When the ship her way was winging,  
 As they loaded every gun.  
 It was noontide ringing  
 When the ship her way was winging,  
 And the gunner's lads were singing  
 As they loaded every gun.

*There'll be many grim and gory,  
 Téméraire ! Téméraire !  
 There'll be few to tell the story,  
 Téméraire ! Téméraire !  
 There'll be many grim and gory,  
 There'll be few to tell the story,  
 But we'll all be one in glory  
 With the Fighting Téméraire.*

There's a far bell ringing,  
 At the setting of the sun,  
 And a phantom voice is singing  
 Of the great days done.  
 There's a far bell ringing,  
 And a phantom voice is singing  
 Of renown for ever clinging  
 To the great days done.

*Now the sunset breezes shiver,  
 Téméraire ! Téméraire !  
 And she's fading down the river,  
 Téméraire ! Téméraire !  
 Now the sunset breezes shiver,  
 And she's fading down the river,  
 But in England's song for ever  
 She's the Fighting Téméraire.*

SIR HENRY NEWBOLT.



THE LOSS OF THE *BIRKENHEAD*

RIGHT on our flank the sun was dropping down ;  
The deep sea heaved around in bright repose ;  
When, like the wild shriek from some captured  
town,  
A cry of women rose.

The stout ship *Birkenhead* lay hard and fast,  
Caught without hope upon a hidden rock ;  
Her timbers thrilled as nerves, when thro' them  
passed  
The spirit of that shock.

And ever like base cowards, who leave their ranks  
In danger's hour before the rush of steel,  
Drifted away, disorderly, the planks  
From underneath her keel.

So calm the air—so calm and still the flood,  
That low down in its blue translucent glass  
We saw the great fierce fish, that thirst for blood,  
Pass slowly, then repass.

They tarried, the waves tarried, for their prey !  
The sea turned one clear smile ! Like things  
asleep  
Those dark shapes in the azure silence lay,  
As quiet as the deep.

Then amidst oath, and prayer, and rush, and wreck,  
Faint screams, faint questions waiting no reply,  
Our Colonel gave the word, and on the deck  
Form'd us in line to die.

To die !—'Twas hard, while the sleek ocean glow'd  
Beneath a sky as fair as summer flowers—  
“ *All to the boats !* ” cried one. He was, thank God,  
No officer of ours.

Our English hearts beat true—we would not stir ;  
That base appeal we heard, but heeded not ;  
On land, on sea, we had our Colours, sir,  
To keep without a spot.

They shall not say in England that we fought,  
With shameful strength, unhonour'd life to seek ;  
Into mean safety, mean deserters, brought  
By trampling down the weak.

So we made women with their children go,  
The oars ply back again, and yet again ;  
Whilst, inch by inch, the drowning ship sank low,  
Still, under steadfast men.

—What follows, why recall ?—The brave who died,  
Died without flinching in the bloody surf.  
They sleep as well beneath that purple tide  
As others under turf.

They sleep as well ! and, roused from their wild  
grave,  
Wearing their wounds like stars, shall rise again,  
Joint-heirs with Christ, because they bled to save  
His weak ones, not in vain.

SIR FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE.

## SANTA FILOMENA

WHENE'ER a noble deed is wrought,  
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,  
Our hearts, in glad surprise,  
To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls  
Into our inmost being rolls,  
And lifts us unawares  
Out of all meaner cares.

Honour to those whose words or deeds  
Thus help us in our daily needs,  
And by their overflow  
Raise us from what is low !

Thus thought I, as by night I read  
Of the great army of the dead,  
The trenches cold and damp,  
The starved and frozen camp,—

The wounded from the battle-plain,  
In dreary hospitals of pain,  
The cheerless corridors,  
The cold and stony floors.

Lo ! in that house of misery  
A lady with a lamp I see  
Pass through the glimmering gloom,  
And flit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,  
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss  
Her shadow, as it falls  
Upon the darkening walls.

## THIRD REALM

As if a door in heaven should be  
Opened and then closed suddenly,  
The vision came and went,  
The light shone and was spent.

On England's annals, through the long  
Hereafter of her speech and song,  
That light its rays shall cast  
From portals of the past.

A lady with a Lamp shall stand  
In the great history of the land,  
A noble type of good  
Heroic womanhood.

Nor even shall be wanting here  
The palm, the lily, and the spear,  
The symbols that of yore  
Saint Filomena bore.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

## A BALLAD OF JOHN NICHOLSON

It fell in the year of Mutiny,  
At darkest of the night,  
John Nicholson by Jalándhar came,  
On his way to Delhi fight.

And as he by Jalándhar came  
He thought what he must do,  
And he sent to the Rajah fair greeting,  
To try if he were true.

“God grant your Highness length of days,  
And friends when need shall be ;  
And I pray you send your Captains hither,  
That they may speak with me.”

On the morrow through Jalándhar town  
The Captains rode in state ;  
They came to the house of John Nicholson  
And stood before the gate.

The chief of them was Mehtab Singh,  
He was both proud and sly ;  
His turban gleamed with rubies red,  
He held his chin full high.

He marked his fellows how they put  
Their shoes from off their feet ;  
“ Now wherefore make ye such ado  
These fallen lords to greet ?

They have ruled us for a hundred years,  
In truth I know not how,  
But though they be fain of mastery  
They dare not claim it now.”

Right haughtily before them all  
The durbar hall he trod,  
With rubies red his turban gleamed,  
His feet with pride were shod.

They had not been an hour together,  
A scanty hour or so,  
When Mehtab Singh rose in his place  
And turned about to go.

Then swiftly came John Nicholson  
Between the door and him,  
With anger smouldering in his eyes  
That made the rubies dim.

“ You are over-hasty, Mehtab Singh,”—  
Oh, but his voice was low !  
He held his wrath with a curb of iron,  
That furrowed cheek and brow.

“ You are over-hasty, Mehtab Singh,  
When that the rest are gone,  
I have a word that may not wait  
To speak with you alone.”

The Captains passed in silence forth  
And stood the door behind ;  
To go before the game was played  
Be sure they had no mind.

But there within John Nicholson  
Turned him on Mehtab Singh,  
“ So long as the soul is in my body  
You shall not do this thing.

Have ye served us for a hundred years  
And yet ye know not why ?  
We brook no doubt of our mastery,  
We rule until we die.

Were I the one last Englishman  
Drawing the breath of life,  
And you the master-rebel of all  
That stir this land to strife—

Were I,” he said, “ but a Corporal,  
And you a Rajput King,  
So long as the soul was in my body  
You should not do this thing.

Take off, take off those shoes of pride,  
Carry them whence they came ;  
Your Captains saw your insolence,  
And they shall see your shame.”

When Mehtab Singh came to the door  
His shoes they burned his hand ;  
For there in long and silent lines  
He saw the Captains stand.

When Mehtab Singh rode from the gate  
His chin was on his breast :  
The Captains said, " When the strong command  
Obedience is best."

SIR HENRY NEWBOLT.

## THE BRITISH SOLDIER IN CHINA

*LAST night* among his fellow-roughs,  
He jested, quaff'd, and swore ;  
A drunken private of the Buffs,  
Who never look'd before.  
*To-day*, beneath the foeman's frown,  
He stands in Elgin's place,  
Ambassador from Britain's crown,  
And type of all her race.

Poor, reckless, rude, low-born, untaught,  
Bewilder'd, and alone,  
A heart, with English instinct fraught,  
He yet can call his own.  
Ay ! tear his body limb from limb !  
Bring cord, or axe, or flame !  
He only knows, that not through *him*  
Shall England come to shame.

Far Kentish hopfields round him seem'd,  
Like dreams, to come and go ;  
Bright leagues of cherry-blossom gleamed,  
One sheet of living snow ;  
The smoke, above his father's door,  
In gray soft eddyings hung—  
Must he then watch it rise no more,  
Doom'd by himself, so young ?

Yes, Honour calls !—With strength like steel  
He put the vision by.  
Let dusky Indians whine and kneel ;  
An English lad must die !  
And thus, with eyes that would not shrink,  
With knee to man unbent,  
Unflinching on its dreadful brink,  
To his red grave he went.

Vain, mightiest fleets of iron framed ;  
Vain those all-shattering guns ;  
Unless proud England keep, untamed,  
The strong heart of her sons !  
So, let his name through Europe ring—  
A man of mean estate,  
Who died, as firm as Sparta's king,  
Because his soul was great.

SIR FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE.



## REALM 4

### SONGS

	PAGE
1. <i>A King's Song</i> . . . . .	104
2. <i>A Forester's Song</i> . . . . .	105
3. <i>A foul Song of loathsome, ill-favoured night-hags</i> . . . . .	106
4. <i>A Spring Song of faithful mail-clad knights</i> .	107
5. <i>A Cavalier's Song</i> . . . . .	108
6. <i>A Loyalist's Song</i> . . . . .	109
7. <i>A Song of wanton ruthlessness</i> . . . . .	110
8. <i>A Song of merciful deliverance</i> . . . . .	111
9. <i>A Soldier's Song</i> . . . . .	112
10. <i>A Seaman's Song</i> . . . . .	114
11. <i>A Yachtsman's Song</i> . . . . .	115
12. <i>A Drinking Song</i> . . . . .	116

## SONG

PASTIME with good company  
I love and shall until I die ;  
Grudge who lust but none deny  
So God be pleased this life will I.

CHORUS.—*For my pastance,  
Hunt, sing, and dance  
My heart is set.  
All goodly sport  
For my comfort !  
Who shall me let ?*

Youth must needs have dalliance,  
Of good or ill some pastance.  
Company methinks then best,  
All thoughts and faneies to digest.

CHORUS.—*For idleness  
Is chief mistress  
Of vices all.  
Then who can say  
But mirth and play  
Is best of all ?*

Company with honesty,  
Is virtue, and vice to flee.

Company is good or ill,  
But every man hath his free will.

CHORUS.—*The best ensue,  
The worst eschew,  
My mind shall be.  
Virtue to use,  
Vice to refuse,  
I shall use me.*

KING HENRY VIII.

### SONG

UNDER the greenwood tree  
Who loves to lie with me,  
And tune his merry note  
Unto the sweet bird's throat,  
Come hither, come hither, come hither !  
Here shall he see  
No enemy  
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,  
And loves to lie i' the sun,  
Seeking the food he eats,  
And pleas'd with what he gets,  
Come hither, come hither, come hither !  
Here shall he see  
No enemy  
But winter and rough weather.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

## INCANTATION

FIRST WITCH. Round about the cauldron go !  
In the poison'd entrails throw !  
Toad, that under cold stone  
Days and nights has thirty-one  
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,  
Boil thou first i' the charmêd pot !

ALL. *Double, double toil and trouble,  
Fire, burn and, cauldron, bubble !*

SECOND WITCH. Fillet of a fenny snake  
In the cauldron boil and bake !  
Eye of newt and toe of frog,  
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,  
Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,  
Lizard's leg and howlet's wing,  
For a charm of powerful trouble,  
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble !

ALL. *Double, double toil and trouble,  
Fire, burn and, cauldron, bubble !*

THIRD WITCH. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,  
Witches' mummy, maw and gulf  
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark,  
Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark,  
Liver of blaspheming Jew,  
Gall of goat, and slips of yew  
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse,  
Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips . . .  
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,  
For the ingredients of our cauldron !

ALL. *Double, double toil and trouble,  
Fire, burn and, cauldron, bubble !*

SECOND WITCH. Cool it with a baboon's blood !  
Then the charm is firm and good !

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

## SPRING SONG OF KING ARTHUR'S KNIGHTS

Blow trumpet, for the world is white with May ;  
Blow trumpet, the long night hath roll'd away !  
Blow through the living world—" Let the King  
reign ! "

Shall Rome or Heathen rule in Arthur's realm ?  
Flash brand and lance, fall battleaxe upon helm,  
Fall battleaxe, and flash brand ! Let the King  
reign !

Strike for the King and live ! His knights have  
heard  
That God hath told the King a secret word.  
Fall battleaxe, and flash brand ! Let the King  
reign.

Blow trumpet ! he will lift us from the dust.  
Blow trumpet ! live the strength and die the lust !  
Clang battleaxe, and clash brand ! Let the King  
reign.

Strike for the King and die ! and if thou diest,  
The King is King, and ever wills the highest.  
Clang battleaxe, and clash brand ! Let the King  
reign.

Blow, for our Sun is mighty in his May !  
 Blow, for our Sun is mightier day by day !  
 Clang battleaxe, and clash brand ! Let the King  
     reign.

The King will follow Christ, and we the King  
 In whom high God hath breathed a secret thing.  
 Fall battleaxe, and flash brand ! Let the King  
     reign.

LORD TENNYSON.

### CAVALIER SONG

#### I

KENTISH Sir Byng stood for his King,  
 Bidding the crop-headed Parliament swing ;  
 And, pressing a troop unable to stoop  
 And see the rogues flourish and honest folk droop,  
 Marched them along, fifty-score strong,  
 Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.

#### II

God for King Charles ! Pym and such carles  
 To the Devil that prompts 'em their treasonous  
     parles !  
 Cavaliers, up ! Lips from the eup,  
 Hands from the pasty, nor bite take nor sup  
 Till you're—

CHORUS.—*Marching along, fifty-score strong,  
                   Great-hearted gentlemen singing this song.*

#### III

Hampden to hell, and his obsequies' knell !  
 Serve Hazelrig, Fiennes, and young Harry as well !

England, good cheer ! Rupert is near !  
 Kentish and loyalists, keep we not here

CHORUS.—*Marching along, fifty-score strong,  
 Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song?*

## IV

Then, God for King Charles ! Pym and his snarls  
 To the Devil that pricks on such pestilent carles !  
 Hold by the right, you double your might ;  
 So, onward to Nottingham, fresh for the fight,

CHORUS.—*March we along, fifty-score strong,  
 Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song!*

ROBERT BROWNING.

## A LOYAL SONG

GOD save great George our King !  
 Long live our noble King !

God save the King !  
 Send him victorious,  
 Happy and glorious,  
 Long to reign over us !  
 God save the King !

O Lord, our God, arise,  
 Scatter his enemies,  
 And make them fall !  
 Confound their politics !  
 Frustrate their knavish tricks !  
 On Thee our hopes we fix—  
 God save us all !

Thy choicest gifts in store  
 On George be pleased to pour !  
 Long may he reign !

May he defend our laws  
And ever give us cause  
With heart and voice to sing  
God save the King !<sup>1</sup>

## THE WAR-SONG OF DINAS VAWR

THE mountain sheep are sweeter,  
But the valley sheep are fatter ;  
We therefore deemed it meet  
To carry off the latter.  
We made an expedition ;  
We met an host and quelled it ;  
We forced a strong position  
And killed the men who held it.

On Dyfed's richest valley,  
Where herds of kine were browsing,  
We made a mighty sally  
To furnish our carousing.  
Fierce warriors rushed to meet us ;  
We met them and o'erthrew them.  
They struggled hard to beat us ;  
But we conquered them and slew them.

As we drove our prize at leisure,  
The king marched forth to catch us.  
His rage surpassed all measure,  
But his people could not match us.

<sup>1</sup> From *Thesaurus Musicus*, Second Edition, 1745. In the first edition of 1740, which in other respects differed widely from the form used to-day, the poem began "God save our Lord the King"—a line which was substituted for the version given above at a date certainly not later than the accession of William IV. A minor alteration in the second line of verse three was adopted at the same time ; and the first line was once more entirely remodelled at the accession of Queen Victoria.



He fled to his hall-pillars ;  
And, ere our force we led off,  
Some sacked his house and cellars,  
While others cut his head off.

We there, in strife bewildering,  
Spilt blood enough to swim in.  
We orphaned many children,  
And widowed many women.  
The eagles and the ravens  
We glutted with our foemen—  
The heroes and the cravens,  
The spearmen and the bowmen.

We brought away from battle,  
And much their land bemoaned them,  
Two thousand head of cattle,  
And the head of him who owned them.  
Ednyfed, King of Dyfed,  
His head was borne before us ;  
His wine and beasts supplied our feasts,  
And his overthrow our chorus.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.

## THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,  
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold,  
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the  
sea,

When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,  
That host with their banners at sunset were seen ;  
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath  
blown,  
That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the  
blast,  
And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd ;  
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,  
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever  
grew still.

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,  
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his  
pride ;  
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,  
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider, distorted and pale,  
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail ;  
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,  
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,  
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal,  
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the  
sword,  
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord !

LORD BYRON.

## THE BRITISH GRENADIERS

SOME talk of Alexander, and some of Hercules,  
Of Hector and Lysander, and such great names as  
these.  
But of all the world's great heroes, there's none  
that can compare  
With a tow, row, row, row, row, row, to the British  
Grenadier !

Those heroes of antiquity ne'er saw a cannon ball,  
Or knew the force of powder to slay their foes  
withal ;  
But our brave boys do know it, and banish all  
their fears.  
Sing tow, row, row, row, row, row, for the British  
Grenadiers !

Whene'er we are commanded to storm the palisades,  
Our leaders march with fuses and we with hand  
grenades.  
We throw them from the glacis about the enemies'  
ears—  
Sing tow, row, row, row, row, row, the British  
Grenadiers !

And when the siege is over, we to the town repair.  
The townsmen cry, " Hurrah, boys, here comes a  
Grenadier !  
Here come the Grenadiers, my boys, who know no  
doubts or fears ! "  
Sing tow, row, row, row, row, row, the British  
Grenadiers !

Then let us fill a bumper, and drink a health to those  
Who carry caps and pouches, and wear the loupêd  
clothes !  
May they and their commanders live happy all  
their years  
With a tow, row, row, row, row, row, for the British  
Grenadiers !

ANONYMOUS.

## SPANISH LADIES

FAREWELL and adieu to you fine Spanish Ladies,  
 Farewell and adieu all you Ladies of Spain,  
 For we've received orders to sail to old England  
 And perhaps we shall never more see you again.

CHORUS.—*We'll rant and we'll roar like true British  
 sailors,  
 We'll range and we'll roam over all the  
 salt seas,  
 Until we strike soundings in the Channel  
 of Old England—  
 From Ushant to Scilly 'tis thirty-five  
 leagues.*

We hove our ship to when the wind was sou'-west,  
 boys,  
 We hove our ship to for to strike soundings clear,  
 Then we filled our main tops'l and bore right away,  
 boys,  
 And right up the Channel our course we did steer.

The first land we made it is known as the Deadman,  
 Next Ram Head near Plymouth, Start, Portland,  
 and Wight.  
 We sailèd past Beachy, past Fairley, and Dunge-  
 ness,  
 And then bore away for the South Foreland Light.

Then the signal was made for the grand fleet to  
 anchor  
 All, all in the Downs that night for to meet.  
 So stand by your stoppers ! See clear your shank-  
 painters !  
 Haul all your clue-garnets ! Stick out tacks and  
 sheets !

Now let every man toss off a full bumper,  
 Now let every man toss off a full bowl ;  
 For we will be jolly and drown melancholy  
 In a health to each jovial and true-hearted soul !

CHORUS.—*We'll rant and we'll roar like true British  
 sailors,  
 We'll range and we'll roam over all the  
 salt seas,  
 Until we strike soundings in the Channel  
 of Old England—  
 From Ushant to Scilly 'tis thirty-five  
 leagues.*

OLD SONG.

## A SONG OF THE SEA

A WET sheet and a flowing sea,  
 A wind that follows fast,  
 And fills the white and rustling sail,  
 And bends the gallant mast—  
 And bends the gallant mast, my boys,  
 While like the eagle free  
 Away the good ship flies, and leaves  
 Old England on the lee.

“ O for a soft and gentle wind ! ”  
 I heard a fair one cry.  
 But give to me the snoring breeze,  
 And white waves heaving high—  
 And white waves heaving high, my lads,  
 The good ship tight and free.  
 The world of waters is our home,  
 And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon hornêd moon,  
 And lightning in yon cloud ;  
 But hark the music, mariners !  
 The wind is piping loud—  
 The wind is piping loud, my boys,  
 The lightning flashes free ;  
 While the hollow oak our palace is,  
 Our heritage the sea.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

### AULD LANG SYNE

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,  
 And never brought to min' ?  
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
 And auld lang syne ?

CHORUS.—*For auld lang syne, my dear,  
 For auld lang syne,  
 We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet  
 For auld lang syne.*

We twa hae run about the braes  
 And pu'd the gowans fine.  
 But we've wander'd mony a weary foot  
 Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidl'd i' the burn  
 From morning sun till dine.  
 But seas between us braid hae roar'd  
 Sin' auld lang syne.

And there's a hand, my trusty fiere,  
 And gie's a hand o' thine,  
 And we'll tak a right guid willic-waught  
 For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,  
And surely I'll be mine,  
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet  
For auld lang syne.

CHORUS.—*For auld lang syne, my dear,  
For auld lang syne,  
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet  
For auld lang syne.*

ROBERT BURNS.





## REALM 5

### ODES

	PAGE
1. <i>To the North-east Wind</i> . . . . .	120
2. <i>To Britannia</i> . . . . .	122
3. <i>To the Mariners of England</i> . . . . .	123
4. <i>To the Shade of Nelson at Wellington's Funeral</i>	124
5. <i>To Shakespeare</i> . . . . .	126
6. <i>To a Mummy</i> . . . . .	129
7. <i>To the Ocean</i> . . . . .	131
8. <i>To the Sea at the outbreak of War in 1914</i> .	133

## TO THE NORTH-EAST WIND

WELCOME, wild North-easter !  
Shame it is to see  
Odes to every zephyr ;  
Ne'er a verse to thee.  
Welcome, black North-easter,  
O'er the German foam,  
O'er the Danish moorlands,  
From thy frozen home !  
Tired we are of summer,  
Tired of gaudy glare,  
Showers soft and steaming,  
Hot and breathless air ;  
Tired of listless dreaming  
Through the lazy day.  
Jovial wind of winter  
Turn us out to play !  
Sweep the golden reed-beds ;  
Crisp the lazy dyke ;  
Hunger into madness  
Every plunging pike ;  
Fill the lake with wild-fowl ;  
Fill the marsh with snipe ;  
While on dreary moorlands  
Lonely curlew pipe.  
Through the black fir-forest  
Thunder harsh and dry,

Shattering down the snow-flakes  
Off the curdled sky.  
Hark ! The brave North-easter !  
Breast-high lies the scent :  
On by holt and headland,  
Over heath and bent !  
Chime, ye dappled darlings,  
Through the sleet and snow.  
Who can over-ride you ?  
Let the horses go !  
Chime, ye dappled darlings,  
Down the roaring blast ;  
You shall see a fox die  
Ere an hour be past.  
Go ! and rest to-morrow,  
Hunting in your dreams,  
While our skates are ringing  
O'er the frozen streams.  
Let the luscious South-wind  
Breathe in lovers' sighs,  
While the lazy gallants  
Bask in ladies' eyes.  
What does he but soften  
Heart alike and pen ?  
'Tis the hard grey weather  
Breeds hard English men.  
What's the soft South-wester ?  
'Tis the ladies' breeze,  
Bringing home their true-loves  
Out of all the seas.  
But the black North-easter,  
Through the snowstorm hurled  
Drives our English hearts of oak  
Seaward round the world.  
Come, as came our fathers,  
Heralded by thee,  
Conquering from the eastward,  
Lords by land and sea.

Come ; and strong within us  
 Stir the Vikings' blood ;  
 Braeing brain and sinew ;  
 Blow, thou wind of God !

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

## TO BRITANNIA

*WHEN Britain first at Heaven's command  
 Arose from out the azure main,  
 This was the charter of her land,  
 And guardian angels sang the strain.*

### THE CHARTER

The nations not so blest as thee  
 Must in their turn to tyrants fall,  
 Whilst thou shalt flourish great and free—  
 The dread and envy of them all !

STRAIN.—Rule, Britannia, rule the waves !  
 Britons never shall be slaves !

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,  
 More dreadful from each foreign stroke ;  
 As the loud blast which tears the skies  
 Serves but to root thy native oak.

Rule, Britannia, rule the waves !  
 Britons never shall be slaves !

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame.  
 All their attempts to bend thee down  
 Will but arouse thy generous flame,  
 And work their woe and thy renown.

Rule, Britannia, rule the waves !  
 Britons never shall be slaves !

To thee belongs the rural reign ;  
Thy cities shall with commerce shine ;  
All thine shall be the subject main,  
And every shore it circles thine.

Rule, Britannia, rule the waves !  
Britons never shall be slaves !

The Muses (still with Freedom found)  
Shall to thy happy coast repair,  
Blest Isle, with matchless beauty crown'd  
And manly hearts to guard the fair.

Rule, Britannia, rule the waves !  
Britons never shall be slaves !

JAMES THOMSON.

## TO THE MARINERS OF ENGLAND

YE Mariners of England  
That guard our native seas !  
Whose flag has braved a thousand years  
The battle and the breeze !  
Your glorious standard launch again  
To match another foe ;  
And sweep through the deep,  
While the stormy winds do blow !  
While the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy winds do blow !

The spirits of your fathers  
Shall start from every wave—  
For the deck it was their field of fame,  
And Ocean was their grave ;  
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell  
Your manly hearts shall glow,  
As ye sweep through the deep,  
While the stormy winds do blow !

While the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy winds do blow !

Britannia needs no bulwarks,  
No towers along the steep ;  
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,  
Her home is on the deep.  
With thunders from her native oak  
She quells the floods below,  
As they roar on the shore,  
When the stormy winds do blow !  
When the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy winds do blow !

The meteor flag of England  
Shall yet terrific burn,  
Till danger's troubled night depart  
And the star of peace return.  
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors !  
Our song and feast shall flow  
To the fame of your name,  
When the storm has ceased to blow !  
When the fiery fight is heard no more,  
And the storm has ceased to blow !

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

### TO THE SHADE OF NELSON AT WELLINGTON'S FUNERAL

*" Who is he that cometh, like an honour'd guest,  
With banner and with music, with soldier and with  
priest,  
With a nation weeping, and breaking on my rest ? "*

Mighty Seaman, this is he  
Was great by land as thou by sea.

Thine island loves thee well, thou famous man,  
The greatest sailor since our world began.  
Now, to the roll of muffled drums,  
To thee the greatest soldier comes.  
For this is he  
Was great by land as thou by sea ;  
His foes were thine. He kept us free.  
O give him welcome ! This is he  
Worthy of our gorgeous rites,  
And worthy to be laid by thee.  
For this is England's greatest son,  
He that gain'd a hundred fights,  
Nor ever lost an English gun.  
This is he that far away  
Against the myriads of Assaye  
Clash'd with his fiery few and won ;  
And underneath another sun,  
Warring on a later day,  
Round affrighted Lisbon drew  
The treble works, the vast designs  
Of his labour'd rampart-lines,  
Where he greatly stood at bay,  
Whence he issued forth anew,  
And ever great and greater grew,  
Beating from the wasted vines  
Back to France her banded swarms,  
Back to Francee with countless blows,  
Till o'er the hills her eagles flew  
Beyond the Pyrenean vines ;  
Follow'd up in valley and glen  
With blare of bugle, clamour of men,  
Roll of cannon and clash of arms  
And England, pouring on her foes !  
Such a war had such a close.

Again their ravening eagle rose  
In anger, wheel'd on Europe-shadowing wings,  
And barking for the thrones of kings—  
Till one that sought but Duty's iron crown

On that loud sabbath shook the spoiler down.  
A day of onsets of despair !  
Dash'd on every rocky square  
Their surging charges foamed themselves away.  
Last, the Prussian trumpet blew !  
Thro' the long-tormented air  
Heaven flashed a sudden jubilant ray  
And down we swept and charged and overthrew.  
So great a soldier taught us there,  
What long-enduring hearts could do  
In that world-earthquake, Waterloo !

Mighty Seaman, tender and true,  
And pure as he from taint of craven guile,  
O saviour of the silver-coasted isle,  
O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile,  
If aught of things that here befall\*  
Touch a spirit among things divine,  
If love of country move thee there at all,  
Be glad, because his bones are laid by thine !  
And thro' the centuries let a people's voice  
In full acclaim,  
A people's voice,  
The proof and echo of all human fame,  
A people's voice when they rejoice  
At civic revel and pomp and game,  
Attest their great commander's claim  
With honour, honour, honour, honour to him,  
Eternal honour to his name.

LORD TENNYSON.

## TO SHAKESPEARE

Soul of the Age !  
The applause, delight, and wonder, of our Stage !  
My Shakespeare, rise ! I will not lodge thee by  
Chaucer, or Spenser ; or bid Beaumont lie



A little further, to make thee a room.  
Thou art a Monument, without a tomb ;  
And art alive still, while thy Book doth live,  
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.

That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses—  
I mean, with great, but disproportion'd, Muses.  
For, if I thought my judgment were of years,  
I should commit thee, surely, with thy peers  
And tell how far thou didst our Lyly outshine,  
Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty line.

And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,  
From thence, to honour thee, I would not seek  
For names ; but call forth thund'ring Aeschylus,  
Euripides, and Sophocles to us,  
Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,  
To life again, to hear thy buskin tread  
And shake a Stage ; or when thy sock was on,  
Leave thee alone for the comparison  
Of all that insolent Greece and haughty Rome  
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.

Triumph, my Britain ! Thou hast one to show,  
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.  
He was not of an Age, but for all Time !  
And all the Muses still were in their prime  
When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm  
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm.

*Nature* herself was proud of his designs  
And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines ;  
Which were so richly spun and woven so fit,  
As, since, she will vouchsafe no other Wit.  
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,  
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please ;  
But antiquated and deserted lie,  
As they were not of *Nature's* family.

Yet must I not give *Nature* all. Thy *Art*,  
 My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part.  
 For though the Poet's matter *Nature* be,  
 His *Art* doth give the fashion. And that he  
 Who casts to write a living line, must sweat  
 (Such as thine are !) and strike the second heat  
 Upon the Muses' anvil ; turn the same  
 (And himself with it !) that he thinks to frame—  
 Or for the laurel he may gain a scorn !

For a good Poet's made, as well as born.  
 And such wert thou ! Look how the father's face  
 Lives in his issue. Even so the race  
 Of Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly  
     shines  
 In his well-turnêd and true-fillêd lines ;  
 In each of which, he seems to Shake a Lance,  
 As brandished at the eyes of Ignorance.

Sweet Swan of Avon ! What a sight it were,  
 To see thee in our waters yet appear,  
 And make those flights upon the banks of Thames  
 That so did take Eliza and our James !

But, stay ! I see thee in the hemisphere  
 Advanced, and made a Constellation there !  
 Shine forth, thou Star of Poets, and with rage  
 Or influence, chide or cheer the drooping Stage !  
 Which since thy flight from hence, hath mourn'd  
     like night  
 And despairs day, but for thy Volume's light.

BEN JONSON.

## TO A MUMMY

AND thou hast walked about (how strange a story !)

In Thebes's streets three thousand years ago,  
When the Memnonium was in all its glory,

And Time had not begun to overthrow  
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,  
Of which the very ruins are tremendous !

Speak ! for thou long enough hast acted dummy !

Thou hast a tongue ; come, let us hear its tune !  
Thou'rt standing on thy legs, above ground,  
mummy

Revisiting the glimpses of the moon !  
Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,  
But with thy bones and flesh, and limbs, and  
features.

Tell us—for doubtless thou canst recollect—

To whom should we assign the Sphinx's fame ?  
Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect

Of either Pyramid that bears his name ?  
Is Pompey's Pillar really a misnomer ?

Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer ?

Perhaps thou wert a mason, and forbidden

By oath to tell the secrets of thy trade—  
Then say, what secret melody was hidden

In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise played ?  
Perhaps thou wert a priest—if so, my struggles  
Are vain, for priestcraft never owns its juggles.

Perhaps that very hand, now pinioned flat,

Has hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass ;  
Or dropped a halfpenny in Homer's hat,

Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido pass.

Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,  
A toreh at the great Temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,  
Has any Roman soldier mauled and knuckled,  
For thou wert dead, and buried, and embalmed,  
Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled ;  
Antiquity appears to have begun  
Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou couldst develop, if that withered tongue  
Might tell us what those sightless orbs have seen,  
How the world looked when it was fresh and young,  
And the great deluge still had left it green ;  
Or was it then so old that history's pages  
Contained no record of its early ages ?

Still silent, incommunicative elf !  
Art sworn to secrecy ? Then keep thy vows !  
But prithee tell us something of thyself ;  
Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house !  
Since in the world of spirits thou hast slumbered,  
What hast thou seen—what strange adventures  
numbered ?

Since first thy form was in this box extended,  
We have, above ground, seen some strange  
mutations ;  
The Roman empire has begun and ended,  
New worlds have risen—we have lost old nations,  
And countless kings have into dust been humbled,  
Whilst not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head,  
When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyzes,  
Marched armies o'er thy tomb with thundering  
tread,  
O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis ;

And shook the Pyramids with fear and wonder,  
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder ?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,  
The nature of thy private life unfold ;  
A heart has throbbed beneath that leathern breast,  
And tears adown that dusky cheek have rolled ;  
Have children climbed those knees, and kissed that  
face ?  
What was thy name and station, age and race ?

Statue of flesh ! Immortal of the dead !  
Imperishable type of evanescence !  
Posthumous man, who quitt'st thy narrow bed  
And standest undecayed within our presence,  
Thou wilt hear nothing till the judgment morning,  
When the great trump shall thrill thee with its  
warning.

Why should this worthless tegument endure,  
If its undying guest be lost for ever ?  
Oh ! let us keep the soul embalmed and pure  
In living virtue, that, when both must sever,  
Although corruption may our frame consume,  
The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom.

HORACE SMITH.

## TO THE OCEAN

ROLL on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll !  
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain.  
Man marks the earth with ruin. His control  
Stops with the shore. Upon the watery plain  
The wrecks are all thy deed ; nor doth remain

A shadow of man's ravage, save his own  
 When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,  
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,  
 Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffined, and un-  
 known.

His steps are not upon thy paths. Thy fields  
 Are not a spoil for him. Thou dost arise  
 And shake him from thee. The vile strength he  
 wields  
 For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,  
 Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies ;  
 And send'st him, quivering in thy playful spray  
 And howling, to his Gods, where haply lies  
 His petty hope in some near port or bay ;  
 And dashest him again to earth. There let him lay !

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls  
 Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake  
 And monarchs tremble in their capitals—  
 The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make  
 Their clay creator the vain title take  
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war—  
 These are thy toys and, as the snowy flake,  
 They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar  
 Alike the Armada's pride or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save  
 thee—  
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they ?  
 Thy waters wash'd them power while they were  
 free  
 And many a tyrant since. Their shores obey  
 The stranger, slave, or savage. Their decay  
 Has dried up realms to deserts. Not so thou !  
 Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play,  
 Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow.  
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror where the Almighty's form  
Glasses itself in tempests ; in all time,—  
Calm or convulsed, in breeze or gale or storm,  
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime  
Dark heaving—boundless, endless, and sublime ;  
The image of eternity ; the throne  
Of the Invisible. Even from out thy slime  
The monsters of the deep are made. Each zone  
Obeys thee. Thou goest forth, dread, fathomless,  
alone !

And I have loved thee, Ocean ! and my joy  
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be  
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward. From a boy  
I wanton'd with thy breakers. They to me  
Were a delight ; and if the freshening sea  
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear.  
For I was as it were a child of thee,  
And trusted to thy billows far and near,  
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

LORD BYRON.

## ENGLAND TO THE SEA

HEARKEN, O Mother, hearken to thy daughter !  
Fain would I tell thee what men tell to me,  
Saying that henceforth no more on any water  
Shall I be first or great or loved or free,

But that these others—so the tale is spoken—  
Who have not known thee all these centuries  
By fire and sword shall yet turn England broken  
Baek from thy breast and beaten from thy seas,

Me—whom thou barest where thy waves should  
guard me,

Me—whom thou suckled'st on thy milk of foam,  
Me—whom thy kisses shaped what while they  
marred me,

To whom thy storms are sweet and ring of home.

“Behold,” they cry, “she is grown soft and  
strengthless,

All her proud memories changed to fear and fret.”  
Say, thou, who hast watched through ages that are  
lengthless,

Whom have I feared, and when did I forget ?

What sons of mine have shunned thy whorls and  
races ?

Have I not reared for thee time and again  
And bid go forth to share thy fierce embraces  
Sea-ducks, sea-wolves, sea-rovers, and sea-men?

Names that thou knowest—great hearts that thou  
holdest,

Rocking them, rocking them in an endless wake—  
Captains the world can match not with its boldest,  
Hawke, Howard, Grenville, Frobisher, Drake ?

Nelson—the bravest of them all—the master

Who swept across thee like a shooting star,  
And, while the Earth stood veiled before disaster,  
Caught Death and slew him—there—at Tra-  
falgar ?

Mother, they knew me then as thou didst know me ;

Then I cried, Peace, and every flag was furled :  
But I am old, it seems, and they would show me  
That never more my peace shall bind the world.



Wherefore, O Sea, I, standing thus before thee,  
Stretch forth my hands unto thy surge and say :  
“ When they come forth who seek this empire o’er  
thee,  
And I go forth to meet them—on that day

God grant to us the old Armada weather,  
The winds that rip, the heavens that stoop and  
lour—  
Not till the Sea and England sink together,  
Shall they be masters ! Let them boast that  
hour ! ”

R. E. VERNÈDE.



## REALM 6

### ELOQUENCE

	PAGE
1. <i>Belial dissuades the rebel angels from renewing the war against Heaven</i> . . . . .	138
2. <i>Adam relates his earliest experiences awake and asleep</i> . . . . .	140
3. <i>The immortal giant Prometheus, bound to a precipice of the Indian Caucasus, impenitently flings defiance at Jupiter and hails the approach of the hour when his tormentor shall be punished</i> . . . . .	142
4. <i>Mark Antony induces a hostile mob to alter its opinion of Julius Cæsar and his murderers</i> . . . . .	143
5. <i>Pope shows that a knowledge of the Future is forbidden us, in part because the anticipation of trouble in store would make the Present unendurable, in part because our ignorance of coming bliss enables us to paint our prospects with all the rosy colours of expectation</i> . . . . .	149
6. <i>Dr. Johnson argues that the motive of all great Conquerors has been the hope of Fame—a hope that is apt to melt into nothingness at the moment when it is realized</i> . . . . .	151
7. <i>A Post-Captain addresses his Ship's Company</i> . . . . .	153
8. <i>Canning pays a tribute to the work of William Pitt</i> . . . . .	154
9. <i>Swinburne acclaims the genius of Nelson—a regal genius that out-tops all others and is itself without a peer</i> . . . . .	155

## A PLEA FOR PEACE

THE towers of Heaven are filled  
With armêd watch that render all access  
Impregnable. Oft on the bordering deep  
Encamp their legions, or, with obscure wing,  
Scout far and wide into the realm of Night,  
Scorning surprise. Or could we break our way  
By force, and at our heels all Hell should rise  
With blackest insurrection to confound  
Heaven's purest light, yet our great Enemy,  
All incorruptible, would on his throne  
Sit unpolluted, and the ethereal mould,  
Incapable of stain, would soon expel  
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,  
Victorious. Thus repulsed, our final hope  
Is flat despair. We must exasperate  
The Almighty Victor to spend all his rage,  
And that must end us. That must be our cure—  
To be no more.

Sad cure ! For who would lose,  
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,  
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,  
To perish rather, swallowed up and lost  
In the wide womb of uncreated night  
Devoid of sense and motion ? And who knows  
(Let this be good) whether our angry Foe  
Can give it, or will ever ? How he can  
Is doubtful. That he never will is sure.  
Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire

(Belike through impotence or unaware)  
To give his enemies their wish, and end  
Them in his anger, whom his anger saves  
To punish endless ?

“ Wherefore cease we, then ? ”  
Say they who counsel war. “ We are decreed,  
Reserved, and destined to eternal woe.  
Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,  
What can we suffer worse ? ” Is this then worst—  
Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms ?  
What when we fled amain, pursued and strook  
With Heaven’s afflicting thunder, and besought  
The deep to shelter us ? This Hell then seemed  
A refuge from those wounds. Or when we lay  
Chained on the burning lake ? That, sure, was  
worse.

What if the breath that kindled those grim fires,  
Awaked, should blow them into sevenfold rage,  
And plunge us in the flames ? Or, from above,  
Should intermitted vengeance arm again  
His red right hand to plague us ? What if all  
Her stores were opened, and this firmament  
Of Hell should spout her cataracts of fire,  
Impendent horrors, threatening hideous fall  
One day upon our heads ; while we, perhaps,  
Designing or exhorting glorious war,  
Caught in a fiery tempest shall be hurled,  
Each on his rock transfixed, the sport and prey  
Of racking whirlwinds, or for ever sunk  
Under yon boiling ocean, wrapped in chains ;  
There to converse with everlasting groans,  
Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved,  
Ages of hopeless end ! This would be worse.

War therefore, open or concealed, alike  
My voice dissuades.

JOHN MILTON.

## WORDS OF THE FIRST CREATED MAN

NEW-WAK'D from soundest sleep,  
Soft on the flowery herb I found me laid,  
In balmy sweat, which with his beams the Sun  
Soon dried, and on the reeking moisture fed.  
Straight toward Heaven my wondering eyes I  
turned,

And gazed a while the ample sky, till, raised  
By quick instinctive motion, up I sprung,  
As thitherward endeavouring, and upright  
Stood on my feet. About me round I saw  
Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,  
And liquid lapse of murmuring streams ; by these,  
Creatures that lived and moved, and walked or  
flew,

Birds on the branches warbling. All things smiled.  
With fragrance and with joy my heart o'erflowed.

Myself I then perused, and limb by limb  
Surveyed, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran  
With supple joints, as lively vigour led ;  
But who I was, or where, or from what cause,  
Knew not. To speak I tried, and forthwith spake.  
My tongue obeyed, and readily could name  
Whate'er I saw. "Thou Sun," said I, "fair light,  
And thou enlightened Earth, so fresh and gay,  
Ye hills and dales, ye rivers, woods, and plains,  
And ye that live and move, fair creatures, tell,  
Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus, how here !  
Not of myself ; by some great Maker, then,  
In goodness and in power pre-eminent.  
Tell me, how may I know him, how adore  
From whom I have that thus I move and live  
And feel that I am happier than I know !"

While thus I called, and strayed I knew not  
whither,

From where I first drew air, and first beheld  
This happy light, when answer none returned,  
On a green shady bank, profuse of flowers,  
Pensive I sat me down. There gentle sleep  
First found me, and with soft oppression seized  
My drowsêd sense, untroubled, though I thought  
I then was passing to my former state  
Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve :  
When suddenly stood at my head a dream,  
Whose inward apparition gently moved  
My faney to believe I yet had being,  
And lived. One came, methought, of shape divine,  
And said, “ Thy mansion wants thee, Adam. Rise,  
First Man, of men innumerable ordained  
First father ! Called by thee, I come thy guide  
To the Garden of bliss, thy seat prepared.”  
So saying, by the hand he took me, raised,  
And over fields and waters, as in air  
Smooth sliding without step ; last led me up  
A woody mountain, whose high top was plain,  
A circuit wide, enclosed, with goodliest trees  
Planted, with walks and bowers, that what I saw  
Of earth before scarce pleasant seemed. Each tree  
Loaden with fairest fruit, that hung to the eye  
Tempting, stirred in me sudden appetite  
To pluck and eat. Whereat I waked, and found  
Before mine eyes all rêal, as the dream  
Had lively shadow’d.

JOHN MILTON.

PROMETHEUS, IMPRISONED AND  
IMPENITENT

THREE thousand years of sleep-unsheltered hours  
And moments, aye divided by keen pangs  
Till they seem years,—torture—and solitude—  
Scorn—and despair! These are mine empire—  
More glorious far than that which thou surveyest  
From thine unenvied throne, O mighty god—  
*All mighty*, had I deigned to share the shame  
Of thine ill tyranny, and hung not here  
Nailed to this wall of eagle-baffling mountain,  
Black, wintry, dead, unmeasured, without herb  
Insect or beast or shape or sound of life!

Ah me! Alas! Pain! Pain ever! For ever!

No change! No pause! No hope! Yet I  
endure. . . .

I ask the Earth—have not the mountains felt?  
I ask yon Heav'n—the all-beholding sun  
Has it not seen? The Sea in storm or calm  
Heav'n's ever-changing shadow spread below,  
Have its deaf waves not heard my agony?

Ah me! Alas! Pain! Pain ever! For ever!

The crawling glaciers pierce me with the spears  
Of their moon-freezing crystals. The bright chains  
Eat with their burning cold into my bones.  
Heav'n's wingèd hound, polluting from thy lips  
His beak in poison not his own, tears up  
My heart. And shapeless sights come wandering  
by—

The ghastly people of the realm of dream  
Mocking me. And the earthquake-fiends are  
charged



To wrench the rivets from my quivering wounds  
When the rocks split and close again behind.  
While, from the loud abysses howling, throng  
The genii of the storm, urging the rage  
Of whirlwind, and afflict me with keen hail.

And yet to me welcome is day and night,  
Whether one breaks the hoar-frost of the morn  
Or starry, dim, and slow, the other climbs  
The leaden-coloured east. For then they lead  
The wingless crawling hours, one among whom  
(As some dark priest hales the reluctant victim)  
Shall drag thee, cruel King, to kiss the blood  
From these pale feet, which then might trample  
thee

If they disdained not such a prostrate slave !

Disdain ! Ah no ! I pity thee. What ruin  
Will hunt thee undefended through wide Heaven !  
How will thy soul, cloven to its depth with terror,  
Gape like a hell within !

PERCY BYSSIE SHELLEY.

### MARK ANTONY'S ORATION

*Antony.* Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me  
your ears !

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.  
The evil that men do lives after them ;  
The good is oft interred with their bones.  
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus  
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious.  
If it were so, it was a grievous fault  
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.  
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest—  
(For Brutus is an honourable man ;  
So are they all, all honourable men)

Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.  
He was my friend, faithful and just to me.  
But Brutus says he was ambitious ;  
And Brutus is an honourable man.  
He hath brought many captives home to Rome  
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill.  
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?  
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept ;  
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.  
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;  
And Brutus is an honourable man.  
You all did see that on the Lupercal  
I thrice presented him a kingly crown  
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition ?  
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;  
And, sure, he is an honourable man.  
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,  
But here I am to speak what I do know.  
You all did love him once, not without cause.  
What cause withholds you then, to mourn for him ?  
O judgment ! thou art fled to brutish beasts,  
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me.  
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,  
And I must pause till it come back to me.

*First Citizen.* Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

*Second Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,  
Cæsar has had great wrong.

*Third Cit.* Has he, masters ?  
I fear there will a worse come in his place.

*Fourth Cit.* Mark'd ye his words ? He would  
not take the crown ;  
Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

*First Cit.* If it be found so, some will dear  
abide it.

*Sec. Cit.* Poor soul ! his eyes are red as fire  
with weeping.

*Third Cit.* There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

*Fourth Cit.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

*Ant.* But yesterday the word of Cæsar might Have stood against the world. Now lies he there ; And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters, if I were disposed to stir Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage— I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong, Who, you all know, are honourable men.

I will not do them wrong. I rather choose To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you, Than I will wrong such honourable men. But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar. I found it in his closet. 'Tis his will.

Let but the commons hear this testament— Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read— And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds And dip their napkins in his sacred blood, Yea, beg a hair of him for memory And, dying, mention it within their wills, Bequeathing it as a rich legacy Unto their issue.

*Fourth Cit.* We'll hear the will ! Read it, Mark Antony !

*All.* The will, the will ! We will hear Cæsar's will !

*Ant.* Have patience, gentle friends ! I must not read it.

It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you. You are not wood, you are not stones, but men ; And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar, It will inflame you, it will make you mad. 'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs ; For, if you should, O, what would come of it !

*Fourth Cit.* Read the will ! We'll hear it, Antony !

You shall read us the will ! Cæsar's will !

*Ant.* Will you be patient? Will you stay awhile?

I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it.

I fear I wrong the honourable men

Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar. I do fear it.

*Fourth Cit.* They were traitors! Honourable men!

*All.* The will! The testament!

*Sec. Cit.* They were villains, murderers! The will! Read the will!

*Ant.* You will compel me, then, to read the will? Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar And let me show you him that made the will. Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

*Several Cit.* Come down.

*Sec. Cit.* Descend.

*Third Cit.* You shall have leave.

[ANTONY comes down.]

*Fourth Cit.* A ring! Stand round!

*First Cit.* Stand from the hearse. Stand from the body.

*Sec. Cit.* Room for Antony, most noble Antony.

*Ant.* Nay, press not so upon me. Stand far off.

*Several Cit.* Stand back! Room! Bear back!

*Ant.* If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle. I remember

The first time ever Cæsar put it on.

'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,

That day he overcame the Nervii.

Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through.

See what a rent the envious Casca made.

Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;

And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,

Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,

As rushing out of doors, to be resolved

If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no—

For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel.

Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him !  
This was the most unkindest cut of all ;  
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,  
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,  
Quite vanquish'd him. Then burst his mighty  
heart ;

And, in his mantle muffling up his face,  
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,  
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.  
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen !  
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,  
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.  
O, now you weep ; and, I perceive, you feel  
The dint of pity. These are gracious drops.  
Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold  
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded ? Look you here,  
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

*First Cit.* O piteous spectacle !

*Sec. Cit.* O noble Cæsar !

*Third Cit.* O woful day !

*Fourth Cit.* O traitors, villains !

*First Cit.* O most bloody sight !

*Sec. Cit.* We will be revenged.

*All.* Revenge ! About ! Seek ! Burn ! Fire ! Kill !  
Slay !

Let not a traitor live !

*Ant.* Stay, countrymen.

*First Cit.* Peace there ! Hear the noble Antony !

*Sec. Cit.* We'll hear him. We'll follow him.  
We'll die with him.

*Ant.* Good friends, sweet friends, let me not  
stir you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are honourable.

What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,  
That made them do it. They are wise and honour-  
able,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts.  
I am no orator, as Brutus is ;  
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,  
That love my friend ; and that they know full well  
That gave me public leave to speak of him.  
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,  
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,  
To stir men's blood. I only speak right on.  
I tell you that which you yourselves do know ;  
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor poor dumb  
mouths,

And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,  
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony  
Would ruffle up your spirits and put a tongue  
In every wound of Cæsar that should move  
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

*All.* We'll mutiny.

*First Cit.* We'll burn the house of Brutus.

*Third Cit.* Away, then ! Come, seek the con-  
spirators !

*Ant.* Yet hear me, countrymen ! yet hear me  
speak.

*All.* Peace, ho ! Hear Antony ! Most noble  
Antony !

*Ant.* Why, friends, you go to do you know not  
what.

Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves ?

Alas, you know not. I must tell you, then.

You have forgot the will I told you of.

*All.* Most true. The will ! Let's stay and hear  
the will.

*Ant.* Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.  
To every Roman citizen he gives,  
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

*Sec. Cit.* Most noble Cæsar ! We'll revenge his  
death.

*Third Cit.* O royal Cæsar !

*Ant.* Hear me with patience.

*All.* Peace, ho !

*Ant.* Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,  
His private arbours and new-planted orchards,  
On this side Tiber. He hath left them you  
And to your heirs for ever, common pleasures,  
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.  
Here was a Cæsar ! when comes such another ?

*First Cit.* Never, never. Come, away, away !  
We'll burn his body in the holy place,  
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses !  
Take up the body !

*Sec. Cit.* Go, fetch fire !

*Third Cit.* Pluck down benches !

*Fourth Cit.* Pluck down forms, windows,  
anything ! [*Exeunt Citizens with the body.*]

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

## SERMON

### A REBUKE TO THE IMPATIENT AND DISCONTENTED

HEAV'N from all creatures hides the "Book  
of Fate"

(All but the page prescribed—their present  
state)

From brutes what men, from men what spirits  
know.

Or, who could suffer Being here below ?

The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day—

(Had he thy reason) would he skip and play ?

Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food

And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.

O blindness to the Future ! kindly given

That each may fill the circle marked by Heav'n—



Who sees with equal eye (as God of all)  
 A hero perish or a sparrow fall,  
 Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,  
 And now a bubble burst and now a world.

Hope humbly then ! With trembling pinions  
 soar !

Wait the great teacher Death ! And God adore !  
 What future bliss, he gives not thee to know—  
 But gives that Hope to be thy blessing now.  
 Hope springs eternal in the human breast ;  
 Man never *is*, but always *to be* blest !  
 The soul, uneasy and confined from home,  
 Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo, the poor Indian, whose untutored mind  
 Sees God in clouds or hears him in the wind !  
 His soul, proud Science never taught to stray  
 Far as the solar walk or Milky Way.  
 Yet simple Nature to his hope has giv'n  
 Behind the cloud-topp'd hill an humbler heav'n—  
 Some safer world in depths of woods embraced,  
 Some happier island in the watery waste,  
 Where—slaves once more their native land behold—  
 No fiends torment—no Christians thirst for gold !  
 “ To be ” contents his natural desire.  
 He asks no Angel's wing, no Seraph's fire ;  
 But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,  
 His faithful dog shall bear him company.

Go ! *wiser thou*, and in thy scale of sense  
 Weigh *thy* opinion against Providence !  
 Call “ imperfection ” what thou fanciest such !  
 Say, “ Here he gives too little ! ” “ There too  
 much ! ”

Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust !  
 Yet cry (if *man's* unhappy) “ God's unjust ! ”  
 If man alone engross not Heav'n's high care  
 (Alone made perfect here, immortal there)  
 Snatch from His hand the balance and the rod !  
 Rejudge His justice ! Be the God of God !—



In Pride, in reasoning Pride, our error lies.  
 All quit their sphere and rush into the skies.  
 Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes.  
 Men would be Angels. Angels would be Gods.  
 Aspiring to be Gods if Angels fell,  
 Aspiring to be Angels men rebel !  
 And who but *wishes* to invert the laws  
 Of Order, sins against th' Eternal Cause.

ALEXANDER POPE.

## THE SPELL AND HAZARD OF MILITARY RENOWN

THE festal blazes, the triumphal show,  
 The ravish'd standard, and the captive foe,  
 The senate's thanks, the gazette's pompous tale,  
 With force resistless o'er the brave prevail.  
 Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Asia whirl'd.  
 For such the steady Romans shook the world.  
 For such in distant lands the Britons shine  
 And stain with blood the Danube or the Rhine.  
 This pow'r has praise—that virtue scarce can  
 warm  
 Till fame supplies the universal charm.

Yet Reason frowns on war's unequal game,  
 Where wasted nations raise a single name,  
 And mortgag'd states their grandsires' wreaths  
 regret,  
 From age to age in everlasting debt—  
 Wreaths which at last the dear-bought right convey  
 To rust on medals or on stones decay.

On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,  
 How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide !  
 A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,  
 No dangers fright him, and no labours tire.

O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain—  
 Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of pain !  
 No joys to him pacific sceptres yield.  
 War sounds the trump. He rushes to the field.  
 Behold surrounding kings their pow'rs combine—  
 And one capitulate, and one resign !

Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms  
 in vain.

“Think nothing gain'd,” he cries, “till naught  
 remain,

On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly  
 And all be mine beneath the polar sky.”

The march begins in military state,

And nations on his eye suspended wait.

Stern Famine guards the solitary coast ;

And Winter barricades the realms of Frost.

He comes ! Nor want, nor cold, his course delay—

. . . . .

Hide, blushing Glory, hide Pultowa's day !

. . . . .

The vanquish'd hero leaves his broken bands  
 And shows his miseries in distant lands—  
 Condemn'd a needy suppliant to wait  
 While ladies interpose and slaves debate.

But did not Chance at length her error mend ?  
 Did no subverted empire mark his end ?  
 Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound ?  
 Or hostile millions press him to the ground ?

His fall was destin'd to a barren strand,  
 A petty fortress, and a dubious hand.  
 He left the name, at which the world grew pale,  
 To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

## THE OLD NAVY

THE captain stood on the carronade, "First lieutenant," says he,

"Send all my merry men aft here, for they must list to me.

I haven't the gift of the gab, my sons—because I'm bred to the sea.

That ship there is a Frenchman, who means to fight with we.

And odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long as I've been to sea,

I've fought 'gainst every odds—but I've gained the victory!

That ship there is a Frenchman, and if we don't take *she*,

'Tis a thousand bullets to one, that she will capture *we*.

I haven't the gift of the gab, my boys. So each man to his gun.

If she's not mine in half an hour, I'll flog each mother's son.

For odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long as I've been to sea,

I've fought 'gainst every odds—and I've gained the victory!"

We fought for twenty minutes, when the Frenchman had enough;

"I little thought," said he, "that your men were of such stuff."

Our captain took the Frenchman's sword, a low bow made to *he*;

"I haven't the gift of the gab, monsieur, but polite I wish to be.

And odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long as I've  
 been to sea,  
 I've fought 'gainst every odds—and I've gained  
 the victory ! ”

Our captain sent for all of us, “ My merry men,”  
 said he,  
 “ I haven't the gift of the gab, my lads, but yet  
 I thankful be.  
 You've done your duty handsomely. Each man  
 stood to his gun.  
 If you hadn't, you villains, as sure as day, I'd have  
 flogged each mother's son.  
 For odds bobs, hammer and tongs, as long as I'm  
 at sea,  
 I'll fight 'gainst every odds—and I'll gain the  
 victory ! ”

FREDERICK MARRYAT.

## THE PILOT THAT WEATHERED THE STORM

IF hushed the loud whirlwind that ruffled the deep,  
 The sky if no longer dark tempests deform,  
 When our perils are past, shall our gratitude sleep ?  
 No—here's to the pilot that weathered the  
 storm !

At the footstool of Power let Flattery fawn ;  
 Let faction her idols extol to the skies ;  
 To virtue in humble retirement withdrawn,  
 Unblamed may the accents of gratitude rise !

And shall not *his* memory to Britain be dear  
 Whose example with envy all nations behold ?  
 A statesman unbiassed by interest or fear,  
 By power uncorrupted, untainted by gold !

Who, when terror and doubt through the universe  
    reigned,  
    While rapine and treason their standards unfurled,  
The hearts and the hopes of his country maintained,  
    And one kingdom preserved 'midst the wreck of  
    the world !

Unheeding, unthankful, we bask in the blaze,  
    While the beams of the sun in full majesty shine.  
When he sinks into twilight with fondness we gaze,  
    And mark the mild lustre that gilds his decline.

So, Pitt, when the course of thy greatness is o'er,  
    Thy talents, thy virtues, we fondly recall ;  
*Now* justly we prize thee, when lost we deplore ;  
    Admired in thy zenith, but loved in thy fall.

O ! take then—for dangers by wisdom repelled,  
    For evil by courage and constancy braved—  
O ! take, for a throne by thy counsels upheld,  
    The thanks of a people thy firmness has saved !

And O ! if again the rude whirlwind should rise,  
    The dawnings of peace should fresh darkness  
    deform,  
The regrets of the good and the fears of the wise  
    Shall turn to the pilot that weathered the storm.

GEORGE CANNING.

## TRAFALGAR DAY

SEA, that art ours as we are thine, whose name  
Is one with England's even as light with flame,  
    Dost thou as we, thy chosen of all men, know  
This day of days when death gave life to fame ?

Dost thou not kindle above and thrill below  
With rapturous record, with memorial glow,  
Remembering this thy festal day of fight,  
And all the joy it gave, and all the woe ?

Never since day broke flowerlike forth of night  
Broke such a dawn of battle. Death in sight  
Made of the man whose life was like the sun  
A man more godlike than the lord of light.

There is none like him, and there shall be none.  
When England bears again as great a son,  
He can but follow fame where Nelson led.  
There is not and there cannot be but one.

As earth has but one England, crown and head  
Of all her glories till the sun be dead,  
Supreme in peace and war, supreme in song,  
Supreme in freedom, since her rede was read,

Since first the soul that gave her speech grew strong  
To help the right and heal the wild world's wrong,  
So she hath but one royal Nelson, born  
To reign on time above the years that throng.

The music of his name puts fear to scorn,  
And thrills our twilight through with sense of morn :  
As England was, how should not England be ?  
No tempest yet has left her banner torn.

No year has yet put out the day when he  
Who lived and died to keep our kingship free  
Wherever seas by warring winds are worn  
Died, and was one with England and the sea.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

## REALM 7

### BATTLE (a) BY LAND

	PAGE
1. <i>Ivry, 14 March, 1590</i> . . . . .	158
2. <i>Naseby, 14 July, 1645</i> . . . . .	162
3. <i>Killiecrankie, 27 July, 1689</i> . . . . .	165
4. <i>Blenheim, 13 August, 1704</i> . . . . .	169
5. <i>Hohenlinden, 4 December, 1800</i> . . . . .	170
6. <i>Waterloo, 18 June, 1815</i> . . . . .	171
7. <i>Balaclava, 25 October, 1854—</i>	
(a) <i>Charge of the Heavy Brigade</i> . . . . .	174
(b) <i>Charge of the Light Brigade</i> . . . . .	176

## IVRY

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts from whom all  
glories are !

And glory to our sovereign liege, King Henry of  
Navarre !

Now let there be the merry sound of music and of  
dance

Through thy cornfields green and sunny vines,  
O pleasant land of France !

And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of  
the waters,

Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning  
daughters.

As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our  
joy,

For cold, and stiff, and still are they who wrought  
thy walls annoy.

Hurrah ! hurrah ! a single field hath turned the  
chance of war ;

Hurrah ! hurrah ! for Ivry and Henry of Navarre.

Oh ! how our hearts were beating when, at the  
dawn of day,

We saw the army of the League drawn out in long  
array ;

With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel  
peers,

And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's  
Flemish spears.



There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses  
of our land ;  
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in  
his hand.  
And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's  
empurpled flood  
And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his  
blood.  
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the  
fate of war,  
To fight for His own holy name and Henry of  
Navarre.

The King is come to marshal us, in all his armour  
drest ;  
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his  
gallant crest.  
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his  
eye ;  
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was  
stern and high.  
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from  
wing to wing,  
Down all our line, a deafening shout, " God save  
our lord the King ! "  
" And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well  
he may,  
(For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray)  
Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst  
the ranks of war,  
And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of  
Navarre."

Hurrah ! The foes are moving ! Hark to the  
mingled din  
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and  
roaring culverin.

The fiery Duke is pricking fast across St. André's  
plain  
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and  
Almayne.  
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of  
France,  
Charge for the golden lilies ! Upon them with the  
lance !  
A thousand spurs are striking deep ; a thousand  
spears in rest.  
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the  
snow-white crest.  
And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like  
a guiding-star,  
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of  
Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours ! Mayenne  
hath turned his rein.  
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter. The Flemish  
Count is slain.  
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a  
Biscay gale.  
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds and flags  
and cloven mail.  
And then we thought on vengeance and, all along  
our van,  
"Remember St. Bartholomew," was passed from  
man to man.  
But out spake gentle Henry, "No Frenchman is  
my foe.  
Down, down with every foreigner, but let your  
brethren go."  
Oh ! was there ever such a knight, in friendship  
or in war,  
As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of  
Navarre !

Right well fought all the Frenchmen who fought  
for France to-day ;

And many a lordly banner God gave them for a prey.  
But we of the religion have borne us best in fight ;  
And the good lord of Rosny hath ta'en the cornet  
white.

Our own true Maximilian the cornet white hath ta'en,  
The cornet white with crosses black, the flag of  
false Lorraine.

Up with it high ! Unfurl it wide ! that all the host  
may know

How God hath humbled the proud house which  
wrought His church such woe !

Then on the ground, while trumpets sound their  
loudest points of war,

Fling the red shreds, a foot-cloth meet for Henry of  
Navarre !

Ho ! maidens of Vienna ! Ho ! matrons of  
Lucerne !

Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who  
never shall return.

Ho ! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles  
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor  
spearmen's souls !

Ho ! gallant nobles of the League, look that your  
arms be bright !

Ho ! burghers of Saint Genevieve, keep watch and  
ward to-night !

For our God hath crushed the tyrant ; our God  
hath raised the slave,

And mocked the counsel of the wise, and the valour  
of the brave.

Then glory to His holy name, from whom all  
glories are ;

And glory to our sovereign lord, King Henry of  
Navarre !

LORD MACAULAY

M

## THE BATTLE OF NASEBY

*By Obadiah Bind-their-kings-in-chains-and-their-nobles-  
with-links-of-iron, sergeant in Ireton's Regiment.*

OH, wherefore come ye forth in triumph from the  
north

With your hands, and your feet, and your  
raiment all red ?

And wherefore doth your rout send forth a joyous  
shout ?

And whence be the grapes of the wine-press  
which ye tread ?

Oh, evil was the root, and bitter was the fruit,  
And crimson was the juice of the vintage that  
we trod ;

For we trampled on the throng of the haughty and  
the strong,

Who sat in the high places, and slew the saints  
of God.

It was about the noon of a glorious day of June  
That we saw their banners dance and their  
cuirasses shine ;

And the Man of Blood was there, with his long,  
essencêd hair,

And Astley, and Sir Marmaduke, and Rupert of  
the Rhine.

Like a servant of the Lord, with his Bible and his  
sword,

The General rode along us to form us to the fight,  
When a murmuring sound broke out, and swelled  
into a shout

Among the godless horsemen upon the tyrant's  
right.

And hark ! like the roar of the billows on the shore  
The cry of battle rises along their charging line !  
“ For God ! For the Cause ! For the Church ! For  
the Laws !  
For Charles, King of England, and Rupert of  
the Rhine ! ”

The furious German comes, with his clarions and  
his drums,  
His bravoës of Alsatia and pages of Whitehall.  
They are bursting on our flanks ! Grasp your  
pikes ! Close your ranks !  
For Rupert never comes but to conquer or to fall.

They are here ! They rush on ! We are broken !  
We are gone !  
Our left is borne before them like stubble on the  
blast.  
O Lord, put forth Thy might ! O Lord, defend the  
right !  
Stand back to back in God's name, and fight it  
to the last !

Stout Skippon hath a wound. The centre hath  
given ground.  
Hark ! hark ! What means the trampling of  
horsemen on our rear ?  
Whose banner do I see, boys ? 'Tis he, thank God,  
'tis he, boys !  
Bear up another minute ! Brave Oliver is here !

Their heads all stooping low, their points all in a row,  
Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a deluge on  
the dykes,  
Our cuirassiers have burst on the ranks of the  
Accurst,  
And at a shock have scattered the forest of his  
pikes.

Fast, fast, the gallants ride, in some safe nook to  
hide

Their coward heads, predestined to rot on  
Temple Bar.

And he—he turns, he flies ! Shame on those cruel  
eyes

That bore to look on torture, and dare not look  
on war !

Ho ! comrades, scour the plain ; and, ere ye strip  
the slain,

First give another stab to make your search  
secure !

Then shake from sleeves and pockets their broad-  
pieces and lockets,

The tokens of the wanton, the plunder of the  
poor !

Fools ! your doublets shone with gold, and your  
hearts were gay and bold,

When you kissed your lily hands to your lemans  
to-day ;

And to-morrow shall the fox, from her chamber  
in the rocks,

Lead forth her tawny cubs to howl above the  
prey.

Where be your tongues that late mocked at heaven  
and hell and fate,

And the fingers that once—were so busy with  
your blades,

Your perfumed satin clothes, your catches and  
your oaths,

Your stage plays and your sonnets, your diamonds  
and your spades ?

Down, down, for ever down with the mitre and the  
crown,  
With the Belial of the Court and the Mammon  
of the Pope !  
There is woe in Oxford halls. There is wail in  
Durham's stalls.  
The Jesuit smites his bosom. The bishop rends  
his cope.

And she of the seven hills shall mourn her children's  
ills,  
And tremble when she thinks on the edge of  
England's sword ;  
And the kings of earth in fear shall shudder when  
they hear  
What the hand of God hath wrought for the  
Houses and the Word.

LORD MACAULAY.

### KILLIECRANKIE

ON the heights of Killiecrankie  
Yester-morn our army lay.  
Slowly rose the mist in columns  
From the river's broken way ;  
Hoarsely roared the swollen torrent ;  
And the Pass was wrapt in gloom ;  
When the clansmen rose together  
From their lair amidst the broom.  
Then we belted on our tartans,  
And our bonnets down we drew,  
And we felt our broadswords' edges,  
And we proved them to be true,  
And we prayed the prayer of soldiers,  
And we cried the gathering-cry,

And we clasped the hands of kinsmen,  
And we swore to do or die !  
Then our leader rode before us  
On his war-horse black as night—  
Well the Cameronian rebels  
Knew that charger in the fight !—  
And a cry of exultation  
From the bearded warriors rose ;  
For we loved the house of Claver'se,  
And we thought of good Montrose.  
But he raised his hand for silence—  
“ Soldiers ! I have sworn a vow.  
Ere the evening star shall glisten  
On Schiehallion's lofty brow,  
Either we shall rest in triumph,  
Or another of the Græmes  
Shall have died in battle-harness  
For his country and King James.  
Think upon the Royal Martyr !  
Think of what his race endure !  
Think of him whom butchers murdered  
On the field of Magus Muir—  
By his sacred blood I charge ye,  
By the ruined hearth and shrine,  
By the blighted hopes of Scotland,  
By your injuries and mine,  
Strike this day as if the anvil  
Lay beneath your blows the while,  
Be they covenanting traitors  
Or the brood of false Argyle !  
Strike ! and drive the trembling rebels  
Backward o'er the stormy Forth ;  
Let them tell their pale Convention  
How they fared within the North.  
Let them tell that Highland honour  
Is not to be bought nor sold,  
That we scorn their prince's anger  
As we loathe his foreign gold.



Strike ! and when the fight is over,  
If ye look in vain for me.  
Where the dead are lying thickest  
Search for him that was Dundee ! ”

Loudly then the hills re-echoed  
With our answer to his call ;  
But a deeper echo sounded  
In the bosoms of us all.  
For the lands of wide Breadalbane  
Not a man who heard him speak  
Would that day have left the battle.  
Burning eye and flushing cheek  
Told the clansmen’s fierce emotion,  
And they harder drew their breath ;  
For their souls were strong within them,  
Stronger than the grasp of death.  
Soon we heard a challenge-trumpet  
Sounding in the Pass below,  
And the distant tramp of horses,  
And the voices of the foe.  
Down we crouched amid the bracken  
Till the Lowland ranks drew near,  
Panting like the hounds in summer  
When they scent the stately deer.  
From the dark defile emerging,  
Next we saw the squadrons come,  
Leslie’s foot and Leven’s troopers  
Marching to the tuck of drum.  
Through the scattered wood of birches,  
O’er the broken ground and heath,  
Wound the long battalion slowly,  
Till they gained the plain beneath.  
Then we bounded from our covert—  
Judge how looked the Saxons then,  
When they saw the rugged mountain  
Start to life with armêd men !

Like a tempest down the ridges  
Swept the hurricane of steel,  
Rose the slogan of Macdonald,  
Flashed the broadsword of Lochiel !  
Vainly sped the withering volley  
'Mongst the foremost of our band—  
On we poured until we met them,  
Foot to foot, and hand to hand.  
Horse and man went down like drift-wood  
When the floods are black at Yule,  
And their carcasses are whirling  
In the Garry's deepest pool.  
Horse and man went down before us—  
Living foe there tarried none  
On the field of Killiecrankie,  
When that stubborn fight was done !

And the evening star was shining  
On Schiehallion's distant head,  
When we wiped our bloody broadswords  
And returned to count the dead.  
There we found him gashed and gory,  
Stretched upon the cumbered plain,  
As he told us where to seek him—  
In the thickest of the slain.  
And a smile was on his visage,  
For within his dying ear  
Pealed the joyful note of triumph  
And the clansmen's clamorous cheer.  
So, amidst the battle's thunder,  
Shot, and steel, and scorching flame,  
In the glory of his manhood  
Passed the spirit of the Græme !

WILLIAM EDMONDSTOUNE AYTON.

## BLLENHEIM

BEHOLD in awful march and dread array  
The long extended squadrons shape their way !  
Death (in approaching terrible) imparts  
An anxious horror to the bravest hearts.  
Yet do their beating breasts demand the strife  
And thirst of glory quells the love of life.  
No vulgar fears can British minds control.  
Heat of revenge and noble pride of soul  
O'erlook the foe (advantag'd by his post),  
Lessen his numbers, and contract his host.  
Though fens and floods possessed the middle  
space  
That unprovok'd they would have feared to  
pass,  
Nor fens nor floods can stop Britannia's bands,  
When her proud foe rang'd on their border stands.  
But O ! my muse, what numbers wilt thou find  
To sing the furious troops in battle join'd !  
Methinks I hear the drum's tumultuous sound,  
The victor's shouts and dying groans confound,  
The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,  
And all the thunder of the battle rise.  
'Twas then great Marlborough's mighty soul was  
proved,  
That (in the shock of charging hosts unmov'd)  
Amidst confusion, horror and despair  
Examined all the dreadful scenes of war ;  
In peaceful thought the field of death surveyed,  
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,  
Inspir'd repuls'd battalions to engage,  
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.  
So when an angel by divine command  
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land

(Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past)  
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast ;  
And pleased th' Almighty's orders to perform,  
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

### HOHENLINDEN

ON Linden when the sun was low  
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow ;  
And dark as winter was the flow  
Of Iser rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight  
When the drum beat at dead of night,  
Commanding fires of death to light  
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,  
Each horseman drew his battle blade,  
And furious every charger neighed  
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hill, with thunder riven ;  
Then rushed the steed, to battle driven ;  
And louder than the bolts of Heaven  
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow  
On Linden's hills of stained snow,  
And bloodier yet the torrent flow  
Of Iser rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun  
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,  
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun  
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,  
Who rush to glory or the grave !  
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,  
And charge with all thy chivalry !

Few, few shall part where many meet ;  
The snow shall be their winding-sheet ;  
And every turf beneath their feet  
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

## WATERLOO

THERE was a sound of revelry by night  
And Belgium's Capital had gathered then  
Her Beauty and her Chivalry. And bright  
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men.  
A thousand hearts beat happily. And when  
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,  
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,  
And all went merry as a marriage-bell—  
But hush ! Hark ! A deep sound strikes like a  
rising knell !

Did ye not hear it ?—No—'Twas but the wind  
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street.  
On with the dance ! Let joy be unconfined !  
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet  
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet—  
But hark !—that heavy sound breaks in once more  
As if the clouds its echo would repeat ;  
And nearer—clearer—deadlier than before !  
Arm ! Arm ! It is—it is—the cannon's opening  
roar !

Within a windowed niche of that high hall  
Sat Brunswick's fated chieftain. He did hear  
That sound the first amidst the festival,  
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear.  
And when they smiled because he deemed it near,  
His heart more truly knew that peal too well  
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,  
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell.  
He rushed into the field, and foremost fighting fell.

Ah ! then and there was hurrying to and fro—  
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,  
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago  
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness—  
And there were sudden partings, such as press  
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs  
Which ne'er might be repeated. Who could  
guess  
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,  
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could  
rise !

And there was mounting in hot haste. The  
steed,  
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,  
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,  
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war—  
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar  
And, near, the beat of the alarming drum  
Roused up the soldier ere the Morning Star ;  
While thronged the citizens, with terror dumb,  
Or whispering with white lips—"The Foe ! They  
come ! They come !"

And wild and high the *Cameron's Gathering* rose !  
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills  
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes.  
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills !

Savage and shrill! But with the breath which  
fills  
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers  
With the fierce native daring which instils  
The stirring memory of a thousand years—  
And Evan's—Donald's fame rings in each clans-  
man's ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves  
Dewy with Nature's tear-drops (as they pass)  
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,  
Over the unreturning brave—alas!—  
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass  
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow  
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass  
Of living Valour, rolling on the foe,  
And burning with high Hope, shall moulder cold  
and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,  
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay.  
The Midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,—  
The Morn the marshalling in arms,—the Day  
Battle's magnificently-stern array!  
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when  
rent  
The earth is covered thick with other clay,  
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,  
Rider and horse,—friend,—foe,—in one red burial  
blent!

LORD BYRON.

## BALACLAVA

## I

## THE CHARGE OF THE HEAVY BRIGADE

THE charge of the gallant three hundred, the  
Heavy Brigade !

Down the hill, down the hill, thousands of Russians,  
Thousands of horsemen, drew to the valley—and  
stay'd ;

For Scarlett and Scarlett's three hundred were  
riding by

When the points of the Russian lances arose in the  
sky ;

And he call'd " Left wheel into line ! " and they  
wheel'd and obey'd.

Then he look'd at the host that had halted he knew  
not why,

And he turn'd half round, and he bad his trumpeter  
sound

To the charge, and he rode on ahead, as he waved  
his blade

To the gallant three hundred whose glory will never  
die—

" Follow," and up the hill, up the hill, up the hill  
Follow'd the Heavy Brigade.

The trumpet, the gallop, the charge, and the might  
of the fight !

Thousands of horsemen had gather'd there on the  
height,

With a wing push'd out to the left and a wing to  
the right,

And who shall escape if they close ? but he dash'd  
up alone

Thro' the great gray slope of men,



Sway'd his sabre, and held his own  
Like an Englishman there and then ;  
All in a moment follow'd with force  
Three that were next in their fiery course,  
Wedge'd themselves in between horse and horse,  
Fought for their lives in the narrow gap they had  
made—

Four amid thousands ! and up the hill, up the hill,  
Gallop'd the gallant three hundred, the Heavy  
Brigade.

Fell like a cannonshot,  
Burst like a thunderbolt,  
Crash'd like a hurricane,  
Broke thro' the mass from below,  
Drove thro' the midst of the foe,  
Plunged up and down, to and fro,  
Rode flashing blow upon blow,  
Brave Inniskillens and Greys  
Whirling their sabres in circles of light !  
And some of us, all in amaze,  
Who were held for a while from the fight,  
And were only standing at gaze,  
When the dark-muffled Russian crowd  
Folded its wings from the left and the right,  
And roll'd them around like a cloud,—  
O mad for the charge and the battle were we,  
When our own good redecoats sank from sight,  
Like drops of blood in a dark-gray sea,  
And we turn'd to each other, whispering, all  
dismay'd,  
“ Lost are the gallant three hundred of Searlett's  
Brigade ! ”

“ Lost one and all ” were the words  
Mutter'd in our dismay ;  
But they rode like Victors and Lords  
Thro' the forest of lances and swords

In the heart of the Russian hordes,  
They rode, or they stood at bay—  
Struck with the sword-hand and slew,  
Down with the bridle-hand drew  
The foe from the saddle and threw  
Underfoot there in the fray—  
Ranged like a storm or stood like a rock  
In the wave of a stormy day ;  
Till suddenly shock upon shock  
Stagger'd the mass from without,  
Drove it in wild disarray,  
For our men gallopt up with a cheer and a shout,  
And the foeman surged, and waver'd, and reel'd  
Up the hill, up the hill, up the hill, out of the field,  
And over the brow and away.

Glory to each and to all, and the charge that they  
made !

Glory to all the three hundred, and all the Brigade !

LORD TENNYSON.

## II

### THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

HALF a league, half a league,  
Half a league onward,  
All in the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred.  
“ Forward, the Light Brigade !  
Charge for the guns ! ” he said ;  
Into the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred.

“ Forward, the Light Brigade ! ”  
Was there a man dismayed ?

Not though the soldier knew  
Some one had blundered.  
Their's not to make reply,  
Their's not to reason why,  
Their's but to do and die :  
Into the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon in front of them  
Volleyed and thundered ;  
Stormed at with shot and shell,  
Boldly they rode and well.  
Into the jaws of Death,  
Into the mouth of Hell  
Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare,  
Flashed as they turned in air  
Sabring the gunners there,  
Charging an army, while  
All the world wondered.  
Plunged in the battery-smoke  
Right through the line they broke ;  
Cossack and Russian  
Reeled from the sabre-stroke  
Shattered and sundered.  
Then they rode back, but not,  
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon behind them  
Volleyed and thundered ;  
Stormed at with shot and shell,  
While horse and hero fell,  
They that had fought so well

Came through the jaws of Death,  
Back from the mouth of Hell,  
All that was left of them,  
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade ?  
O the wild charge they made !  
All the world wondered.  
Honour the charge they made !  
Honour the Light Brigade,  
Noble six hundred !

LORD TENNYSON.

## BATTLE (b) BY SEA

### (i) FLEET ACTIONS

	PAGE
1. <i>The Defeat of the Spanish Armada, 19 July– 2 August, 1588</i> . . . . .	180
2. <i>The same, continued</i> . . . . .	184
3. <i>Sir Richard Grenville's Last Fight, 31 August, 1591</i> . . . . .	193
4. <i>The Four Days' Battle, 1–4 June, 1666</i> . . . . .	199
5. <i>Copenhagen, 2 April, 1801</i> . . . . .	207
6. <i>Trafalgar, 21 October, 1805</i> . . . . .	209
7. <i>Heligoland, 28 August, 1914</i> . . . . .	210

### (ii) FRIGATE ACTIONS

8. <i>Arethusa v. Belle Poule, 17 June, 1778</i> . . . . .	211
9. <i>Scrapis v. Bonhomme Richard, 23 September, 1779</i> . . . . .	213
10. <i>Quebec v. La Surveillante, 6 October, 1779</i> . . . . .	215

### (iii) FLOTILLA

11. <i>Undaunted and four T.B.D.'s of L Class v. S. 115, S. 117, S. 118, S. 119, 17 October, 1914</i> . . . . .	219
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## THE ARMADA

ATTEND, all ye who list to hear our noble  
England's praise !  
I tell of the thrice famous deeds she wrought in  
ancient days,  
When that great fleet invincible against her bore in  
vain  
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of  
Spain.

It was about the lovely close of a warm summer  
day,  
There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail to Ply-  
mouth Bay.  
Her crew had seen Castile's black fleet beyond  
Aurigny's isle,  
At earliest twilight, on the waves lie heaving many  
a mile.  
At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial  
grace ;  
And the tall *Pinta*, till the noon, had held her close  
in chase.  
Forthwith a guard, at every gun, was placed along  
the wall ;  
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgecumbe's  
lofty hall ;  
Many a light fishing bark put out, to pry along the  
coast ;  
And with loose rein, and bloody spur, rode inland  
many a post.

With his white hair unbonneted the stout old  
sheriff comes ;  
Behind him march the halberdiers ; before him  
sound the drums.  
His yeomen, round the market cross, make clear an  
ample space,  
For there behoves him to set up the standard of her  
Grace.  
And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance  
the bells,  
As slow upon the labouring wind the royal blazon  
swells.  
Look how the lion of the sea lifts up his ancient  
crown  
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay  
lilies down !  
So stalked he when he turned to flight on that famed  
Picard field  
Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Cæsar's  
eagle shield.  
So glared he when, at Agincourt, in wrath he  
turned to bay,  
And crushed and torn beneath his claws the princely  
hunters lay.  
Ho ! strike the flagstaff deep, sir knight ! Ho !  
scatter flowers, fair maids !  
Ho, gunners ! fire a loud salute ! Ho, gallants !  
draw your blades !  
Thou, sun, shine on her joyously ! Ye breezes, waft  
her wide !  
Our glorious *semper eadem* ! the banner of our  
pride !

The fresh'ning breeze of eve unfurled that  
banner's massy fold ;  
The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty  
scroll of gold.

Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the  
purple sea ;  
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er  
again shall be.  
From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to  
Milford Bay,  
That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the  
day.  
For swift to east and swift to west the ghastly  
warflame spread.  
High on St. Michael's Mount it shone. It shone on  
Beachy Head.  
Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each  
southern shire,  
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling  
points of fire.  
The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering  
waves.  
The rugged miners poured to war from Mendip's  
sunless caves.  
O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the  
fiery herald flew  
And roused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the rangers  
of Beaulieu.  
Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out  
from Bristol town ;  
And, ere the day, three hundred horse had met on  
Clifton Down.

The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth into  
the night,  
And saw, o'erhanging Richmond Hill, that streak  
of blood-red light.  
Then bugle's note and cannon's roar the death-like  
silence broke,  
And with one start, and with one cry, the royal city  
woke.



At once, on all her stately gates, arose the answering  
fires ;  
At once the wild alarum elashed from all her reeling  
spires ;  
From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the  
voice of fear,  
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a  
louder cheer.  
And from the furthest wards was heard the rush of  
hurrying feet,  
And the broad streams of pikes and flags rushed  
down each roaring street.  
And broader still became the blaze, and louder still  
the din,  
As fast from every village round the horse came  
spurring in.  
And eastward straight, from wild Blackheath, the  
warlike errand went ;  
And roused, in many an ancient hall, the gallant  
squires of Kent.  
Southward, from Surrey's pleasant hills, flew those  
bright couriers forth ;  
High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor, they  
started for the north ;  
And on, and on, without a pause, untired they  
bounded still ;  
All night from tower to tower they sprang, they  
sprang from hill to hill ;  
Till the proud peak unfurled the flag o'er Darwin's  
rocky dales ;  
Till, like volcanoes, flared to heaven the stormy hills  
of Wales ;  
Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's  
lonely height ;  
Till streamed in crimson, on the wind, the Wrekin's  
crest of light ;  
Till, broad and fierce, the star came forth, on Ely's  
stately fane

And tower and hamlet rose in arms, o'er all the  
 boundless plain ;  
 Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln  
 sent,  
 And Lincoln sped the message on, o'er the wide  
 vale of Trent ;  
 Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's  
 embattled pile,  
 And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers  
 of Carlisle.

\* \* \* \* \*

LORD MACAULAY.

## THE ARMADA

AND there was mustering all night long, wild  
 rumour and unrest,  
 And mothers clasped their children the closer to  
 their breast ;

But calmly yet in Plymouth Sound the fleet of  
 England lay,  
 The gunners slept beside their guns and waited for  
 the day.

Then as the mists of morning cleared, up drew the  
 Spanish van,  
 And grimly off the Devon cliffs that ten days'  
 fight began.

Four giant galleons led the way like vultures to  
 the feast,  
 And the huge league-long crescent rolled on from  
 west to east :

But they will not stay for Plymouth, nor check the  
late advance,  
For Parma's armies wait and fret to cross the  
Strait from France.

No grander fleet, no better foe, has ever crossed the  
main,  
No braver captains walked the deck than hold the  
day for Spain.

There sailed Miguel d'Oquenda, our seamen knew  
him well,  
Recalde and Pietro Valdez, Mexia and Pimentel.

Oh, if ever, men of England, now brace your  
courage high,  
Make good your boast to rule the waves, and keep  
the linstocks dry :

For the weeks of weary waiting, the long alert is  
past,  
The pent-up hate of nations meets face to face at  
last.

The giant ships held on their course, and as the  
last was clear  
The Plymouth fleet put out to sea and hung upon  
their rear ;

And their war-drums beat to quarters, the bugles  
blared alarms,  
The stately ocean-castles were filled with men-at-  
arms.

All through that summer morn and noon, on till  
the close of night,  
We hurried through the galleons and fought a  
running fight ;

And far up Dartmoor highlands men heard the  
booming gun,  
And watched the cloud of battle beneath the  
summer sun.

As o'er some dead sea-monster wheel round the  
white-winged gulls,  
Our little ships ran in and out between the giant  
hulls ;

For fleetly through their clumsy lines we steered  
our nimble craft,  
And thundered in our broadsides, and raked them  
fore and aft ;

The broken spars flung havoc down, the floating  
castles reeled,  
While o'er our heads their cannon flashed, their  
idle volleys pealed.

And the sun went down behind us, but the sea was  
ribbed with red,  
For the greatest of the galleons was burning as she  
fled.

Yet hard behind we followed and held on through  
the night,  
And kept the tossing lanterns of the Spanish fleet  
in sight.

So past Torbay to Portland Bill they ran on even  
keels,  
And ever we hung behind them and gored their  
flying heels ;

And many a hull dismasted was left alone to lag,  
To fall back in the hornets' nest, and, fighting,  
strike her flag.

Then every port along the coast put out its  
privateers,  
And one by one our ships came in with ringing  
cheers on cheers ;

So sailed Sir Walter Raleigh, the knight-errant of  
the sea,  
And all the best of Cornwall and Devon's chivalry,  
Northumberland and Cumberland, and Oxford and  
Carew,  
Till from every mast in England the red-cross  
banner blew.

A calm fell on the twenty-fifth—it was St. Jago's  
day—  
And face to face off Weymouth cliffs the baffled  
warships lay.

Now, bishops, read your Masses, and friars, chant  
your psalm !  
Now, Spain, go up and prosper, for your saint hath  
sent the calm !

With stubborn sweep of giant oars that thresh the  
glassy blue,  
The rear-guard galleons laboured down towards  
our foremost few.

Then loud laughed Admiral Howard, and a cheer  
went up the skies,  
King Philip's three great galleons will be a noble  
prize !

So we towed out two of our six ships to meet each  
floating fort,  
And we laid one on the starboard side and we laid  
one on the port ;

And all forenoon we pounded them ; they fought  
us hard and well,  
Till the sulphur clouds along the calm hung like  
the breath of hell.

But a fair wind rose at noontide and balked us of  
our prey ;  
The rescue came on wings of need and snatched the  
prize away.

So past the Needles, past Spithead, along the  
Sussex shores,  
The tide of battle eastward rolls, the cannon  
thunder roars ;

The pike-men on the Sussex Downs could see the  
running fight,  
And spread the rumour inland, the Dons were full  
in flight :

The fishing-smacks put out to sea from many a  
white-chalk cove,  
To follow in the battle's wake and glean the  
treasure-trove ;

Till night fell on the battle-scene, and under moon  
and star  
Men saw the English Channel one long red flame of  
war.

So harried like their hunted bulls before the horse-  
men's goad,  
They dropped on the eve of Sunday to their place  
in Calais road :

And we, we ringed about them and dogged them  
to their lair  
Beneath the guns of Calais, to fight us if they dare ;

But afar they rode at anchor and rued their battered  
pride,  
As a wounded hound draws off alone to lick his  
gory side ;

And when the Sabbath morning broke, they had  
not changed their line,  
For Parma's host by Dunkirk town lay still and  
made no sign.

So calm that Sabbath morning fell, men heard the  
land-bells ring,  
They heard the monks at masses, they heard the  
soldiers sing ;

Then as the noon grew sultry came sounds of  
feast and mirth,  
And when the sun set many had seen the last on  
earth.

A breeze sprang up at even, dark clouds rolled up  
the sky,  
And evil-boding fell the night, that last night of  
July.

But in the fleet of England was every soul awake,  
For a pinnace ran from bark to bark and brought  
us word from Drake ;

And we towed eight ships to leeward, and set their  
bows to shore,  
To send the Dons a greeting they never had before ;

No traitor moon revealed us, there shone no summer  
star  
As we smeared the doomed hulls over with rosin  
and with tar ;

And all their heavy ordnance was rammed with  
stone and chain,  
And they bore down on the night wind into the  
heart of Spain.

It was Prowse and Young of Bideford who had the  
charge to steer,  
And a bow-shot from the Spanish lines they fired  
them with a cheer,

Dropped each into his pinnace—it was deftly  
done and well—  
And on the tide set shoreward they loosed the  
floating hell !

Oh, then were cables severed, then rose a panic cry  
To every saint in heaven, that shook the reddened  
sky !

And some to north and some to south, like a herd  
of bulls set free,  
With sails half set and cracking spars they staggered  
out to sea :

But we lay still in order and ringed them as they  
came,  
And scared the cloudy dawning with thunder and  
with flame.

The North Sea fleet came sailing down, our ships  
grew more and more,  
As Wynter charged their severed van and drove  
their best on shore.

The Flemish boors came out to loot, and up the  
Holland dykes  
The windmills stopped, the burghers marched with  
muskets and with pikes ;



So we chased them through the racing sea and  
banged them as they went,  
And some we sank, and boarded some, till all our  
shot was spent ;

Till we had no food nor powder, but only the will  
to fight,  
And the shadows closed about us and we lost them  
in the night.

The white sea-horses sniffed the gale and climbed  
our sides for glee,  
And rocked us and caressed us and danned away to  
lee.

Now rest you, men of England, for the fight is lost  
and won :  
The God of Storms will do the rest, and grimly it  
was done—

Far north, far north on wings of death those  
scattered galleys steer  
Toward the rock-bound islands, the Scottish head-  
lands drear ;

And the fishers of the Orkneys shall reap a golden  
store,  
And Irish kernes shall strip the dead tossed up  
their rocky shore.

Long, long the maids of Aragon may watch and  
wait in vain ;  
The boys they sent for dowries will never come  
again.

Deep, fathoms deep their lovers sleep beneath an  
alien wave,  
And not a foot of English land, not even for a  
grave !

But it's Ah for the childless mothers ! and Ah for  
the widowed maids !  
And the sea-weed, not the myrtle, twined round  
their rusting blades !

But we sailed back in triumph, our banner floating  
free,  
Our red-cross banner in the gale,—the masters of  
the sea !

The waves did battle for us, the winds were on our  
side,  
The God of the just and unjust hath humbled  
Philip's pride.

Henceforth shall no man bind us : where'er the  
salt tides flow  
Our sails shall take the sea-breeze, the oaks of  
England go !

And every isle shall know them, and every land  
that lies  
Beyond the bars of sunset, the shadows of sunrise.

Henceforth, O Island England, be worthy of thy  
fate,  
And let thy new-world children revere thee wise  
and great !

Sit throned on either ocean and watch thy sons  
increase,  
And keep the seas for freedom and hold the lands  
for peace !

Thy fleets shall bear the harvest from all thy  
daughter-lands,  
And o'er thy blue sea-highways the continents  
join hands.

But should some new intruder rise to bind the  
ocean's bride,  
Should once thy wave-dominion be questioned or  
denied,

Then rouse thee from thy happy dream, go forth and  
be again  
The England of our hero-sires who broke the might  
of Spain.

SIR RENNELL RODD.

### THE REVENGE

#### A BALLAD OF THE FLEET

##### I

At Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay,  
And a pinnace, like a flutter'd bird, came flying  
from far away :

" Spanish ships of war at sea ! We have sighted  
fifty-three ! "

Then sware Lord Thomas Howard, " 'Fore God  
I am no coward ;

But I cannot meet them here, for my ships are out  
of gear,

And the half men are sick. I must fly, but  
follow quick.

We are six ships of the line ; can we fight with fifty-  
three ? "

##### II

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville, " I know you  
are no coward ;

You fly them for a moment to fight with them again.

But I've ninety men and more that are lying sick  
ashore.

I should count myself the coward if I left them, my  
Lord Howard,  
To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of  
Spain."

## III

So Lord Howard past away with five ships of war  
that day,  
Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer  
heaven ;  
But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men from  
the land  
Very carefully and slow,  
Men of Bideford in Devon,  
And we laid them on the ballast down below ;  
For we brought them all aboard,  
And they blest him in their pain, that they were  
not left to Spain,  
To the thumbscrew and the stake, for the glory of  
the Lord.

## IV

He had only a hundred seamen to work the ship  
and to fight,  
And he sailed away from Flores till the Spaniard  
came in sight,  
With his huge sea-castles heaving upon the weather  
bow.  
" Shall we fight or shall we fly ?  
Good Sir Richard, tell us now,  
For to fight is but to die !  
There'll be little of us left by the time this sun be  
set."  
And Sir Richard said again, " We be all good  
English men.  
Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the children of  
the devil,  
For I never turn'd my back upon Don or devil yet."

## V

Sir Richard spoke and he laugh'd, and we roar'd a  
hurrah, and so  
The little *Revenge* ran on sheer into the heart of the  
foe,  
With her hundred fighters on deck, and her ninety  
sick below ;  
For half of their fleet to the right and half to the  
left were seen,  
And the little *Revenge* ran on thro' the long sea-lane  
between.

## VI

Thousands of their soldiers look'd down from their  
decks and laugh'd,  
Thousands of their seamen made mock at the mad  
little craft  
Running on and on, till delay'd  
By their mountain-like *San Philip* that, of fifteen  
hundred tons,  
And up-shadowing high above us with her yawning  
tiers of guns,  
Took the breath from our sails, and we stay'd.

## VII

And while now the great *San Philip* hung above us  
like a cloud  
Whence the thunderbolt will fall  
Long and loud,  
Four galleons drew away  
From the Spanish fleet that day,  
And two upon the larboard and two upon the star-  
board lay,  
And the battle-thunder broke from them all.

## VIII

But anon the great *San Philip*, she bethought  
herself and went  
Having that within her womb that had left her ill  
content ;  
And the rest they came aboard us, and they fought  
us hand to hand,  
For a dozen times they came with their pikes and  
musqueteers,  
And a dozen times we shook 'em off as a dog that  
shakes his ears  
When he leaps from the water to the land.

## IX

And the sun went down, and the stars came out  
far over the summer sea,  
But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and  
the fifty-three.  
Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high-  
built galleons came,  
Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her  
battle-thunder and flame ;  
Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back  
with her dead and her shame.  
For some were sunk and many were shatter'd, and  
so could fight us no more—  
God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the  
world before ?

## X

For he said “ Fight on ! fight on ! ”  
Tho' his vessel was all but a wreck ;  
And it chanced that, when half of the short summer  
night was gone,  
With a grisly wound to be drest he had left the deck,

But a bullet struck him that was dressing it suddenly dead,  
And himself he was wounded again in the side and the head,  
And he said "Fight on ! fight on !"

## XI

And the night went down, and the sun smiled out far over the summer sea,  
And the Spanish fleet with broken sides lay round us all in a ring ;  
But they dared not touch us again, for they fear'd that we still could sting,  
So they watch'd what the end would be.  
And we had not fought them in vain,  
But in a perilous plight were we,  
Seeing forty of our poor hundred were slain,  
And half of the rest of us maim'd for life  
In the crash of the cannonades and the desperate strife ;  
And the sick men down in the hold were most of them stark and cold,  
And the pikes were all broken or bent, and the powder was all of it spent ;  
And the masts and the rigging were lying over the side ;  
But Sir Richard cried in his English pride,  
" We have fought such a fight for a day and a night  
As may never be fought again !  
We have won great glory, my men !  
And a day less or more  
At sea or ashore,  
We die—does it matter when ?  
Sink me the ship, Master Gunner—sink her, split her in twain !  
Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of Spain ! "

## XII

And the gunner said " Ay, ay," but the seamen  
made reply,  
" We have children, we have wives,  
And the Lord hath spared our lives.  
We will make the Spaniard promise, if we yield, to  
let us go ;  
We shall live to fight again and to strike another  
blow."  
And the lion there lay dying, and they yielded to  
the foe.

## XIII

And the stately Spanish men to their flagship bore  
him then,  
Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard  
caught at last,  
And they praised him to his face with their courtly  
foreign grace ;  
But he rose upon their decks, and he cried :  
" I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant  
man and true ;  
I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do :  
With a joyful spirit I Sir Richard Grenville die !"  
And he fell upon their decks, and he died.

## XIV

And they stared at the dead that had been so valiant  
and true,  
And had holden the power and glory of Spain so  
cheap  
That he dared her with one little ship and his  
English few ;  
Was he devil or man ? He was devil for aught  
they knew,



But they sank his body with honour down into the  
deep,  
And they mann'd the *Revenge* with a swarthier alien  
crew,  
And away she sail'd with her loss and long'd for  
her own :  
When a wind from the land they had ruin'd awoke  
from sleep,  
And the water began to heave and the weather to  
moan,  
And or ever that evening ended a great gale blew,  
And a wave like the wave that is raised by an earth-  
quake grew,  
Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and their  
masts and their flags,  
And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-  
shatter'd navy of Spain :  
And the little *Revenge* herself went down by the  
island crags  
To be lost evermore in the main.

LORD TENNYSON.

## THE FOUR DAYS' BATTLE

[From *Annus Mirabilis*]

### FIRST DAY

OUR fleet divides, and straight the Dutch appear,  
In number and a famed commander bold.  
The narrow seas can scarce their navy bear  
Or crowded vessels can their soldiers hold.

The Duke, less numerous, but in courage more,  
On wings of all the winds to combat flies ;  
His murdering guns a loud defiance roar,  
And bloody crosses on his flag-staffs rise.

Both furl their sails and strip them for the fight.  
Their folded sheets dismiss the useless air.  
The Elean plains could boast no nobler fight  
When struggling champions did their bodies bare.

Borne each by other in a distant line,  
The sea-built forts in dreadful order move ;  
So vast the noise, as if not fleets did join,  
But lands unfixed and floating nations strove.

Now passed, on either side they nimbly tack.  
Both strive to intercept and guide the wind ;  
And in its eye more closely they come back  
To finish all the deaths they left behind.

On high-raised decks the haughty Belgians ride,  
Beneath whose shade our humble frigates go ;  
Such port the elephant bears, and so defied  
By the rhinoceros, her unequal foe.

And as the build, so different is the fight.  
Their mounting shot is on our sails designed ;  
Deep in their hulls our deadly bullets light  
And through their yielding planks a passage find.

Our dreaded Admiral from far they threat,  
Whose battered rigging their whole war receives ;  
All bare, like some old oak which tempests beat,  
He stands, and sees below his scattered leaves.

Heroes of old, when wounded, shelter sought ;  
But he, who meets all danger with disdain,  
Even in their face his ship to anchor brought  
And steeple-high stood propped upon the main.

At this excess of courage all-amazed,  
The foremost of his foes awhile withdraw ;  
With such respect in entered Rome they gazed  
Who on high chairs the god-like Fathers saw.

The night comes on, we eager to pursue  
The combat still and they ashamed to leave ;  
Till the last streaks of dying day withdrew  
And doubtful moonlight did our rage deceive.

In the English fleet each ship resounds with joy  
And loud applause of their great leader's fame ;  
In fiery dreams the Dutch they still destroy,  
And slumbering smile at the imagined flame.

Not so the Holland fleet, who, tired and done,  
Stretched on their decks like weary oxen lie ;  
Faint sweats all down their mighty members run,  
Vast bulks, which little souls but ill supply.

In dreams they fearful precipices tread,  
Or shipwrecked labour to some distant shore,  
Or in dark churches walk among the dead—  
They wake with horror and dare sleep no more.

## SECOND DAY

The morn they look on with unwilling eyes,  
Till from their maintop joyful news they hear  
Of ships which by their mould bring new supplies  
And in their colours Belgian lions bear.

Our watchful General had discerned from far  
This mighty succour, which made glad the foe ;  
He sighed, but, like a father of the war,  
His face spake hope, while deep his sorrows flow.

His wounded men he first sends off to shore,  
Never till now unwilling to obey.  
They not their wounds but want of strength deplore  
And think them happy who with him can stay.

Then to the rest, "Rejoice," said he, "to-day !  
In you the fortune of Great Britain lies.  
Among so brave a people, you are they  
Whom Heaven has chose to fight for such a prize.

If number English courages could quell,  
We should at first have shunned, not met our foes,  
Whose numerous sails the fearful only tell.  
Courage from hearts and not from numbers  
grows."

He said ; nor needed more to say. With haste  
To their known stations cheerfully they go ;  
And all at once, disdaining to be last,  
Solicit every gale to meet the foe.

Nor did the encouraged Belgians long delay,  
But bold in others, not themselves, they stood  
So thick, our navy scarce could steer their way,  
But seem'd to wander in a moving wood.

Never had valour, no, not ours before  
Done aught like this upon the land or main ;  
Where not to be o'ercome was to do more  
Than all the conquests former kings did gain.

Among the Dutch thus Albemarle did fare ;  
He could not conquer and disdained to fly.  
Past hope of safety, 'twas his latest care,  
Like falling Caesar decently to die.

Yet pity did his manly spirit move,  
To see those perish who so well had fought ;  
And generously with his despair he strove,  
Resolved to live till he their safety wrought.

Let other Muses write his prosperous fate,  
Of conquered nations tell and kings restored :  
But mine shall sing of his eclipsed estate,  
Which, like the sun's, more wonders does afford.

## THIRD DAY

He drew his mighty frigates all before,  
On which the foe his fruitless force employs ;  
His weak ones deep into his rear he bore  
Remote from guns, as sick men from the noise.

His fiery cannon did their passage guide,  
And following smoke obscured them from the  
foe ;  
Thus Israel, safe from the Egyptian's pride,  
By flaming pillars and by clouds did go.

Elsewhere the Belgian force we did defeat,  
But here our courages did theirs subdue ;  
So Xenophon once led that famed retreat  
Which first the Asian empire overthrew.

The foe approached ; and one for his bold sin  
Was sunk, as he that touched the Ark was slain.  
The wild waves mastered him and sucked him in,  
And smiling eddies dimpled on the main.

This seen, the rest at awful distance stood ;  
As if they had been there as servants set  
To stay or to go on, as he thought good,  
And not pursue but wait on his retreat.

So Libyan huntsmen on some sandy plain,  
From shady coverts roused, the lion chase ;  
The kingly beast roars out with loud disdain,  
And slowly moves, unknowing to give place.

But if some one approach to dare his force,  
He swings his tail and swiftly turns him round,  
With one paw seizes on his trembling horse,  
And with the other tears him to the ground.

Thus far had Fortune power ; here forced to stay ;  
Nor longer durst with virtue be at strife.  
This as a ransom Albemarle did pay  
For all the glories of so great a life.

For now brave Rupert from afar appears,  
Whose waving streamers the glad General knows ;  
With full-spread sails his eager navy steers,  
And every ship in swift proportion grows.

The anxious Prince had heard the cannon long  
And from that length of time dire omens drew  
Of English overmatched, and Dutch too strong  
Who never fought three days but to pursue.

Heroic virtue did his actions guide,  
And he the substance not the appearance chose ;  
To rescue one such friend he took more pride  
Than to destroy whole thousands of such foes.

But when approached, in strict embraces bound  
Rupert and Albemarle together grow ;  
He joys to have his friend in safety found,  
Which he to none but to that friend would owe.

#### FOURTH DAY

The cheerful soldiers, with new stores supplied,  
Now long to execute their spleenful will ;  
And in revenge for those three days they tried  
Wish one like Joshua's, when the sun stood still.

Thus reinforced, against the adverse fleet,  
Still doubling ours, brave Rupert leads the way ;  
With the first blushes of the morn they meet,  
And bring night back upon the new-born day.

His presence soon blows up the kindling fight,  
And his loud guns speak thick like angry men.  
It seemed as slaughter had been breathed all night,  
And Death now pointed his dull dart again.

The Dutch too well his mighty conduct know  
And matchless courage, since the former fight ;  
Whose navy like a stiff stretched cord did show,  
Till he bore in and bent them into flight.

The wind he shares. While half their fleet offends  
His open side and high above him shows ;  
Upon the rest at pleasure he descends,  
And doubly harmed he double harm bestows.

Behind, the General mends his weary pace,  
And sullenly to his revenge he sails ;  
So glides some trodden serpent in the grass,  
And long behind his wounded volume trails.

The increasing sound is borne to either shore,  
And for their stakes the throwing nations fear ;  
Their passion double with the cannons' roar,  
And with warm wishes each man combats there.

Plied thick and close as when the fight begun,  
Their huge unwieldy navy wastes away.  
So sicken waning moons too near the sun  
And blunt their crescents on the edge of day.

And now, reduced on equal terms to fight,  
Their ships like wasted patrimonies show,  
Where the thin scattering trees admit the light  
And shun each other's shadows as they grow.

.

So have I seen some fearful hare maintain  
A course, till tired before the dog she lay,  
Who, stretched behind her, pants upon the plain,  
Past power to kill as she to get away.

With his lolled tongue he faintly licks his prey ;  
His warm breath blows her flix up as she lies ;  
She, trembling, creeps upon the ground away  
And looks back to him with beseeching eyes.

This lucky hour the wise Batavian takes,  
And warns his tattered fleet to follow home ;  
Proud to have so got off with equal stakes,  
Where 'twas a triumph not to be o'ercome.

The General's force, as kept alive by fight,  
Now not opposed, no longer can pursue ;  
Lasting till Heaven had done his courage right,  
When he had conquered, he his weakness knew.

He casts a frown on the departing foe  
And sighs to see him quit the watery field ;  
His stern fixed eyes no satisfaction show  
For all the glories which the fight did yield.

Though, as when fiends did miracles avow,  
He stands confessed even by the boastful Dutch.  
He only does his conquest disavow  
And thinks too little what they found too much.

JOHN DRYDEN.



## BATTLE OF THE BALTIC

OF Nelson and the North  
Sing the glorious day's renown,  
When to battle fierce came forth  
All the might of Denmark's crown,  
And her arms along the deep proudly shone ;  
By each gun the lighted brand  
In a bold determined hand,  
And the Prince of all the land  
Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat  
Lay their bulwarks on the brine ;  
While the sign of battle flew  
On the lofty British line—  
It was ten of April morn by the chime.  
As they drifted on their path,  
There was silence deep as death ;  
And the boldest held his breath  
For a time.

But the might of England flush'd  
To anticipate the scene ;  
And her van the fleeter rushed  
O'er the deadly space between.  
“Hearts of oak !” our captains cried, when each gun  
From its adamant lips  
Spread a death-shade round the ships,  
Like the hurricane eclipse  
Of the sun.

Again ! again ! again !  
And the havoc did not slack,  
Till a feeble cheer the Dane  
To our cheering sent us back—

Their shots along the deep slowly boom.  
Then ceased ; and all is wail,  
As they strike the shatter'd sail ;  
Or in conflagration pale  
Light the gloom.

Out spoke the victor then  
As he hail'd them o'er the wave,  
" Ye are brothers ! ye are men !  
And we conquer but to save.  
So peace instead of death let us bring.  
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet  
With the crews, at England's feet,  
And make submission meet  
To our King."

Then Denmark bless'd our chief  
That he gave her wounds repose.  
And the sounds of joy and grief  
From her people wildly rose,  
As death withdrew his shades from the day ;  
While the sun look'd smiling bright  
O'er a wide and woeful sight,  
Where the fires of funeral light  
Died away.

Now joy, old England, raise !  
For the tidings of thy might,  
By the festal cities' blaze,  
Whilst the wine-cup shines in light !  
And yet amidst that joy and uproar  
Let us think of them that sleep  
Full many a fathom deep  
By thy wild and stormy steep,  
Elsinore !

Brave hearts ! to Britain's pride  
Once so faithful and so true,  
On the deck of fame that died  
With the gallant good Riou !  
Soft sigh the winds of Heaven o'er their grave !  
While the billow mournful rolls  
And the mermaid's song condoles,  
Singing glory to the souls  
Of the brave !

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

### THE DEATH OF NELSON

'TWAS in Trafalgar's Bay  
We saw the Frenchmen lay.  
Each heart was bounding then.  
We scorn'd the foreign yoke ;  
Our ships were British oak  
And hearts of oak our men.  
Our Nelson mark'd them on the wave ;  
Three cheers our gallant seamen gave,  
Nor thought of home or beauty.  
Along the line the signal ran—  
“ England expects that every man  
This day will do his duty.”

And now the cannon roar  
Along the affrighted shore !  
Our Nelson led the way,  
His ship the *Vict'ry* named ;  
Long be that *Vict'ry* famed—  
For viet'ry crowned the day.  
But dearly was that conquest bought !  
Too well the gallant hero fought  
For England, home, and beauty.  
He cried, as 'midst the fire he ran,  
“ England expects that every man  
This day will do his duty.”

At last the fatal wound  
Which spread dismay around  
The hero's breast received—  
“Heav'n fights upon our side!  
The day's our own,” he cried;  
“Now long enough I've lived.  
In honour's cause my life was passed.  
In honour's cause I fall at last  
For England, home, and beauty—”  
Thus ending life as he began!  
England confess'd that every man  
That day had done his duty.

SAMUEL JAMES ARNOLD.

## THE BATTLE OF THE BIGHT

HAD I the fabled herb  
That brought to life the dead,  
Whom would I dare disturb  
In his eternal bed?  
Great Grenville would I wake,  
And with glad tidings make  
The soul of mighty Drake  
Heave up a glorying head.

As rose the misty sun,  
Our men the North Sea scanned,  
And each rejoicing gun  
Welcomed a Foe at hand,  
And thundering its delight,  
Opened its mouth outright,  
And bit them in the Bight,  
The Bight of Helgoland.

With Captains who could each  
Do aught but yield or flee ;  
With guns that spake the speech  
Shall keep this kingdom free ;  
We hammered to their doom  
Four Giants mid the gloom,  
And one to a fiercer tomb  
Sent blazing down the sea.

Sleep on, O Drake, sleep well  
In days not wholly dire !  
Grenville, whom nought could quell,  
Unquenched is still thy fire.  
And thou that had'st no peer,  
Nelson ! thou need'st not fear :  
Thy sons and heirs are here,  
Nor shall they shame their sire.

WILLIAM WATSON.

### THE *ARETHUSA*

COME, all ye jolly sailors bold,  
Whose hearts are cast in honour's mould,  
While English glory I unfold—  
Huzza for the *Arethusa* !  
She is a frigate tight and brave  
As ever stemmed the dashing wave ;  
Her men are staunch  
To their fav'rite launch ;  
And when the foe shall meet our fire,  
Sooner than strike we'll all expire  
On board of the *Arethusa*.

'Twas with the spring fleet she went out  
The English Channel to cruise about,  
When four French sail, in show so stout,  
    Bore down on the *Arethusa*.  
The famed *Belle Poule* straight ahead did lie.  
The *Arethusa* seemed to fly.  
    Not a sheet, or a tack,  
    Or a braec, did she slack—  
Though the Frenchmen laughed and thought it stuff.  
But they knew not the handful of men, how tough,  
    On board of the *Arethusa*.

On deck five hundred men did dance,  
The stoutest they could find in France ;  
We, with two hundred, did advance  
    On board of the *Arethusa*.  
Our captain hailed the Frenchman, " Ho ! "  
The Frenchman then cried out " Hallo ! "  
    " Bear down, d'ye see,  
    To our Admiral's lee ! "  
" No, no," says the Frenchman, " that can't be ! "  
" Then I must lug you along with me ! "  
    Says the sauey *Arethusa*.

The fight was off the Frenchman's land.  
We forced them back upon their strand ;  
For we fought till not a stick would stand  
    Of the gallant *Arethusa*.  
And now we've driven the foe ashore  
Never to fight with Britons more,  
    Let each fill a glass  
    To his favourite lass !  
A health to our captain, and officers true,  
And all that belong to the jovial crew,  
    On board of the *Arethusa* !

PRINCE HOARE.

## PAUL JONES'S FIGHT

Would you hear of an old-time sea-fight ?  
Would you learn who won by the light of the moon  
and stars ?  
List to the yarn, as my grandmother's father the  
sailor told it to me.

" Our foe was no skulk in his ship, I tell you (said  
he).  
His was the surly English pluek, and there is no  
tougher or truer, and never was, and never will be.  
Along the lowered eve he came horribly raking us.

We closed with him. The yards entangled. The  
cannon touched.  
My captain lashed fast with his own hands.

We had received some eighteen-pound shots under  
the water.  
On our lower-gun-deck two large pieces had burst  
at the first fire, killing all around and blowing  
up overhead.

Fighting at sun-down, fighting at dark,  
Ten o'clock at night, the full moon well up, our  
leaks on the gain, and five feet of water  
reported,  
The master-at-arms loosing the prisoners confined  
in the after-hold to give them a chance for  
themselves.

The transit to and from the magazine is now stopt  
by the sentinels.  
They see so many strange faces they do not know  
whom to trust.

Our frigate 'takes fire.  
The other asks if we demand quarter ?  
If our colours are struck and the fighting done ?

Now I laugh content, for I hear the voice of my  
little captain.

' We have not struck,' he composedly cries ; ' we  
have just begun our part of the fighting.'

Only three guns are in use,  
One is directed by the captain himself against the  
enemy's main-mast,  
Two well served with grape and canister silence his  
musketry and clear his decks.

The tops alone second the fire of this little battery,  
especially the main-top.  
They hold out bravely during the whole of the  
action.

Not a moment's cease !  
The leaks gain fast on the pumps. The fire eats  
towards the powder magazine.  
One of the pumps has been shot away. It is  
generally thought we are sinking.

Serene stands the little captain.  
He is not hurried. His voice is neither high nor  
low.  
His eyes give more light to us than our battle-  
lanterns.

Toward twelve, there in the beams of the moon,  
they surrender to us."

WALT WHITMAN.



## A BALLAD FOR A BOY

WHEN George the Third was reigning a hundred  
years ago,  
He ordered Captain Farmer to chase the foreign foe.  
“You’re not afraid of shot,” said he, “you’re not  
afraid of wreck,  
So cruise about the west of France in the frigate  
called *Quebec*.

Quebec was once a Frenchman’s town, but twenty  
years ago  
King George the Second sent a man called General  
Wolfe, you know,  
To clamber up a precipice and look into Quebec,  
As you’d look down a hatchway when standing on  
the deck.

If Wolfe could beat the Frenchmen then, so you can  
beat them now.  
Before he got inside the town he died, I must allow.  
But since the town was won for us it is a lucky name,  
And you’ll remember Wolfe’s good work, and you  
shall do the same.”

Then Farmer said, “I’ll try, sir,” and Farmer  
bowed so low  
That George could see his pigtail tied in a velvet bow.  
George gave him his commission, and that it might  
be safer,  
Signed “King of Britain, King of France,” and  
sealed it with a wafer.

Then proud was Captain Farmer in a frigate of his  
own,  
And grander on his quarter-deck than George upon  
the throne.

He'd two guns in his cabin, and on the spar-deck  
ten,  
And twenty on the gun-deck, and more than ten  
score men.

And as a huntsman scours the brakes with sixteen  
brace of dogs,  
With two-and-thirty cannon the ship explored the  
fogs.  
From Cape la Hogue to Ushant, from Rochefort to  
Belleisle,  
She hunted game till reef and mud were rubbing on  
her keel.

The fogs are dried. The frigate's side is bright with  
melting tar.  
The lad up in the foretop sees square white sails afar.  
The east wind drives three square-sailed masts  
from out the Breton bay,  
And "Clear for action!" Farmer shouts, and  
reefers yell "Hooray!"

The Frenchmen's captain had a name I wish I could  
pronounce.  
A Breton gentleman was he, and wholly free from  
bounce,  
One like those famous fellows who died by guillotine  
For honour and the fleurs-de-lys and Antoinette  
the Queen.

The Catholic for Louis, the Protestant for George,  
Each captain drew as bright a sword as saintly  
smiths could forge;  
And both were simple seamen, but both could  
understand  
How each was bound to win or die for flag and  
native land.

The French ship was *La Surveillante*, which means  
the watchful maid ;  
She folded up her head-dress and began to cannonade.  
Her hull was clean, and ours was foul ; we had to  
spread more sail.  
On canvas, stays, and topsail yards her bullets  
came like hail.

Sore smitten were both captains, and many lads  
beside,  
And still to cut our rigging the foreign gunners  
tried.  
A sail-clad spar came flapping down athwart a  
blazing gun ;  
We could not quench the rushing flames, and so the  
Frenchman won.

Our quarter-deck was crowded ; the waist was all  
aglow ;  
Men hung upon the taffrail, half scorched but loth  
to go ;  
Our captain sat where once he stood, and would not  
quit his chair.  
He bade his comrades leap for life, and leave him  
bleeding there.

The guns were hushed on either side. The French-  
men lowered boats.  
They flung us planks and hencoops, and everything  
that floats.  
They risked their lives, good fellows, to bring their  
rivals aid !  
'Twas by the conflagration the peace was strangely  
made.

*La Surveillante* was like a sieve ; the victors had  
no rest.

They had to dodge the east wind to reach the port  
of Brest,

And where the waves leapt lower, and the riddled  
ship went slower,

In triumph, yet in funeral guise, came fisher-boats  
to tow her.

They dealt with us as brethren, they mourned  
for Farmer dead ;

And as the wounded captives passed each Breton  
bowed the head.

Then spoke the French lieutenant, “ ’Twas fire  
that won, not we.

You never struck your flag to us ; you’ll go to  
England free.”

’Twas the sixth day of October, seventeen hundred  
seventy-nine,

A year when nations ventured against us to com-  
bine,

*Quebec* was burnt and Farmer slain, by us remem-  
bered not ;

But thanks be to the French book wherein they’re  
not forgot.

Now you, if you’ve to fight the French, my young-  
ster, bear in mind

Those seamen of King Louis so chivalrous and  
kind ;

Think of the Breton gentlemen who took our lads  
to Brest,

And treat some rescued Breton as a comrade and  
a guest.

WILLIAM CORY.

## THE FIGHTING FIVE

WHERE the waves are as chargers that curvet and  
prance,  
And toss their white manes in retreat or advance,  
The *Lennox*, the *Loyal*, the *Legion*, the *Lance*,  
Went forth with the cruiser *Undaunted*.

The Foe he was brave—let us give him his dues !  
For Britons they are not who basely refuse  
A gallant salute to an enemy's crews  
That with cowardice cannot be taunted.

But they who are brave in a cause that is ill  
Have Heaven for a foe that o'ermatches them still,  
And vainly they lavish their valour and skill,  
And idly their prowess is vaunted.

Their squadron, it opened like hosts that deploy,  
And fain had embraced us, but found us too coy,  
And we sank their Destroyers that could not  
destroy,  
And we humbled the flag that they flaunted.

Then, fresh as from pastime, returned without  
boasts  
Our wonderful tars to our worshipping coasts,  
O'er the sea that, from age unto age, by the ghosts  
Of our fathers the Sea-Kings is haunted.

WILLIAM WATSON.



## REALM 8

### FAREWELLS, LAMENTS, AND ELEGIES

	PAGE
1. <i>The Shortness of Life</i> . . . . .	222
2. <i>Lament for a simple honest tar</i> . . . . .	222
3. <i>Death is a visitor that knocks impartially at cottage door and Palace Gate</i> . . . . .	223
4. <i>Though his body may rest beneath the sea, Drake's spirit returns to shatter the foe in the hour of his country's need</i> . . . . .	224
5. <i>Burial of Sir John Moore</i> . . . . .	225
6. <i>A Dirge</i> . . . . .	226
7. <i>A Threnody for Admiral Kempenfelt</i> . . . . .	227
8. <i>The Soul aspires</i> . . . . .	228

## ADIEU !

A LITTLE work, a little play,  
To keep us going—and so, good-day !

A little warmth, a little light  
Of love's bestowing—and so, good-night !

A little fun, to match the sorrow  
Of each day's growing—and so, good-morrow !

A little trust that when we die  
We reap our sowing ! And so—good-bye !

GEORGE DU MAURIER.

## TOM BOWLING

HERE, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,  
The darling of our crew.

No more he'll hear the tempest howling,  
For death has broach'd him to.

His form was of the manliest beauty,

His heart was kind and soft,  
Faithful, below, he did his duty  
But now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,

His virtues were so rare ;  
His friends were many and true-hearted ;  
His Poll was kind and fair.



And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly,  
Ah, many's the time and oft !  
But mirth is turned to melancholy,  
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,  
When He, who all commands,  
Shall give, to call life's crew together,  
The word to pipe all hands.  
Thus Death, who kings and tars dispatches,  
In vain Tom's life has doff'd,  
For, though his body's under hatches,  
His soul has gone aloft.

CHARLES DIBDIN.

### DEATH LEVELS ALL

THE glories of our blood and state  
Are shadows, not substantial things.  
There is no armour against fate.  
Death lays his icy hand on kings.  
Sceptre and crown  
Must tumble down,  
And in the dust be equal made  
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,  
And plant fresh laurels where they kill.  
But their strong nerves at last must yield ;  
They tame but one another still.  
Early or late  
They stoop to fate,  
And must give up their murmuring breath  
When they, poor captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow ;  
 Then boast no more your mighty deeds !  
 Upon Death's purple altar now  
 See where the victor-victim bleeds !  
 Your heads must come  
 To the cold tomb !  
 Only the actions of the just  
 Smell sweet and blossom in their dust.

JAMES SHIRLEY.

### DRAKE'S DRUM

DRAKE he's in his hammock an' a thousand mile  
 away,  
 (Capten, art tha sleepin' there below ?)  
 Slung atween the round-shot in Nombre Dios Bay,  
 An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.  
 Yarnder lumes the Island, yarnder lie the ships,  
 Wi' sailor lads a-dancin' heel-an'-toe,  
 An' the shore-lights flashin', an' the night-tide  
 dashin',  
 He sees et arl so plainly as he saw et long ago.

Drake he was a Devon man, an' rüled the Devon  
 seas,  
 (Capten, art tha sleepin' there below ?)  
 Rovin' tho' his death fell, he went wi' heart at ease,  
 An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.  
 "Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore,  
 Strike et when your powder's runnin' low ;  
 If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o'  
 Heaven,  
 An' drum them up the Channel as we drummed  
 them long ago."

Drake he's in his hammock till the great Armadas  
    come,  
    (Capten, art tha sleepin' there below ?)  
Slung atween the round-shot, listenin' for the drum,  
    An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.  
Call him on the deep sea, call him up the Sound,  
    Call him when ye sail to meet the foe ;  
Where the old trade's plyin' an' the old flag flyin'  
    They shall find him ware an' wakin', as they  
    found him long ago !

SIR HENRY NEWBOLT.

### THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE AT CORUNNA

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,  
    As his corpse to the rampart we hurried ;  
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot  
    O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,  
    The sods with our bayonets turning ;  
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light  
    And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast ;  
    Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him ;  
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest  
    With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,  
    And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;  
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,  
    And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed  
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,  
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his  
head,  
And we far away on the billow !

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone  
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—  
But little he'll reckon, if they let him sleep on  
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done  
When the clock struck the hour for retiring ;  
And we heard the distant and random gun  
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,  
From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;  
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,  
But we left him alone with his glory.

CHARLES WOLFE.

### DIRGE

FEAR no more the heat o' the sun,  
Nor the furious winter's rages.  
Thou thy worldly task hast done.  
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages.  
Golden lads and girls all must,  
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great ;  
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke.  
Care no more to clothe, and eat ;  
To thee the reed is as the oak.  
The sceptre, learning, physic, must  
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,  
Nor th' all-dreaded thunder-stone.  
Fear not slander, censure rash ;  
Thou hast finish'd joy and moan.  
All lovers young, all lovers must  
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee !  
Nor no witchcraft charm thee !  
Ghost unlaid forbear thee !  
Nothing ill come near thee !  
Quiet consummation have ;  
And renown'd be thy grave !

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

### ON THE LOSS OF THE *ROYAL GEORGE*

TOLL for the brave—  
The brave ! that are no more ;  
All sunk beneath the wave,  
Fast by their native shore.  
Eight hundred of the brave,  
Whose courage well was tried,  
Had made the vessel heel  
And laid her on her side.  
A land-breeze shook the shrouds  
And she was overset ;  
Down went the *Royal George*,  
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave—  
Brave Kempenfelt is gone  
His last sea-fight is fought,  
His work of glory done.  
It was not in the battle ;  
No tempest gave the shock ;

## EIGHTH REALM

She sprang no fatal leak ;  
 She ran upon no rock.  
 His sword was in the sheath,  
 His fingers held the pen,  
 When Kempenfelt went down  
 With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,  
 Once dreaded by our foes,  
 And mingle with your cup  
 The tears that England owes.  
 Her timbers yet are sound,  
 And she may float again  
 Full charged with England's thunder,  
 And plough the distant main.  
 But Kempenfelt is gone—  
 His victories are o'er ;  
 And he and his Eight hundred  
 Must plough the wave no more.

WILLIAM COWPER.

## LAST WORDS

EVEN such is Time, that takes in trust  
 Our youth, our joys, our all we have,  
 And pays us but with earth and dust ;  
 Who in the dark and silent grave,  
 When we have wandered all our ways,  
 Shuts up the story of our days.  
 But from this earth, this grave, this dust,  
 My God shall raise me up, I trust.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

## REALM 9

### THE SEA, SHIPS, AND SAILORS

	PAGE
1. <i>In praise of the Sea</i> . . . . .	230
2. <i>A leaden sky quite overcast ; and wild breakers     throwing white spray like smoke into the air</i>	231
3. <i>A wreck !</i> . . . . .	233
4. <i>The seafarer, coming ashore, hungers to be     afloat again</i> . . . . .	236
5. <i>At sea—shortening sail, and bending new     canvas</i> . . . . .	237
6. <i>Sheet, tack, and bowline Chanty</i> . . . . .	239
7. <i>The English Seaman's incurable good-humour     in the hour of adversity</i> . . . . .	239
8. <i>His keen perception and quaint presentment of     a great spiritual truth</i> . . . . .	240
9. <i>The inviting music of the rattling ground swell</i>	244
10. <i>The regal [and perhaps uneasy] majesty of the     vessel under full sail</i> . . . . .	245
11. <i>Man overboard</i> . . . . .	246
12. <i>Down, down into the depths</i> . . . . .	248
13. <i>The bottom of the sea</i> . . . . .	248

## THE SEA

THE Sea ! the Sea ! the open Sea !  
The blue, the fresh, the ever free !  
Without a mark, without a bound,  
It runneth the earth's wide regions 'round.  
It plays with the clouds ; it mocks the skies ;  
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the Sea ! I'm on the Sea !  
I am where I would ever be ;  
With the blue above, and the blue below,  
And silence wheresoe'er I go.  
If a storm should come and awake the deep,  
What matter ? I shall ride and sleep.

I love (oh ! *how* I love) to ride  
On the fierce foaming bursting tide,  
When every mad wave drowns the moon  
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,  
And tells how goeth the world below  
And why the south-west blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull tame shore  
But I lov'd the great Sea more and more,  
And backward flew to her billowy breast,  
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest ;  
And a mother she *was*, and *is* to me ;  
For I was born on the open Sea !



The waves were white, and red the morn,  
 In the noisy hour when I was born ;  
 And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,  
 And the dolphins bared their backs of gold ;  
 And never was heard such an outcry wild  
 As welcomed to life the Ocean-child !

I've lived since then, in calm and strife,  
 Full fifty summers a sailor's life,  
 With wealth to spend and a power to range,  
 But never have sought, nor sighed for change.  
 And Death, whenever he come to me,  
 Shall come on the wide unbounded Sea !

BRYAN PROCTER.

## A STORM

VIEW now the winter storm ! Above—one cloud  
 Black and unbroken all the skies o'ershroud.  
 The unwieldy porpoise through the day before  
 Had rolled in view of boding men on shore  
 And sometimes hid and sometimes showed his form  
 Dark as the cloud and furious as the storm.

All where the eye delights yet dreads to roam  
 The breaking billows cast the flying foam  
 Upon the billows rising. All the deep  
 Is restless change—the waves, so swelled and steep,  
 Breaking and sinking ; and the sunken swells ;  
 Nor one, one moment, in its station dwells.  
 But nearer land you may the billows trace  
 As if contending in their watery chase ;  
 May watch the mightiest till the shoal they reach,  
 Then break and hurry to their utmost stretch.  
 Curled as they come, they strike with furious force  
 And then reflowing take their grating course

Raking the rounded flints which, ages past,  
Rolled by their rage and shall to ages last.

Far off the petrel in the troubled way  
Swims with her brood or flutters in the spray.  
She rises often, often drops again,  
And sports at ease on the tempestuous main.  
High o'er the restless deep, above the reach  
Of gunner's hope, vast flocks of wild-duck stretch.  
Far as the eye can glanee on either side  
In a broad space and level line they glide ;  
All in their wedge-like figures from the north  
Day after day, flight after flight, go forth.  
In-shore their passage, tribes of sea-gulls urge,  
And drop for prey within the sweeping surge.  
Oft in the rough opposing blast they fly  
Far back ; then turn and all their force apply—  
While to the storm they give their weak com-  
plaining cry,  
Or clap the sleek white pinion on the breast  
And in the restless ocean dip for rest.

Darkness begins to reign. The louder wind  
Appals the weak and awes the firmer mind ;  
But frights not him whom evening and the spray  
In part conceal—yon prowler on his way.  
Lo ! he has something seen. He runs apace  
As if he feared companion in the chase.  
He sees his prize. And now he turns again  
Slowly and sorrowing—"Was your search in vain?"  
Gruffly he answers, "'Tis a sorry sight !  
A seaman's body ! There'll be more to-night !"

GEORGE CRABBE.

THE WRECK OF THE *HESPERUS*

It was the schooner *Hesperus*,  
That sailed the wintry sea ;  
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,  
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,  
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,  
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds  
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm  
With his pipe in his mouth ;  
And watched how the veering flaw did blow  
The smoke now West, now South.

Then up and spake an old Sailôr,  
Had sailed the Spanish Main,  
“ I pray thee, put into yonder port,  
For I fear a hurricane.

Last night, the moon had a golden ring,  
And to-night no moon we see ! ”  
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,  
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,  
A gale from the North-east ;  
The snow fell hissing in the brine ;  
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain  
The vessel in its strength.  
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,  
Then leaped her cable's length.

“ Come hither ! come hither ! my little daughtêr,  
And do not tremble so ;  
For I can weather the roughest gale  
That ever wind did blow.”

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat  
Against the stinging blast.  
He cut a rope from a broken spar  
And bound her to the mast.

“ Oh father ! I hear the church-bells ring.  
O say, what may it be ? ”  
“ 'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast ! ”—  
And he steered for the open sea.

“ O father ! I hear the sound of guns,  
O say, what may it be ? ”  
“ Some ship in distress, that cannot live  
In such an angry sea ! ”

“ O father ! I see a gleaming light,  
O say, what may it be ? ”  
But the father answered never a word—  
A frozen corpse was he,

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark  
With his face to the skies !  
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow  
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands, and prayed  
That saved she might be ;  
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the waves  
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,  
Through the whistling sleet and snow,  
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept  
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between  
 A sound came from the land—  
 It was the sound of the trampling surf  
 On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows.  
 She drifted a dreary wreck—  
 And a whooping billow swept the crew  
 Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves  
 Looked soft as carded wool,  
 But the cruel rocks, they gored her side  
 Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,  
 With the masts, went by the board.  
 Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank.  
 "Ho ! ho !" the breakers roared.

At day-break, on the bleak sea-beach  
 A fisherman stood aghast,  
 To see the form of a maiden fair,  
 Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,  
 The salt tears in her eyes ;  
 And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,  
 On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the *Hesperus*,  
 In the midnight and the snow !  
 Christ save us all from a death like this,  
 On the reef of Norman's Woe !

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

## SEA FEVER

I MUST go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea  
and the sky,  
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by ;  
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the  
white sail's shaking,  
And a grey mist on the sea's face, and a grey dawn  
breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the  
running tide  
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be  
denied ;  
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds  
flying,  
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the  
sea-gulls crying.

I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant  
gipsy life,  
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the  
wind's like a whetted knife ;  
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing  
feilow-rover,  
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long  
trick's over.

JOHN MASEFIELD.

## IN DAYS OF OAK AND HEMP

A LOWERING squall obscures the southern sky  
 Before whose sweeping breath the waters fly.  
 Its weight the topsails can no more sustain ;  
*" Reef top-sails ! Reef ! "* the Master calls again.  
 The halyards and top bowlines soon are gone ;  
 To clue-lines and reef-tackles next they run.  
 The shivering sails descend. The yards are square.  
 Then quick aloft the ready crew repair.

The weather earings and the lee they passed,  
 The reefs enrolled, and every point made fast.

Their task above thus finished, they descend  
 And vigilant the approaching squall attend.  
 It comes resistless, and with foaming sweep  
 Upturns the whitening surface of the deep.  
 In such a tempest borne to deeds of death  
 The wayward sisters scour the blasted heath.

The clouds, with ruin pregnant, now impend  
 And storm and cataracts tumultuous blend.  
 Deep on her side the reeling vessel lies.

*" Brail up the mizzen quick ! "* the Master cries,  
*" Man the clue garnets ! Let the main sheet fly ! "*

It rends in thousand shivering shreds on high !  
 The mainsail, all in streaming ruins tore,  
 Loud fluttering imitates the thunder's roar.  
 The ship still labours in th' oppressive strain  
 Low bending as if ne'er to rise again.

*" Bear up the helm a-weather ! "* Rodmond cries.  
 Swift at the word the helm a-weather flies ;  
 She feels its guiding power and veers apace.  
 And now the foresail right athwart they brace :  
 With equal sheets restrained, the bellying sail  
 Spreads a broad coneave to the sweeping gale.

While o'er the foam the ship impetuous flies  
 The helm th' attentive timoneer applies.

As in pursuit along th' aërial way  
With ardent eye the falcon marks his prey,  
Each motion watches of the doubtful chase  
Obliquely wheeling through the fluid space—  
So, governed by the steersman's glowing hands,  
The regent helm her motion still commands.

But now the transient squall to leeward passed,  
Again she rallies to the sullen blast.  
The helm to starboard moves. Each shivering sail  
Is sharply trimmed to clasp th' augmenting gale.  
The mizzen draws. She springs aloof once more  
While the fore staysail balances before.  
The foresail braced obliquely to the wind,  
They near the prow th' extended tack confined.  
Then on the leeward sheet the seamen bend  
And haul the bowline to the bowsprit end.  
To topsails next they haste. The bunt-lines gone,  
Through rattling blocks the clue lines swiftly run.  
Th' extending sheets on either side are manned.  
Abroad they come ! The fluttering sails expand.  
The yards again ascend each comrade mast ;  
The leeches taut, the halyards are made fast ;  
The bowlines hauled and yards to starboard braced ;  
And straggling ropes in pendent order placed.

The mainsail by the squall so lately rent  
In streaming pendants flying is unbent.  
With brails refixed, another soon prepared,  
Ascending, spreads along beneath the yard.  
To each yard-arm the head-rope they extend  
And soon their earings and their robands bend.  
That task performed, they first the braces slack  
Then to the chess-tree drag the unwilling tack.  
And while the lee elue garnet's lowered away  
Taut aft the sheet they tally and belay.

WILLIAM FALCONER.



## CHANTY

THE CHANTY-MAN. Away, haul away, boys, haul  
away together,

SAILORS. *Away, haul away, boys, haul away O !*

THE CHANTY-MAN. Away, haul away, boys, haul  
away together,

SAILORS. *Away, haul away, boys, haul away O !*

THE CHANTY-MAN. Louis was the King of France  
afore the Revolution,

SAILORS. *Away, haul away, boys, haul away O !*

THE CHANTY-MAN. Louis was the King of France  
afore the Revolution,

SAILORS. *Away, haul away, boys, haul away O !*

THE CHANTY-MAN. But Louis got his head cut off  
which spoiled his constitution,

SAILORS. *Away, haul away, boys, haul away O !*

THE CHANTY-MAN. But Louis got his head cut off  
which spoiled his constitution,

SAILORS. *Away, haul away, boys, haul away O !*

TRADITIONAL.

## THE SAILOR'S CONSOLATION

ONE night came on a hurricane.

The sea was mountains rolling,  
When Barney Buntline turned his quid,  
And said to Billy Bowling,

“ A strong nor-wester's blowing, Bill ;

Hark ! don't ye hear it roar now ?

Lord help 'em, how I pities all

Unhappy folks on shore now !

Fool-hardy chaps who live in town,  
What danger they are all in,  
And now are quaking in their beds,  
For fear the roof should fall in.  
Poor creatures, how they envies us,  
And wishes, I've a notion,  
For our good luck, in such a storm,  
To be upon the ocean.

But as for them who're out all day  
On business from their houses,  
And late at night are coming home  
To cheer the babes and spouses ;  
While you and I, Bill, on the deck,  
Are comfortably lying,  
My eyes ! what tiles and chimney-pots  
About their heads are flying !

And very often we have heard  
How men are killed and undone  
By overturns of carriages,  
By thieves and fires in London.  
We know what risks all landsmen run,  
From noblemen to tailors ;  
Then, Bill, let us thank Providence  
That you and I are sailors ! ”

CHARLES DIBDIN

### THE ADMIRAL'S GHOST

I TELL you a tale to-night  
Which a seaman told to me,  
With eyes that gleamed in the lanthorn light  
And a voice as low as the sea.

You could almost hear the stars  
 Twinkling up in the sky,  
 And the old wind woke and moaned in the spars,  
 And the same old waves went by,

Singing the same old song  
 As ages and ages ago,  
 While he froze my blood in that deep-sea night  
 With the things that he seemed to know.

A bare foot pattered on deck ;  
 Ropes creaked ; then—all grew still,  
 And he pointed his finger straight in my face  
 And growled, as a sea-dog will.

“ Do ’ee know who Nelson was ?  
 That pore little shrivelled form  
 With the patch on his eye and the pinned-up sleeve  
 And a soul like a North Sea storm ?

Ask of the Devonshire men !  
 They know, and they’ll tell you true ;  
 He wasn’t the pore little chawed-up chap  
 That Hardy thought he knew.

He wasn’t the man you think !  
 His patch was a dern disguise !  
 For he knew that they’d find him out, d’you see,  
 If they looked him in both his eyes.

He was twice as big as he seemed ;  
 But his clothes were cunningly made.  
 He’d both of his hairy arms all right !  
 The sleeve was a trick of the trade.

You’ve heard of sperrits, no doubt ;  
 Well, there’s more in the matter than that !  
 But he wasn’t the patch and he wasn’t the sleeve,  
 And he wasn’t the laced cocked-hat.

*Nelson was just—a Ghost !*

You may laugh ! But the Devonshire men  
They knew that he'd come when England ealled,  
And they know that he'll come again.

I'll tell you the way it was  
(For none of the landsmen know),  
And to tell it you right, you must go a-starn  
Two hundred years or so.

The waves were lapping and slapping  
The same as they are to-day ;  
And Drake lay dying aboard his ship  
In Nombre Dios Bay.

The scent of the foreign flowers  
Came floating all around ;  
' But I'd give my soul for the smell o' the pitch,'  
Says he, ' in Plymouth Sound.

What shall I do,' he says,  
' When the guns begin to roar,  
An' England wants me, and me not there  
To shatter 'er foes once more ? '

(You've heard what he said, maybe,  
But I'll mark you the p'int's again ;  
For I want you to box your compass right  
And get my story plain.)

' You must take my drum,' he says,  
' To the old sea-wall at home ;  
And if ever you strike that drum,' he says,  
' Why, strike me blind, I'll come !

If England needs me, dead  
Or living, I'll rise that day !  
I'll rise from the darkness under the sea  
Ten thousand mile away.'

That's what he said ; and he died ;  
 An' his pirates, listenin' roun',  
 With their crimson doublets and jewelled swords  
 That flashed as the sun went down,

They sewed him up in his shroud  
 With a round-shot top and toe,  
 To sink him under the salt sharp sea  
 Where all good seamen go.

They lowered him down in the deep,  
 And there in the sunset light  
 They boomed a broadside over his grave,  
 As meanin' to say ' Good-night.'

They sailed away in the dark  
 To the dear little isle they knew ;  
 And they hung his drum by the old sea-wall  
 The same as he told them to.

. . . . .

Two hundred years went by,  
 And the guns began to roar,  
 And England was fighting hard for her life,  
 As ever she fought of yore.

' It's only my dead that count,'  
 She said, as she says to-day ;  
 ' It isn't the ships and it isn't the guns  
 'Ull sweep Trafalgar's Bay.'

D'you guess who Nelson was ?  
 You may laugh, but it's true as true !  
 There was more in that pore little chawed-up chap  
 Than ever his best friend knew.

The foe was creepin' close,  
 In the dark, to our white-cliffed isle ;  
 They were ready to leap at England's throat,  
 When—O, you may smile, you may smile ;

But—ask of the Devonshire men ;  
 For they heard in the dead of night  
 The roll of a drum, and they saw *him* pass  
 On a ship all shining white.

He stretched out his dead cold face  
 And he sailed in the grand old way !  
 The fishes had taken an eye and an arm,  
 But he swept Trafalgar's Bay.

Nelson—was Francis Drake !  
 O, what matters the uniform.  
 Or the patch on your eye or your pinned-up sleeve,  
 If your soul's like a North Sea storm ? ”

ALFRED NOYES.

## TO SEA

To sea, to sea ! The calm is o'er ;  
 The wanton water leaps in sport  
 And rattles down the pebbly shore ;  
 The dolphin wheels, the sea-cows snort,  
 And unseen mermaids' pearly song  
 Comes bubbling up the weeds among.

Fling broad the sail, dip deep the oar :  
 To sea, to sea ! The calm is o'er.

To sea, to sea ! Our white-wing'd bark  
 Shall billowing cleave its wat'ry way,  
 And with its shadow fleet and dark,  
 Break the caved Triton's azure day,  
 Like mountain eagle soaring light  
 O'er antelopes on mountain height.

The anchor heaves, the ship swings free,  
 Our sails are full. To sea, to sea !

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES.

## A PASSER-BY

WHITHER, O splendid ship, thy white sails crowding,  
 Leaning across the bosom of the urgent West,  
 That fearest nor sea rising, nor sky clouding,  
 Whither away, fair rover, and what thy quest?  
 Ah! soon, when Winter has all our vales opprest,  
 When skies are cold and misty, and hail is hurling,  
 Wilt thou glide on the blue Pacific, or rest  
 In a summer haven asleep, thy white sails furling.

I there before thee, in the country that well thou  
 knowest,  
 Already arrived am inhaling the odorous air :  
 I watch thee enter unerringly where thou goest,  
 And anchor queen of the strange shipping there,  
 Thy sails for awnings spread, thy masts bare :  
 Nor is aught from the foaming reef to the snow-  
 eapp'd, grandest  
 Peak, that is over the feathery palms, more fair  
 Than thou, so upright, so stately and still thou  
 standest.

And yet, O splendid ship, unhail'd and nameless,  
 I know not if, aiming a fancy, I rightly divine  
 That thou hast a purpose joyful, a courage blame-  
 less,  
 Thy port assured in a happier land than mine.  
 But for all I have given thee, beauty enough is  
 thine,  
 As thou, aslant with trim tackle and shrouding,  
 From the proud nostril curve of a prow's line  
 In the offing scatterest foam, thy white sails  
 crowding.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

## THE CASTAWAY

OBSCUREST night involved the sky,  
The Atlantic billows roared,  
When such a destined wretch as I,  
Washed headlong from on board,  
Of friends, of hope, of all bereft,  
His floating home for ever left.

No braver chief could Albion boast  
Than he with whom he went,  
Nor ever ship left Albion's coast  
With warmer wishes sent.  
He loved them both, but both in vain  
Nor him beheld nor her again.

Not long beneath the whelming brine,  
Expert to swim, he lay ;  
Nor soon he felt his strength decline,  
Or courage die away ;  
But waged with death a lasting strife,  
Supported by despair of life.

He shouted ; nor his friends had fail'd  
To check the vessel's course.  
But so the furious blast prevail'd,  
That, pitiless perforce,  
They left their outcast mate behind,  
And seudded still before the wind.

Some succour yet they could afford ;  
And such as storms allow,  
The cask, the coop, the floated cord,  
Delay'd not to bestow.  
But he (they knew) nor ship nor shore,  
Whate'er they gave, should visit more.



Nor, cruel as it seem'd, could he  
Their haste himself condemn,  
Aware that flight, in such a sea,  
Alone could rescue them ;  
Yet bitter felt it still to die  
Deserted, and his friends so nigh.

He long survives, who lives an hour  
In ocean, self-upheld ;  
And so long he, with unspent power,  
His destiny repell'd ;  
And ever, as the minutes flew,  
Entreated help, or cried " Adieu ! "

At length, his transient respite past,  
His comrades, who before  
Had heard his voice in every blast,  
Could catch the sound no more ;  
For then, by toil subdued, he drank  
The stifling waves, and then he sank.

No poet wept him ; but the page  
Of narrative sincere,  
That tells his name, his worth, his age  
Is wet with Anson's tear.<sup>1</sup>  
And tears by bards or heroes shed  
Alike immortalize the dead.

I therefore purpose not, or dream,  
Descanting on his fate,  
To give the melancholy theme  
A more enduring date ;  
But misery still delights to trace  
Its semblance in another's ease.

No voice divine the storm allay'd,  
No light propitious shone,

<sup>1</sup> *A Voyage Round the World*, Bk. 1. Chap. viii.

When, snatched from all effectual aid,  
We perish'd each alone ;  
But I beneath a rougher sea,  
And 'whelmed in deeper gulfs than he.

WILLIAM COWPER.

### DOWN INTO THE DEEP

LORD, Lord ! methought what pain it was to  
drown !  
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears !  
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes !  
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wracks ;  
A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon ;  
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,  
Inestimable stones, unvalu'd jewels  
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea.  
Some lay in dead men's skulls ; and in those holes  
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,  
As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems  
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,  
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

### THE WORLD BELOW THE BRINE

FORESTS at the bottom of the sea, the branches  
and leaves,  
Sea-lettuce, vast lichens, strange flowers and seeds,  
the thick tangles, openings, and pink turf,  
Different colours, pale grey and green, purple,  
white and gold, the play of light through the  
water,

Dumb swimmers there among the rocks, coral,  
gluten, grass, rushes, and the aliment of the  
swimmers,

Sluggish existences grazing there suspended or  
slowly crawling close to the bottom,

The sperm-whale at the surface blowing air and  
spray, or disporting with his flukes,

The leaden-eyed shark, the walrus, the turtle, the  
hairy sea-leopard, and the sting-ray,

Passions there, wars, pursuits, tribes, sight in those  
ocean-depths, breathing that thick-breathing  
air, as so many do,

The change thence to the sight here, and to the  
subtle air breathed by beings like us who walk  
this sphere,

The change onward from ours to that of beings who  
walk other spheres.

WALT WHITMAN.



## REALM 10

# BURLESQUE AND PARODY

### BURLESQUE

	PAGE
1. <i>An Elegy without tears</i> . . . . .	252
2. <i>A tilt at the sickly sentimental Ballad</i> . . . . .	253
3. <i>Imitations without flattery—</i>	
(a) <i>Of an Irish Song</i> . . . . .	254
(b) <i>Of a Scotch Song</i> . . . . .	255
4. <i>In mockery of pedants who prefer the Latin word</i> . . . . .	256
5. <i>A travesty of an Ode</i> . . . . .	256

### PARODY

1. <i>Of Southey's Widow</i> . . . . .	260
(ridiculing its metre)	
2. <i>Of Southey's Old Man's Consolation</i> . . . . .	263
(deriding its markishness)	
3. <i>Of Kingsley's Ode to the North-East Wind</i> . . . . .	264
(twitting its author's mood)	
4. <i>Of Longfellow's Hiawatha</i> . . . . .	266
(mimicking its mannerism)	

## ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG

Good people all, of every sort,  
Give ear unto my song ;  
And if you find it wondrous short,  
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,  
Of whom the world might say,  
That still a godly race he ran—  
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,  
To comfort friends and foes ;  
The naked every day he clad,  
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,  
As many dogs there be,  
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,  
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends ;  
But when a pique began,  
The dog, to gain his private ends,  
Went mad and bit the man.

Around from all the neighbouring streets  
The wondering neighbours ran,  
And swore the dog had lost his wits,  
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seem'd both sore and sad  
To every Christian eye ;  
And while they swore the dog was mad,  
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light  
That show'd the rogues they lied.  
The man recover'd of the bite :  
The dog it was that died !

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

### THE CONFESSION

THERE's somewhat on my breast, father ;  
There's somewhat on my breast !  
The livelong day I sigh, father,  
And at night I cannot rest.  
I cannot take my rest, father,  
Though I would fain do so ;  
A weary weight oppresseth me—  
This weary weight of woe !

'Tis not the lack of gold, father,  
Nor want of worldly gear.  
My lands are broad and fair to see ;  
My friends are kind and dear.  
My kin are leal and true, father ;  
They mourn to see my grief—  
But, oh ! 'tis not a kinsman's hand  
Can give my heart relief !

'Tis not that Janet's false, father,  
'Tis not that she's unkind ;  
Though busy flatterers swarm around  
I know her constant mind.

'Tis not *her* coldness, father,  
 That chills my labouring breast.  
 It's that confounded cucumber  
 I've ate and can't digest.

“THOMAS INGOLDSBY.”

### LARRY O'TOOLE

YOU'VE all heard of Larry O'Toole,  
 Of the beautiful town of Drungoole ;  
 He had but one eye,  
 To ogle ye by——  
 Oh, murther, but that was a jew'l !  
 A fool  
 He made of the girls, dis O'Toole.

'Twas he was the boy didn't fail,  
 That tuck down pataties and mail ;  
 He never would shrink  
 From any sthrong dthrink,  
 Was it whisky or Drogheda ale ;  
 I'm bail  
 This Larry would swallow a pail.

Oh, many a night at the bowl ;  
 With Larry I've sot cheek by jowl ;  
 He's gone to his rest,  
 Where there's dthrink of the best,  
 And so let us give his old sowl  
 A howl  
 For 'twas he made the noggin to rowl.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.



*After BURNS*

THE queys are mooping' i' the mirk,  
 An' gin ye thole ahin' the kirk,  
 I'll gar ye tocher hame fra' work,  
     Sae straught an' primsie ;  
 In vain the lavrock leaves the snaw,  
 The sonsie cowslips blithely blaw,  
 The elbucks wheep adoon the shaw,  
     Or warl a whimsy.

The cootie muircocks crouselly craw,  
 The maukins tak' their fud fu' braw,  
 I gie their wames a random paw,  
     For a' they're skilpy ;  
 For wha' sae glaikit, gleg an' din,  
 To but the ben, or loup the linn,  
 Or scraw aboon the tirlin'-pin  
     Sae frae an' gilpie ?

CHORUS. *Och, snood the sporran roun' ma lap*  
*The cairngorm clap in ilka cap,*  
*Och, hand me o'er*  
*Ma long claymore,*  
*Twa bannocks an' a bap,*  
*Wha hoo !*  
*Twa bannocks an' a bap !*

HARRY GRAHAM.

ÆSTIVATION<sup>1</sup>

*An Unpublished Poem, by my Late Latin Tutor*

IN candent ire the solar splendour flames ;  
The foles, langueseent, pend from arid rames ;  
His humid front the cive, anhelng, wipes  
And dreams of errng on ventiferous ripes.

How dulcee to vive occult to mortal eyes,  
Dorm on the herb with none to supervise,  
Carp the suave berries from the crescent vine,  
And bibe the flow from longi-caudate kine.

To me, alas ! no verdurous visions come,  
Save yon exiguous pool's conferva-seum.  
No concave vast repeats the tender hue  
That laves my milk-jug with eelestial blue.

Me wretched ! Let me curr to quercine shades !  
Effund your albid hausts, lactiferous maids !  
O, might I vole to some unbrageous clump—  
Depart—be off—exceede—evade—crump !

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

A PARENTAL ODE TO MY SON, AGED  
THREE YEARS AND FIVE MONTHS

THOU happy, happy elf !  
(But stop—first let me kiss away that tear)—  
Thou tiny image of myself !  
(My love, he's poking peas into his ear !)

<sup>1</sup> Antonym of Hibernation.—*Learned Author's Note.* °

Thou merry laughing sprite !  
With spirits feather light,  
Untouched by sorrow, and unsoiled by sin—  
(Good heavens ! the child is swallowing a pin !)

Thou little tricksy Puck !  
With antic toys so funnily bestuck,  
Light as the singing bird that wings the air—  
(The door ! the door ! he'll tumble down the stair !)  
Thou darling of thy sire !  
(Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore afire !)  
Thou imp of mirth and joy !  
In Love's dear chain so strong and bright a link,  
Thou idol of thy parents—(Drat the boy !  
There goes my ink !)

Thou cherub—but of earth ;  
Fit playfellow for Fays by moonlight pale  
In harmless sport and mirth—  
(That dog will bite him if he pulls its tail !)  
Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey  
From every blossom in the world that blows,  
Singing in youth's Elysium ever sunny—  
(Another tumble !—that's his precious nose !)  
Thy father's pride and hope !  
(He'll break the mirror with that skipping-rope !)  
With pure heart newly stamped from nature's mint—  
(Where did he learn that squint ?)

Thou young domestic dove !  
(He'll have that jug off with another shove !)  
Dear nursing of the hymeneal nest !  
(Are those torn clothes his best ?)  
Little epitome of man !  
(He'll climb upon the table, that's his plan !)  
Touched with the beauteous tints of dawning life—  
(He's got a knife !)

Thou enviable being !  
 No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,  
     Play on, play on,  
     My elfin John !  
 Toss the light ball—bestride the stick—  
 (I knew so many cakes would make him sick !)  
 With fancies buoyant as the thistle-down  
 Prompting the face grotesque, and antic brisk,  
     With many a lamb-like frisk  
 (He's got the scissors snipping at your gown !)

Thou pretty opening rose !  
 (Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose !)  
 Balmy, and breathing music like the south,  
 (He really brings my heart into my mouth !)  
 Fresh as the morn, and brilliant as its star—  
 (I wish that window had an iron bar !)  
 Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove—  
 (I tell you what, my love,  
 I cannot write, unless he's sent above !)

THOMAS HOOD.

## THE WIDOW <sup>1</sup>

(*Sapphics*)

COLD was the night wind, drifting fast the snow fell,  
 Wide were the downs and shelterless and naked,  
 When a poor Wanderer struggled on her journey—  
     Weary and way-sore.

Drear were the downs ; more dreary her reflections.  
 Cold was the night-wind ; colder was her bosom.  
 She had no home. The world was all before her.  
     She had no shelter.

<sup>1</sup> Here and at page 262 Southey's poems are quoted in full so that the parodies which follow may be compared with the originals.

Fast o'er the heath a chariot rattled by her.  
"Pity me!" feebly cried the lonely Wanderer;  
"Pity me, strangers! lest with cold and hunger  
Here I should perish.

Once I had friends,—though now by all forsaken!  
Once I had parents,—they are now in Heaven!  
I had a home once—I had once a husband—  
Pity me, strangers!

I had a home once—I had once a husband—  
I am a widow, poor and broken-hearted!"  
Loud blew the wind. Unheard was her complaining.  
On drove the chariot.

Then on the snow she laid her down to rest her;  
She heard a horseman, "Pity me!" she groaned out.  
Loud was the wind. Unheard was her complaining.  
On went the horseman.

Worn out with anguish, toil and cold and hunger,  
Down sunk the Wanderer. Sleep had seized her senses.  
There did the traveller find her in the morning—  
God had released her.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

## THE KNIFE-GRINDER

*(Sapphics)**Friend of Humanity*

“ Needy Knife-grinder ! whither are you going ?  
Rough is the road—your wheel is out of order—  
Bleak blows the blast ; your hat has got a hole in’t,  
So have your breeches !

Weary Knife-grinder ! little think the proud ones,  
Who in their coaches roll along the turnpike-  
Road, what hard work ’tis crying all day, ‘ Knives and  
Scissors to grind O ! ’

Tell me, Knife-grinder, how you came to grind  
knives ?

Did some rich man tyrannically use you ?  
Was it the squire ? or parson of the parish ?  
Or the attorney ?

Was it the squire, for killing of his game ? or  
Covetous parson, for his tithes distraining ?  
Or roguish lawyer, made you lose your little  
All in a law-suit ?

(Have you not read the *Rights of Man* by Tom  
Paine ?)

Drops of compassion tremble on my eyelids,  
Ready to fall, as soon as you have told your  
Pitiful story.”

*Knife-grinder*

“Story ! God bless you ! I have none to tell, sir,  
Only last night, a-drinking at *The Chequers*,  
This poor old hat and breeches, as you see, were  
Torn in a scuffle.

Constables came up for to take me into  
Custody ; *they* took me before the justice ;  
Justice Oldmixon put me in the parish-  
Stocks for a vagrant.

I should be glad to drink your Honour’s health in  
A pot of beer, if you will give me sixpence ;  
But for my part, I never love to meddle  
With politics, sir.”

*Friend of Humanity*

“I give thee sixpence ! I will see thee damn’d  
first—  
Wretch ! whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to  
vengeance—  
Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded,  
Spiritless outcast ! ”

[*Kicks the Knife-grinder, overturns his wheel, and  
exit in a transport of Republican enthusiasm  
and universal philanthropy.*]

GEORGE CANNING.

## THE OLD MAN'S CONSOLATION

"You are old, Father William," the young man  
cried ;

"The few locks that are left you are grey ;  
You are hale, Father William, a hearty old man,  
Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"In the days of my youth," Father William replied,

"I remember'd that youth would fly fast,  
And abused not my health and my vigour at first,  
That I never might need them at last."

"You are old, Father William," the young man  
cried,

"And pleasures with youth pass away,  
And yet you lament not the days that are gone,  
Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"In the days of my youth," Father William replied,

"I remember'd that youth could not last ;  
I thought of the future, whatever I did,  
That I never might grieve for the past."

"You are old, Father William," the young man  
cried,

"And life must be hastening away ;  
You are cheerful, and love to converse upon death !  
Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"I am cheerful, young man," Father William  
replied ;

"Let the cause thy attention engage !  
In the days of my youth I remember'd my God !  
And He hath not forgotten my age."

ROBERT SOUTHEY.



## FATHER WILLIAM

“ You are old, Father William,” the young man  
said,

“ And your hair has become very white ;  
And yet you incessantly stand on your head—  
Do you think, at your age, it is right ? ”

“ In my youth,” Father William replied to his son,  
“ I feared it might injure the brain ;  
But now that I’m perfectly sure I have none,  
Why, I do it again and again.”

“ You are old,” said the youth, “ as I mentioned  
before,  
And have grown most uncommonly fat ;  
Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door—  
Pray what is the reason of that ? ”

“ In my youth,” said the sage, as he shook his  
grey locks,  
“ I kept all my limbs very supple  
By the use of this ointment—one shilling the box—  
Allow me to sell you a couple ? ”

“ You are old,” said the youth, “ and your jaws  
are too weak  
For anything tougher than suet ;  
Yet you finished the goose with the bones and the  
beak—  
Pray, how did you manage to do it ? ”

“ In my youth,” said his father, “ I took to the law,  
And argued each case with my wife ;  
And the muscular strength, which it gave to my  
jaw,  
Has lasted the rest of my life.”

“ You are old,” said the youth, “ one would hardly  
 suppose  
 That your eye was as steady as ever ;  
 Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your nose—  
 What made you so awfully clever ? ”

“ I have answered three questions, and that is  
 enough,”  
 Said his father ; “ don’t give yourself airs !  
 Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff ?  
 Be off, or I’ll kick you down stairs ! ”  
 “ LEWIS CARROLL.”

## ANOTHER ODE TO THE NORTH-EAST WIND

[*Cp. p. 120.*]

HANG thee, vile North-easter !  
 Other things may be  
 Very bad to bear with ;  
 Nothing equals thee—  
 Grim and grey North-easter,  
 From each Essex-bog  
 From the Plaistow marshes  
 Rolling London fog !  
 “ Tired we are of summer ”  
 Kingsley may declare ;  
 I give the assertion  
 Contradiction bare.  
 I, in bed, this morning  
 Felt thee, as I lay ;  
 “ There’s a vile North-easter  
 Out of doors to-day ! ”  
 Set the dust clouds blowing  
 Till each face, they strike,

With the blacks is growing  
Chimney-sweeper like !  
Fill our rooms with smoke gusts  
From the chimney-pipe !  
Fill our eyes with water,  
That defies the wipe !  
Through the draughty passage,  
Whistle loud and high,  
Making doors and windows  
Rattle, flap, and fly !  
Mark that vile North-easter  
Roaring up the vent,  
Nipping soul and body,  
Breeding discontent !  
Squall, my noisy children ;  
Smoke, my parlour grate ;  
Scold, my shrewish partner ;  
I accept my fate.  
All is quite in tune with  
This North-eastern Blast ;  
Who can look for comfort  
Till this wind be past ?  
If all goes contrary,  
Who can feel surprise,  
With this rude North-easter  
In his teeth and eyes ?  
It blows much too often,  
Nine days out of ten—  
Yet we boast our climate  
Like true English men !  
In their soft South-easters  
Could I bask at ease—  
I'd let France and Naples  
Bully as they please ;  
But while this North-easter  
In one's teeth is hurled,  
Liberty seems worth just  
Nothing in the world.

Come, as came our fathers  
Heralded by thee,  
Blasting, blighting, burning,  
Out of Normandy.  
Come and flay and skin us  
And dry up our blood—  
All to have a Kingsley  
Swear it does him good.

ANONYMOUS.

### HIAWATHA'S PHOTOGRAPHING

[*Cp. p. 53.*]

FROM his shoulder Hiawatha  
Took the camera of rosewood,  
Made of sliding, folding rosewood ;  
Neatly put it all together.  
In its case it lay compactly  
Folded into nearly nothing ;  
But he opened out the hinges,  
Pushed and pulled the joints and hinges,  
Till it looked all squares and oblongs,  
Like a complicated figure  
In the second book of Euclid.

This he perched upon a tripod,  
And the family in order  
Sat before him for their pictures—  
Mystic, awful was the process.

First a piece of glass he coated  
With Collodion, and plunged it  
In a bath of Lunar Caustic  
Carefully dissolved in water ;  
There he left it certain minutes.

Secondly, my Hiawatha  
Made with cunning hand a mixture

Of the acid Pyro-gallic,  
And of Glacial Acetic,  
And of Alcohol and water :  
This developed all the picture.

Finally he fixed each picture  
With a saturate solution  
Of a certain salt of Soda—  
Chemists call it Hyposulphite.  
[Very difficult the name is  
For a metre like the present,  
But periphrasis has done it.]

All the family in order  
Sat before him for their pictures.  
Each in turn, as he was taken,  
Volunteered his own suggestions,  
His invaluable suggestions.

First the Governor, the Father :  
He suggested velvet curtains  
Looped about a massy pillar,  
And the corner of a table,  
Of a rosewood dining-table.  
He would hold a scroll of something,  
Hold it firmly in his left hand ;  
He would keep his right hand buried  
(Like Napoleon) in his waistcoat ;  
He would contemplate the distance  
With a look of pensive meaning,  
As of ducks that die in tempests.

Grand, heroic was the notion :  
Yet the picture failed entirely :  
Failed because he moved a little,  
Moved because he couldn't help it.

Next his better half took courage ;  
*She* would have her picture taken.  
She came dressed beyond description,  
Dressed in jewels and in satin  
Far too gorgeous for an empress.  
Gracefully she sat down sideways,

With a simper scarcely human,  
Holding in her hand a nosegay  
Rather larger than a cabbage.  
All the while that she was taking,  
Still the lady chattered, chattered,  
Like a monkey in the forest.  
“Am I sitting still?” she asked him.  
“Is my face enough in profile?”  
“Shall I hold the nosegay higher?”  
“Will it come into the picture?”  
And the picture failed completely.

Next the Son, the stunning Cantab.  
He suggested curves of beauty,  
Curves pervading all his figure,  
Which the eye might follow onward,  
Till they centred in the breast-pin,  
Centred in the golden breast-pin.  
He had learnt it all from Ruskin  
[Author of *The Stones of Venice*,  
*Seven Lamps of Architecture*,  
*Modern Painters*, and some others];  
And perhaps he had not fully  
Understood his author's meaning;  
But, whatever was the reason,  
All was fruitless, as the picture  
Ended in an utter failure.

Next to him the eldest daughter.  
She suggested very little;  
Only asked if he would take her  
With her look of “passive beauty.”

Her idea of passive beauty  
Was a squinting of the left eye,  
Was a drooping of the right eye,  
Was a smile that went up sideways  
To the corner of the nostrils.

Hiawatha, when she asked him,  
Took no notice of the question,  
Look'd as if he hadn't heard it;

But when pointedly appealed to,  
Smiled in his peculiar manner,  
Coughed and said it "didn't matter,"  
Bit his lip and changed the subject.

Nor in this was he mistaken,  
As the picture failed completely.

So in turn the other sisters.

Last the youngest son was taken :  
Very rough and thick his hair was,  
Very round and red his face was,  
Very dusty was his jacket,  
Very fidgety his manner.  
And his overbearing sisters  
Called him names he disapproved of ;  
Called him Johnny, "Daddy's Darling,"  
Called him Jacky, "Scrubby Schoolboy."  
And so awful was the picture—  
In comparison the others  
Might be thought to have succeeded,  
To have partially succeeded.

Finally my Hiawatha  
Tumbled all the tribe together,  
["Grouped" is not the right expression.]  
And, as happy chance would have it,  
Did at last obtain a picture  
Where the faces all succeeded :  
Each came out a perfect likeness.

Then they joined and all abused it,  
Unrestrainedly abused it,  
As "the worst and ugliest picture  
They could possibly have dreamed of.  
Giving one such strange expressions !  
Sulkiness, conceit, and meanness !  
Really any one would take us  
[Any one that did not know us]  
For the most unpleasant people !"  
Hiawatha seemed to think so,  
[Seemed to think it not unlikely.]

All together rang their voices,  
Angry, loud, discordant voices,  
As of dogs that howl in concert,  
As of cats that wail in chorus.

But my Hiawatha's patience,  
His politeness and his patience,  
Unaccountably had vanished—  
And he left that happy party.  
Neither did he leave them slowly  
With that calm deliberation,  
That intense deliberation  
Which photographers aspire to.  
But he left them in a hurry,  
Left them in a mighty hurry,  
Vowing that he would not stand it.  
Hurriedly he packed his boxes,  
Hurriedly the porter trundled  
On a barrow all his boxes ;  
Hurriedly he took his ticket,  
Hurriedly the train received him :  
Thus departed Hiawatha.

“ LEWIS CARROLL.”



## REALM 11

### HUMOUR

	PAGE
1. <i>On a favourite cat drowned in a tub of goldfishes</i>	272
2. <i>The diverting history of John Gilpin</i> . . .	273
3. <i>The Magnet and the Churn</i> . . . . .	281
4. <i>Faithless Sally Brown</i> . . . . .	282
5. <i>The Jackdaw of Rheims</i> . . . . .	285
6. <i>The Modern Major-General</i> [1879] . . .	290
7. <i>The Walrus and the Carpenter</i> . . . .	292
8. <i>Little Billee</i> . . . . .	295
9. <i>The Owl Critic</i> . . . . .	297
10. <i>The Quaker's Meeting</i> . . . . .	299
11. <i>Plain Language from Truthful James</i> . .	303
12. <i>Mulga Bill's Bicycle</i> . . . . .	305
13. <i>A Nightmare</i> . . . . .	307

ON A FAVOURITE CAT DROWNED IN A  
TUB OF GOLDFISHES

'Twas on a lofty vase's side  
Where China's gayest art had dyed  
The azure flowers that blow—  
Demurest of the Tabby kind  
The pensive Selima, reclined,  
Gazed on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declared !  
The fair round face, the snowy beard,  
The velvet of her paws,  
Her coat that with the tortoise vies,  
Her ears of jet and emerald eyes  
She saw—and purr'd applause.

Still had she gazed, but 'midst the tide  
Two angel forms were seen to glide,  
The Genii of the stream.  
Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue  
Through richest purple to the view  
Betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapless Nymph with wonder saw.  
A whisker first, and then a claw  
With many an ardent wish  
She stretch'd, in vain, to reach the prize—  
What female heart can gold despise ?  
What cat's averse to fish ?

Presumptuous maid ! with looks intent  
Again she stretch'd, again she bent,  
Nor knew the gulf between.  
Malignant fate sat by and smiled—  
The slippery verge her feet beguiled ;  
She tumbled headlong in !

Eight times emerging from the flood  
She mew'd to every watery god  
Some speedy aid to send.  
No Dolphin came. No Nereid stirr'd.  
Nor cruel Tom nor Susan heard—  
A favourite has no friend !

From hence, ye Beauties ! undeceived  
Know one false step is ne'er retrieved,  
And be with caution bold !  
Not all that tempts your wandering eyes  
And heedless hearts, is lawful prize,  
Nor all that glisters, gold !

THOMAS GRAY.

## THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen  
Of credit and renown ;  
A train-band captain eke was he  
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,  
" Though wedded we have been  
These twice ten tedious years, yet we  
No holiday have seen.

To-morrow is our wedding-day,  
And we will then repair  
Unto *The Bell* at Edmonton  
All in a chaise and pair.

My sister, and my sister's child,  
Myself and children three,  
Will fill the chaise ; so you must ride  
On horseback after we."

He soon replied, " I do admire  
Of womankind but one,  
And you are she, my dearest dear ;  
Therefore, it shall be done.

I am a linen-draper bold,  
As all the world doth know,  
And my good friend the calender  
Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, " That's well said ;  
And for that wine is dear,  
We will be furnished with our own,  
Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife ;  
O'erjoyed was he to find  
That, though on pleasure she was bent,  
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came. The chaise was brought,  
But yet was not allowed  
To drive up to the door, lest all  
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,  
Where they did all get in ;  
Six precious souls, and all agog  
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip. Round went the wheels.  
Were never folk so glad.  
The stones did rattle underneath  
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side  
Seized fast the flowing mane,  
And up he got, in haste to ride,  
But soon came down again ;

For saddle-tree scarce reached had he,  
His journey to begin,  
When, turning round his head, he saw  
Three customers come in.

So down he came ; for loss of time,  
Although it grieved him sore,  
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,  
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers  
Were suited to their mind,  
When Betty screaming came down stairs :  
" The wine is left behind ! "

" Good lack ! " quoth he—" yet bring it me,  
My leathern belt likewise,  
In which I bear my trusty sword  
When I do exercise."

Now Mrs. Gilpin—careful soul !—  
Had two stone-bottles found,  
To hold the liquor that she loved,  
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,  
Through which the belt he drew,  
And hung a bottle on each side,  
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be  
Equipped from top to toe,  
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,  
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again  
Upon his nimble steed,  
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones  
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smother road  
Beneath his well-shod feet,  
The snorting beast began to trot,  
Which galled him in his seat.

So, "Fair and softly," John he cried,  
But John he cried in vain.  
That trot became a gallop soon  
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must  
Who cannot sit upright,  
He grasped the mane with both his hands,  
And eke with all his might.

His horse, which never in that sort  
Had handled been before,  
What thing upon his back had got  
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought.  
Away went hat and wig.  
He little dreamt when he set out  
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow. The cloak did fly  
Like streamer long and gay,  
Till, loop and button failing both,  
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern  
The bottles he had slung;  
A bottle swinging at each side,  
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark. The children screamed.  
Up flew the windows all.  
And every soul cried out, "Well done!"  
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?  
His fame soon spread around;  
"He carries weight! He rides a race  
'Tis for a thousand pound!"

And still, as fast as he drew near,  
'Twas wonderful to view  
How in a trice the turnpike-men  
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down  
His reeking head full low,  
The bottles twain behind his back  
Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,  
Most piteous to be seen,  
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke  
As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,  
With leathern girdle braced;  
For all might see the bottle necks  
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington  
These gambols did he play,  
Until he came unto the Wash  
Of Edmonton so gay;

And there he threw the wash about  
On both sides of the way,  
Just like unto a trundling mop,  
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife  
From the balcôny spied  
Her tender husband, wondering much  
To see how he did ride.

“ Stop, stop, John Gilpin !—Here’s the house ”—  
They all aloud did cry ;  
“ The dinner waits, and we are tired ! ”  
Said Gilpin, “ So am I ! ”

But yet his horse was not a whit  
Inclined to tarry there ;  
For why ? his owner had a house  
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,  
Shot by an archer strong ;  
So did he fly—which brings me to  
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin out of breath,  
And sore against his will,  
Till at his friend the calender’s  
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see  
His neighbour in such trim,  
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,  
And thus accosted him,

“ What news ? what news ? your tidings tell—  
Tell me you must and shall—  
Say why bareheaded you are come,  
Or why you come at all ? ”



Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,  
And loved a timely joke ;  
And thus unto the calender  
In merry guise he spoke,

“ I came because your horse would come ;  
And, if I well forebode,  
My hat and wig will soon be here—  
They are upon the road.”

The calender, right glad to find  
His friend in merry pin,  
Returned him not a single word,  
But to the house went in ;

Whence straight he came with hat and wig ;  
A wig that flowed behind,  
A hat not much the worse for wear,  
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn  
Thus showed his ready wit,  
“ My head is twice as big as yours.  
They therefore needs must fit.

But let me scrape the dirt away  
That hangs upon your face.  
And stop and eat, for well you may  
Be in a hungry case.”

Said John, “ It is my wedding-day,  
And all the world would stare  
If wife should dine at Edmonton,  
And I should dine at Ware.”

So turning to his horse, he said,  
“ I am in haste to dine.  
’Twas for your pleasure you came here,  
You shall go back for mine.”

Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast !  
For which he paid full dear ;  
For, while he spake, a braying ass  
Did sing most loud and clear ;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he  
Had heard a lion roar,  
And galloped off with all his might,  
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away  
Went Gilpin's hat and wig.  
He lost them sooner than at first  
For why ?—they were too big.

Now Mrs. Gilpin, when she saw  
Her husband posting down  
Into the country far away,  
She pulled out half-a-crown ;

And thus unto the youth she said  
That drove them to *The Bell*,  
“ This shall be yours when you bring back  
My husband safe and well.”

The youth did ride, and soon did meet  
John coming back amain ;  
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,  
By catching at his rein ;

But not performing what he meant  
And gladly would have done,  
The frightened steed he frightened more,  
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away  
Went post-boy at his heels,  
The post-boy's horse right glad to miss  
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road  
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,  
With post-boy scampering in the rear,  
They raised the hue and cry,

“ Stop thief ! Stop thief !—A highwayman ! ”  
Not one of them was mute.  
And all and each that passed that way  
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again  
Flew open in short space ;  
The tollmen thinking as before  
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,  
For he got first to town ;  
Nor stopped till where he had got up  
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, “ Long live the King !  
And Gilpin, long live he ! ”  
And when he next doth ride abroad,  
May I be there to see !

WILLIAM COWPER.

## THE MAGNET AND THE CHURN

A MAGNET hung in a hardware shop,  
And all around was a loving crop  
Of scissors and needles, nails and knives,  
Offering love for all their lives ;  
But for iron the Magnet felt no whim,  
Though he charmed iron it charmed not him,  
From needles and nails and knives he'd turn,  
For he'd set his love on a Silver Churn

His most aesthetic,  
 Very magnetic  
 Fancy took this turn—  
 “ If I can wheedle  
 A knife or a needle,  
 Why not a Silver Churn ? ”

And Iron and Steel expressed surprise,  
 The needles opened their well-drilled eyes,  
 The pen-knives felt “ shut up ” no doubt,  
 The scissors declared themselves “ cut out,”  
 The kettles they boiled with rage, ’tis said,  
 While every nail went off its head,  
 And hither and thither began to roam,  
 Till a hammer came up—and drove it home,  
     While this magnetic  
     Peripatetic  
 Lover he lived to learn,  
     By no endeavour,  
     Can Magnet ever  
 Attract a Silver Churn.

SIR WILLIAM GILBERT.

## FAITHLESS SALLY BROWN

### AN OLD BALLAD

YOUNG Ben he was a nice young man,  
 A carpenter by trade ;  
 And he fell in love with Sally Brown,  
 That was a lady’s maid.

But as they fetched a walk one day,  
 They met a press-gang crew  
 And Sally she did faint away,  
 While Ben he was brought to.

The boatswain swore with wicked words  
Enough to shock a saint,  
That though she did seem in a fit,  
'Twas nothing but a feint.

"Come, girl," said he, "hold up your head !  
He'll be as good as me ;  
For when your swain is in our boat,  
A boatswain he will be."

So when they'd made their game of her  
And taken off her elf,  
She roused, and found she only was  
A-coming to herself.

"And is he gone, and is he gone ?"  
She cried, and wept outright ;  
"Then I will to the water-side,  
And see him out of sight."

A waterman came up to her—  
"Now, young woman," said he,  
"If you weep on so, you will make  
Eye-water in the sea."

"Alas ! they've taken my beau Ben,  
To sail with old Benbow " ;  
And her woe began to run afresh,  
As if she'd said "Gee woe !"

Says he, "They've only taken him  
To the Tender-ship, you see."  
"The Tender-ship," cried Sally Brown,  
"What a hard-ship that must be !"

Oh ! would I were a mermaid now,  
For then I'd follow him—  
But oh ! I'm not a fish-woman,  
And so I cannot swim.

Alas ! I was not born beneath  
The Virgin and the Scales,  
So I must curse my cruel stars  
And walk about in Wales."

Now Ben had sailed to many a place  
That's underneath the world ;  
But in two years the ship came home  
And all her sails were furled.

But when he called on Sally Brown  
To see how she got on,  
He found she'd got another Ben,  
Whose Christian name was John.

" O Sally Brown, O Sally Brown,  
How could you serve me so ?  
I've met with many a breeze before,  
But never such a blow ! "

Then reading on his 'bacco box,  
He heaved a bitter sigh,  
And then began to eye his pipe,  
And then to pipe his eye.

And then he tried to sing, " All's Well "  
But could not, though he tried.  
His head was turned, and so he chewed  
His pigtail till he died.

His death, which happened in his berth,  
At forty odd befell.  
They went and told the sexton, and  
The sexton tolled the bell.

THOMAS HOOD.

## THE JACKDAW OF RHEIMS

THE Jackdaw sat on the Cardinal's chair !  
Bishop and abbot and prior were there ;  
    Many a monk and many a friar,  
    Many a knight and many a squire,  
With a great many more of lesser degree,—  
In sooth a goodly company ;  
And they served the Lord Primate on bended  
    knee.

    Never I ween,  
    Was a prouder seen,  
Read of in books, or dreamt of in dreams,  
Than the Cardinal Lord Archbishop of Rheims !

    In and out  
    Through the motley rout,  
That little Jackdaw kept hopping about ;  
    Here and there  
    Like a dog in a fair,  
    Over comfits and cakes,  
    And dishes and plates,  
Cowl and cope, and rochet and pall,  
Mitre and crosier ! he hopp'd upon all !  
    With saucy air,  
    He perch'd on the chair  
Where, in state, the great Lord Cardinal sat  
In the great Lord Cardinal's great red hat.  
    And he peer'd in the face  
    Of his Lordship's Grace  
With a satisfied look, as if he would say,  
“ We two are the greatest folks here to-day ! ”  
    And the priests, with awe,  
    As such freaks they saw,  
Said, “ The Devil must be in that little Jackdaw ! ”

The feast was over. The board was clear'd.  
The flawns and the custards had all disappear'd.  
And six little Singing-boys,—dear little souls!  
In nice clean faces, and nice white stoles,

Came, in order due,

Two by two,

Marching that grand refectory through !

A nice little boy held a golden ewer,  
Emboss'd and fill'd with water, as pure  
As any that flows between Rheims and Namur,  
Which a nice little boy stood ready to catch  
In a fine golden hand-basin made to match.  
Two nice little boys, rather more grown,  
Carried lavender-water, and eau de Cologne ;  
And a nice little boy had a nice cake of soap,  
Worthy of washing the hands of the Pope.

One little boy more

A napkin bore

Of the best white diaper, fringed with pink,  
And a Cardinal's Hat mark'd in permanent ink.

The great Lord Cardinal turns at the sight  
Of these nice little boys dress'd all in white.

From his finger he draws

His costly turquoise ;

And, not thinking at all about little Jackdaws,  
Deposits it straight

By the side of his plate,

While the nice little boys on his Eminence wait ;  
Till, when nobody's dreaming of any such thing,  
That little Jackdaw hops off with the ring !

There's a cry and a shout,

And a deuce of a rout,

And nobody seems to know what they're about,  
But the Monks have their pockets all turn'd inside  
out.



The Friars are kneeling,  
And hunting, and feeling  
The carpet, the floor, and the walls, and the ceiling.  
The Cardinal drew  
Off each plum-colour'd shoe,  
And left his red stockings exposed to the view ;  
He peeps, and he feels  
In the toes and the heels.  
They turn up the dishes. They turn up the plates.  
They take up the poker and poke out the grates.  
They turn up the rugs.  
They examine the mugs.  
But, no !—no such thing ;—  
They can't find THE RING !  
And the Abbot declared that, “ when nobody  
twigg'd it,  
Some rascal or other had popp'd in, and prigg'd it ! ”

The Cardinal rose with a dignified look.  
He call'd for his candle, his bell, and his book !  
In holy anger and pious grief  
He solemnly cursed that rascally thief !  
He cursed him at board, he cursed him in bed,  
From the sole of his foot to the crown of his head ;  
He cursed him in sleeping, that every night  
He should dream of the devil, and wake in a  
fright ;  
He cursed him in eating, he cursed him in  
drinking,  
He cursed him in coughing, in sneezing, in  
winking ;  
He cursed him in sitting, in standing, in lying ;  
He cursed him in walking, in riding, in flying,  
He cursed him in living, he cursed him in dying !—  
Never was heard such a terrible curse !!  
But what gave rise  
To no little surprise—  
Nobody seem'd one penny the worse !

The day was gone.  
The night came on.  
The Monks and the Friars they search'd till dawn,  
When the Sacristan saw,  
On crumpled claw,  
Come limping a poor little lame Jackdaw !  
No longer gay,  
As on yesterday ;  
His feathers all seem'd to be turn'd the wrong  
way ;—  
His pinions droop'd—he could hardly stand,—  
His head was as bald as the palm of your hand ;  
His eye so dim,  
So wasted each limb,  
That, heedless of grammar, they all cried, “ THAT’S  
HIM !—  
That’s the scamp that has done this scandalous  
thing !  
That’s the thief that has got my Lord Cardinal’s  
Ring ! ”

The poor little Jackdaw,  
When the Monks he saw,  
Feebly gave vent to the ghost of a caw ;  
And turn'd his bald head, as much as to say,  
“ Pray, be so good as to walk this way ! ”  
Slower and slower  
He limp'd on before,  
Till they came to the back of the belfry door,  
Where the first thing they saw,  
Midst the sticks and the straw,  
Was the RING in the nest of that little Jackdaw !

Then the great Lord Cardinal call'd for his book  
And off that terrible curse he took.  
The mute expression  
Served in lieu of confession,

And, being thus coupled with full restitution,  
The Jackdaw got plenary absolution !  
—When those words were heard,  
That poor little bird  
Was so changed in a moment, 'twas really absurd.  
He grew sleek, and fat.  
In addition to that,  
A fresh crop of feathers came thick as a mat !

His tail waggled more  
Even than before.  
But no longer it wagg'd with an impudent air.  
No longer he perch'd on the Cardinal's chair.  
He hopp'd now about  
With a gait devout.  
At Matins, at Vespers, he never was out.  
And, so far from any more pilfering deeds,  
He always seem'd telling the Confessor's beads.  
If any one lied,—or if any one swore,—  
Or slumber'd in pray'r-time and happen'd to snore,  
That good Jackdaw  
Would give a great "Caw !"  
As much as to say, "Don't do so any more !"  
While many remark'd, as his manners they saw,  
That they "never had known such a pious Jack-  
daw !"  
He long lived the pride  
Of that country-side,  
And at last in the odour of sanctity died ;  
When, as words were too faint  
His merits to paint,  
The Conclave determined to make him a Saint ;  
And on newly made Saints and Popes, as you know,  
It's the custom, at Rome, new names to bestow,  
So they canonized him by the name of "Jim  
Crow !"

"THOMAS INGOLDSBY."

## THE MODERN MAJOR-GENERAL

I AM the very pattern of a modern Major-General,  
 I've information vegetable, animal, and mineral ;  
 I know the Kings of England, and I quote the fights  
     historical,  
 From Marathon to Waterloo, in order categorical ;  
 I'm very well acquainted, too, with matters mathe-  
     matical,  
 I understand equations, both the simple and  
     quadratical ;  
 About binomial theorem I'm teeming with a lot o'  
     news,  
 With interesting facts about the square of the  
     hypotenuse.  
 I'm very good at integral and differential calculus,  
 I know the scientific names of beings animal-  
     culous.  
 In short, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral,  
 I am the very model of a modern Major-General.

I know our mythic history—King Arthur's and Sir  
     Caradoc's,  
 I answer hard acrostics, I've a pretty taste in  
     paradox ;  
 I quote in elegiacs all the crimes of Heliogabalus,  
 In conies I can floor peculiarities parabalous.  
 I tell undoubted Raphaels from Gerard Dows and  
     Zoffanies,  
 I know the croaking chorus from *The Frogs* of  
     Aristophanes ;  
 Then I can hum a fugue, of which I've heard the  
     music's din afore,  
 And whistle all the airs from that confounded  
     nonsense *Pinafore*.

Then I can write a washing-bill in Babylonian  
cuneiform,  
And tell you every detail of Caractacus's uniform.  
In short, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral,  
I am the very model of a modern Major-General.

In fact, when I know what is meant by "mamelon"  
and "ravelin,"  
When I can tell at sight a Chassepot rifle from a  
javelin,  
When such affairs as *sorties* and surprises I'm more  
wary at,  
And when I know precisely what is meant by  
Commissariat,  
When I have learnt what progress has been made  
in modern gunnery,  
When I know more of tactics than a novice in a  
nunnery,  
In short, when I've a smattering of elemental  
strategy,  
You'll say a better Major-General has never *sat* a  
gee—  
For my military knowledge, though I'm plucky  
and adventury,  
Has only been brought down to the beginning of  
the century.  
But still in learning vegetable, animal, and mineral,  
I am the very model of a modern Major-General!

SIR WILLIAM GILBERT.

## THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER

THE sun was shining on the sea,  
Shining with all his might.  
He did his very best to make  
The billows smooth and bright—  
And this was odd because it was  
The middle of the night.

The moon was shining sulkily,  
Because she thought the sun  
Had got no business to be there  
After the day was done—  
“It’s very rude of him,” she said,  
“To come and spoil the fun.”

The sea was wet as wet could be ;  
The sands were dry as dry.  
You could not see a cloud, because  
No cloud was in the sky.  
No birds were flying overhead—  
There were no birds to fly.

The Walrus and the Carpenter  
Were walking close at hand ;  
They wept like anything to see  
Such quantities of sand.  
“If this were only cleared away,”  
They said, “it would be grand.”

“If seven maids with seven mops  
Swept it for half a year,  
Do you suppose,” the Walrus said,  
“That they could get it clear ?”  
“I doubt it,” said the Carpenter,  
And shed a bitter tear.

“ O Oysters, come and walk with us ! ”  
The Walrus did beseech,  
“ A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk  
Along the briny beach ;  
We cannot do with more than four,  
To give a hand to each.”

The eldest Oyster looked at him,  
But never a word he said ;  
The eldest Oyster winked his eye,  
And shook his heavy head—  
Meaning to say he did not choose  
To leave the Oyster-bed.

But four young Oysters hurried up,  
All eager for the treat.  
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,  
Their shoes were clean and neat—  
And this was odd, because, you know,  
They hadn't any feet.

Four other Oysters followed them,  
And yet another four ;  
And thick and fast they came at last,  
And more, and more, and more,  
All hopping through the frothy waves  
And scrambling to the shore.

The Walrus and the Carpenter  
Walked on a mile or so,  
And then they rested on a rock  
Conveniently low.  
And all the little Oysters stood  
And waited in a row.

“ The time has come,” the Walrus said,  
“ To talk of many things.

Of shoes—and ships—and sealing-wax—  
Of cabbages—and kings—  
And why the sea is boiling hot—  
And whether pigs have wings.”

“ But wait a bit,” the Oysters cried,  
“ Before we have our chat ;  
For some of us are out of breath,  
And all of us are fat ! ”  
“ No hurry ! ” said the Carpenter.  
They thanked him much for that.

“ A loaf of bread,” the Walrus said,  
“ Is what we chiefly need.  
Pepper and vinegar besides  
Are very good indeed.  
Now, if you’re ready, Oysters dear,  
We can begin to feed.”

“ But not on us ! ” the Oysters cried,  
Turning a little blue.  
“ After such kindness, that would be  
A dismal thing to do ! ”  
“ The night is fine,” the Walrus said.  
“ Do you admire the view ?

It was so kind of you to come !  
And you are very nice ! ”  
The Carpenter said nothing but  
“ Cut me another slice !  
I wish you were not quite so deaf—  
I’ve had to ask you twice ! ”

“ It seems a shame,” the Walrus said,  
“ To play them such a trick,  
After we’ve brought them out so far,  
And made them trot so quick ! ”



The Carpenter said nothing but  
“The butter’s spread too thick ! ”

“ I weep for you,” the Walrus said ;  
“ I deeply sympathize.”

With sobs and tears he sorted out  
Those of the largest size,  
Holding his pocket-handkerchief  
Before his streaming eyes.

“ O Oysters,” said the Carpenter,  
“ You’ve had a pleasant run !  
Shall we be trotting home again ? ”  
But answer came there none—  
And this was scarcely odd, because  
They’d eaten every one.

“ LEWIS CARROLL.”

### LITTLE BILLEE

THERE were three sailors of Bristol city  
Who took a boat and went to sea,

But first with beef and captain’s biscuits  
And pickled pork they loaded she.

There was gorging Jack and guzzling Jimmy,  
And the youngest he was little Billee.

Now when they got as far as the Equator  
They’d nothing left but one split pea.

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,  
“ I am extremely hungaree.”

To gorging Jack says guzzling Jimmy,  
“ We’ve nothing left. Us must eat we.”

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,  
"With one another we shouldn't agree !

There's little Bill. He's young and tender.  
We're old and tough. So let's eat he.

Oh, Bill, we're going to kill and eat you.  
So undo the button of your chemie."

When Bill received this information  
He used his pocket handkerchie.

"First let me say my catechism,  
Which my poor mammy taught to me."

"Make haste, make haste," says guzzling Jimmy,  
While Jack pulled out his snickersnee.

So Billy went up to the main top-gallant mast,  
And down he fell on his bended knee.

He scarce had come to the twelfth commandment  
When up he jumps. "There's land I see.

There's Jerusalem and Madagascar,  
And North and South Amerikee ;

There's the British flag a-riding at anchor,  
With Admiral Napier, K.C.B."

So when they got aboard of the Admiral's,  
He hanged fat Jack and flogged Jimmee ;

But as for little Bill, he made him  
The Captain of a Seventy-three.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

## THE OWL CRITIC

“WHO stuffed that white owl?” No one spoke  
in the shop——

The barber was busy, and couldn't stop;  
The customers, waiting their turns, were all  
reading

The *Daily*, the *Herald*, the *Post*, little heeding  
The young man who blurted out such a blunt  
question.

Not one raised his head, or e'en made a suggestion—  
And the barber kept on shaving.

“Don't you see, Mr. Brown,”

Cried the youth, with a frown,

“How wrong the whole thing is,

How preposterous each wing is,

How flattened the head, how jammed down the  
neck is—

In short, the whole owl, what an ignorant wreck  
'tis?

I make no apology.

I've learnt owl-eology;

I've passed days and nights in a hundred collections,

And cannot be blinded to any deflections

Arising from unskilful fingers, that fail

To stuff a bird right, from his head to his tail.

Mr. Brown, Mr. Brown,

Do take the bird down,

Or you'll soon be the laughing-stock over the  
town!”

And the barber kept on shaving.

“I've studied owls,

And other night-fowls,

And I tell you

What I know to be true.

An owl cannot roost  
With his limbs so unloosed.  
No owl in this world  
Ever had his claws curled,  
Ever had his legs slanted,  
Ever had his bill canted,  
Ever had his neck screwed  
Into that attitude.  
He can't do it, because  
'Tis against all bird-laws  
Anatomy teaches,  
Ornithology preaches.  
An owl has a toe  
That can't turn out so.  
I've made the white owl my study for years,  
And to see such a job almost moves me to  
tears !  
Mr. Brown, I'm amazed  
You should be so gone crazed  
As to put up a bird  
In that posture absurd !  
To look at that owl really brings on a dizziness ;  
The man who stuffed him doesn't half know his  
business ! ”  
And the barber kept on shaving.

“ Examine those eyes !  
I'm filled with surprise  
Taxidermists should pass  
Off on you such poor glass.  
So unnatural they seem,  
They'd make Audubon scream  
And John Burroughs laugh  
To encounter such chaff.—  
Do take that bird down !  
Have him stuffed again, Brown ! ”—  
And the barber kept on shaving.

“ With some sawdust and bark  
I could stuff in the dark  
A bird better than that !  
I could make an old hat  
Look more like an owl  
Than that horrid fowl,  
Stuck up there so stiff, like a side of coarse  
leather !—  
In fact, about him there’s not one natural feather.”

Just then, with a wink and a sly normal lurch,  
The owl, very gravely, got down from his perch,  
Walked round—and regarded his fault-finding  
critic  
(Who thought he was stuffed) with a glance  
analytic,  
And then fairly hooted, as if he would say,  
“ Your learning’s at fault this time, anyway !  
Don’t waste it again on a live bird, I pray.  
I’m an owl !—you’re another.—Sir Critic, good-  
day ! ”

And the barber went on shaving.

J. T. FIELDS.

## THE QUAKER’S MEETING

### I

A TRAVELLER wended the wilds among  
With a purse of gold and a silver tongue.  
His hat it was broad and all drab were his clothes,  
For he hated high colours—except on his nose.  
And he met with a lady, the story goes.

Heigho ! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

## II

The damsel she cast him a merry blink ;  
And the traveller nothing was loath, I think.  
Her merry black eye beamed her bonnet beneath ;  
And the quaker he grinned, for he'd very good  
teeth ;  
And he ask'd, " Art thee going to ride on the  
heath ? "

Heigho ! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

## III

" I hope you'll protect me, kind sir," said the maid,  
" As to ride this heath over I'm sadly afraid ;  
For robbers, they say, here in numbers abound.  
And I wouldn't ' for anything ' I should be found,  
For—between you and me—I have five hundred  
pound."

Heigho ! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

## IV

" If that is thee own, dear," the quaker he said,  
" I ne'er saw a maiden I sooner would wed.  
And I have another five hundred just now  
In the padding that's under my saddle-bow ;  
And I'll settle it all upon thee, I vow ! "

Heigho ! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

## V

The maiden she smiled and her rein she drew.  
" Your offer I'll take—though I'll not take you ! "  
A pistol she held at the quaker's head—  
" Now give me your gold—or I'll give you my lead—  
"Tis under the saddle, I think you said."

Heigho ! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

## VI

The damsel she ripped up the saddle-bow  
And the quaker was never a *quaker* till now.  
And he saw by the fair one he wished for a bride  
His purse borne away with a swaggering stride ;  
And the eye that looked tender, now only defied.  
Heigho ! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

## VII

“ The spirit doth move me, friend Broad-brim,”  
said she,  
“ To take all this filthy temptation from thee ;  
For Mammon deceiveth—and beauty is fleeting.  
Accept from thy *maai-d’n* a right loving greeting ;  
For much doth she profit by this quaker’s meeting.”  
Heigho ! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

## VIII

“ And hark ! jolly quaker, so rosy and sly,  
Have righteousness more than a wench in thine eye !  
Don’t go again peeping girls’ bonnets beneath !  
Remember the one that you met on the heath !  
*Her* name’s *Jimmy* Barlow—I tell to your teeth ! ”  
Heigho ! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

## IX

“ *Friend* James,” quoth the quaker, “ pray listen  
to me,  
For thou canst confer a great favour, d’ye see.  
The gold thou hast taken is not mine, my friend,  
But my master’s—and truly on thee I depend  
To make it appear I my trust did defend.”  
Heigho ! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

## X

“ So fire a few shots through my clothes here and there

To make it appear 'twas a desp'rate affair ! ”

—So Jim he popped first through the skirt of his coat

And then through his collar—quite close to the throat.

“ Now, once through my broad brim,” quoth Ephraim, “ I vote.”

Heigho ! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

## XI

“ I have but a brace,” said bold Jim, “ and they're spent,

And I won't load again for a make-believe rent.”

“ Then,” said Ephraim—producing *his* pistols—  
“ just give

My five hundred pounds back—or as sure as you live—

I'll make of your body a riddle or sieve ! ”

Heigho ! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

## XII

Jim Barlow was diddled—and, though he was game,

He saw Ephraim's pistol so deadly in aim

That he gave up the gold and he took to his scrapers.

And when the whole story got into the papers,

They said that “ *the thieves were no match for the quakers.*”

Heigho ! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

SAMUEL LOVER.



PLAIN LANGUAGE FROM TRUTHFUL  
JAMES

WHICH I wish to remark  
    (And my language is plain)  
That for ways that are dark  
    And for tricks that are vain—  
The heathen Chinee is peculiar ;  
    Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah Sin was his name.  
    And I shall not deny  
In regard to the same  
    What that name might imply.  
But his smile it was pensive and childlike  
    As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third  
    And quite soft was the skies—  
Which it might be inferred  
    That Ah Sin was likewise.  
Yet he played it that day upon William  
    And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game  
    And Ah Sin took a hand.  
It was Euchre. The same  
    He did not understand  
But he smiled as he sat by the table  
    With the smile that was childlike and bland.

Yet the cards they were stocked  
    In a way that I grieve.  
And my feelings were shocked  
    At the state of Nye's sleeve  
Which was stuffed full of aces and *bowers*—  
    And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played  
By that heathen Chinee  
And the points that he made  
Were quite frightful to see—  
Till at last he put down a *right bower*  
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye  
And he gazed upon me.  
And he rose with a sigh  
And he said, "Can this be ?  
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labour !"  
And he went for that heathen Chinee.

In the scene that ensued  
I did not take a hand.  
But the floor it was strewed,  
Like the leaves on the strand  
With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding  
In the game "he did *not* understand."

In his sleeves which were long  
He had twenty-four packs—  
Which was coming it strong.  
Yet I state but the facts ;  
And we found on his nails (which were taper)  
What is frequent in tapers—that's wax.

Which is why I remark  
(And my language is plain)  
That for ways that are dark  
And for tricks that are vain  
The heathen Chinee is peculiar ;  
Which the same I am free to maintain.

BRET HARTE.

## MULGA BILL'S BICYCLE

'Twas Mulga Bill, from Eaglehawk, that caught  
the cycling craze ;  
He turned away the good old horse that served him  
many days ;  
He dressed himself in cycling clothes, resplendent  
to be seen ;  
He hurried off to town and bought a shining new  
maehine ;  
And as he wheeled it through the door, with air of  
lordly pride,  
The grinning shop assistant said, " Excuse me,  
can you ride ? "

" See, here, young man," said Mulga Bill, " from  
Walgett to the sea,  
From Conroy's Gap to Castlereagh, there's none  
can ride like me.  
I'm good all round at everything, as everybody  
knows,  
Although I'm not the one to talk—I *hate* a man  
that blows.  
But riding is my special gift, my chicfest, sole  
delight ;  
Just ask a wild duck can it swim, a wild cat can it  
fight.  
There's nothing clothed in hair or hide, or built of  
flesh or steel,  
There's nothing walks or jumps, or runs, on axle,  
hoof, or wheel,  
But what I'll sit, while hide will hold and girths  
and straps are tight.  
I'll ride this here two-wheeled concern right straight  
away at sight."

'Twas Mulga Bill, from Eaglehawk, that sought his  
own abode,  
That perched above the Dead Man's Creek, beside  
the mountain road.  
He turned the cycle down the hill and mounted  
for the fray,  
But ere he'd gone a dozen yards it bolted clean  
away.  
It left the track, and through the trees, just like a  
silver streak,  
It whistled down the awful slope, towards the  
Dead Man's Creek.

It shaved a stump by half an inch, it dodged a big  
white-box :  
The very wallaroos in fright went scrambling up  
the rocks,  
The wombats hiding in their caves dug deeper  
underground,  
As Mulga Bill, as white as chalk, sat tight to every  
bound.  
It struck a stone and gave a spring that cleared a  
fallen tree,  
It raced beside a precipice as close as close could be ;  
And then as Mulga Bill let out one last despairing  
shriek  
It made a leap of twenty feet into the Dead Man's  
Creek.

'Twas Mulga Bill, from Eaglehawk, that slowly  
swam ashore :  
He said, " I've had some narrer shaves and lively  
rides before ;  
I've rode a wild bull round a yard to win a five-  
pound bet,  
But this was the most awful ride that I've en-  
countered yet.

I'll give that two-wheeled outlaw best ; it's shaken  
all my nerve  
To feel it whistle through the air and plunge and  
buck and swerve.  
It's safe at rest in Dead Man's Creek, we'll leave it  
lying still ;  
A horse's back is good enough henceforth for  
Mulga Bill."

A. B. PATERSON.

### A NIGHTMARE

WHEN you're lying awake with a dismal headache,  
and repose is taboo'd by anxiety,  
I conceive you may use any language you choose  
to indulge in without impropriety ;  
For your brain is on fire—the bedclothes conspire  
of usual slumber to plunder you :  
First your counterpane goes and uncovers your  
toes, and your sheet slips demurely from  
under you ;  
Then the blanketing tickles—you feel like mixed  
pickles, so terribly sharp is the pricking,  
And you're hot, and you're cross, and you tumble  
and toss till there's nothing 'twixt you and  
the ticking.  
Then the bedclothes all creep to the ground in a  
heap, and you pick 'em all up in a tangle ;  
Next your pillow resigns and politely declines to  
remain at its usual angle !  
Well, you get some repose in the form of a doze,  
with hot eyeballs and head ever aching,  
But your slumbering teems with such horrible  
dreams that you'd very much better be waking ;  
For you dream you are crossing the Channel, and  
tossing about in a steamer from Harwich,

Which is something between a large bathing-machine and a very small second-class carriage ;  
And you're giving a treat (penny ice and cold meat)  
to a party of friends and relations—

They're a ravenous horde—and they all came on board at Sloane Square and South Kensington stations.

And bound on that journey you find your attorney [who started that morning from Devon] ;

He's a bit undersized, and you don't feel surprised when he tells you he's only eleven.

Well, you're driving like mad with this singular lad [by the bye the ship's now a four-wheeler]

And you're playing round games, and he calls you bad names when you tell him that “ ties pay the dealer ” ;

But this you can't stand, so you throw up your hand, and you find you're as cold as an icicle,

In your shirt and your socks [the black silk with gold clocks], crossing Salisbury Plain on a bicycle :

And he and the crew are on bicycles too—which they've somehow or other invested in—

And he's telling the tars all the particulars of a company he's interested in—

It's a scheme of devices, to get at low prices, all goods from cough mixtures to cables

(Which tickled the sailors) by treating retailers, as though they were all vegetables—

You get a good spademan to plant a small tradesman [first take off his boots with a boot-tree],

And his legs will take root, and his fingers will shoot, and they'll blossom and bud like a fruit-tree—

From the greengrocer tree you get grapes and green pea, cauliflower, pineapple, and cranberries,

While the pastry-cook plant cherry brandy will grant, apple puffs, and three-corners, and banberries—

The shares are a penny, and ever so many are taken  
by Rothschild and Baring,  
And just as a few are allotted to you, you awake  
with a shudder despairing—  
You're a regular wreck, with a crick in your neck,  
and no wonder you snore, for your head's on  
the floor, and you've needles and pins from your  
soles to your shins, and your flesh is a-creep,  
for your left leg's asleep, and you've cramp  
in your toes, and a fly on your nose, and some  
fluff in your lung, and a feverish tongue, and  
a thirst that's intense, and a general sense  
that you haven't been sleeping in clover ;  
But the darkness has passed, and it's daylight at  
last, and the night has been long—ditto, ditto  
my song—and thank goodness they're both of  
them over !

SIR WILLIAM GILBERT.





## REALM 12

### FAIRYLAND

	PAGE
1. <i>Midnight strikes ; and the first of the fairies arrive</i> . . . . .	312
2. <i>A pretty ditty</i> . . . . .	313
3. <i>The Queen's courier [challenged by one of the King's retinue] heralds Her Majesty's approach</i> . . . . .	313
4. <i>Queen Mab !</i> . . . . .	314
5. <i>Her hosts of trooping elves</i> . . . . .	315
6. <i>Frolics, pranks, and revels</i> . . . . .	317
7. <i>Oberon dresses for a faery dance</i> . . . . .	318
8. <i>And partaketh of supper meet for a King</i> . . . . .	320
9. <i>The maddest sprite in Fairyland</i> . . . . .	321
10. <i>Are there any fairies to-day ?</i> . . . . .	325

## HERE ARE FAIRIES!

Now the hungry lion roars,  
And the wolf behowls the moon ;  
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,  
All with weary task fordone.  
Now the wasted brands do glow,  
Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,  
Puts the wretch that lies in woe  
In remembrance of a shroud.  
Now it is the time of night  
That the graves all gaping wide,  
Every one lets forth his sprite,  
In the church-way paths to glide !  
And we fairies, that do run  
By the triple Hecate's team,  
From the presence of the sun,  
Following darkness like a dream,  
Now are frolic. Not a mouse  
Shall disturb this hallow'd house.  
I am sent with broom before,  
To sweep the dust behind the door.  
Through the house give glimmering light,  
By the dead and drowsy fire.  
Every elf and fairy sprite  
Hop as light as bird from brier ;  
And this ditty, after me,  
Sing, and dance it trippingly.  
First, rehearse your song by rote,  
To each word a warbling note.  
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,  
Will we sing, and bless this place.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

## A TRIFLE LIGHT AS AIR

O WHO is so merry, so merry, heigh ho !  
As the light-hearted fairy, heigh ho !  
    He dances and sings  
    To the sound of his wings,  
With a hey, and a heigh, and a ho !

O who is so merry, so airy, heigh ho !  
As the light-headed fairy, heigh ho !  
    His nectar he sips  
    From the primrose's lips,  
With a hey, and a heigh, and a ho !

O who is so merry, so wary, heigh ho !  
As the light-footed fairy, heigh ho !  
    His night is the noon,  
    And his sun is the moon,  
With a hey, and a heigh, and a ho !

GEORGE DARLEY.

## COMETH A COURIER

OVER hill, over dale,  
    Thorough bush, thorough brier,  
Over park, over pale,  
    Thorough flood, thorough fire,  
I do wander every where,  
Swifter than the moon's sphere ;  
And I serve the fairy Queen,  
To dew her orbs upon the green.  
The cowslips tall her pensioners be.  
In their gold coats spots you see ;  
Those be rubies, fairy favours ;  
In those freckles live their savours.

I must go seek some dewdrops here  
 And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.  
 Farewell, thou lob of spirits ! I'll be gone.  
 Our Queen and all her elves come here anon.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

## QUEEN MAB

SHE comes

(In shape no bigger than an agate-stone  
 On the fore-finger of an alderman)  
 Drawn with a team of little atomies  
 Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep ;  
 Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs,  
 The cover of the wings of grasshoppers,  
 Her traces of the smallest spider's web,  
 Her collars of the moonshine's watery beams,  
 Her whip of cricket's bone, the lash of film,  
 Her waggoner a small grey-coated gnat  
 Not half so big as a round little worm  
 Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid.  
 Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut  
 Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,  
 Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers.

And in this state she gallops night by night  
 Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of  
 love ;  
 O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies  
 straight ;  
 O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees ;  
 O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream—  
 Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,  
 Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.  
 Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,  
 And then dreams he of smelling out a suit.  
 And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail

Tiekling a parson's nose as a' lies asleep ;  
Then dreams he of another benefice.  
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,  
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,  
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,  
Of healths five-fathom deep ; and then anon  
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,  
And being thus frightened swears a prayer or two  
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab  
That plaits the manes of horses in the night,  
And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,  
Which once untangled much misfortune bodes.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

## TROOPS OF FAIRIES AND LEGIONS OF ELVES

VOICES !—Ho ! ho ! —A band is coming,  
Loud as ten thousand bees a-humming,  
Or ranks of little merry men  
Tromboning deeply from the glen ;  
And now as if they changed, and rung  
Their citterns small and riband-slung  
Over their gallant shoulders hung !—  
A chant ! a chant ! that swoons and swells  
Like soft winds jangling meadow-bells ;  
Now brave, as when in Flora's bower  
Gay Zephyr blows a trumpet flower ;  
Now thrilling fine, and sharp, and clear,  
Like Dian's moonbeam dulcimer ;  
But mixt with whoops, and infant-laughter,  
Shouts following one another after,  
As on a hearty holiday  
When Youth is flush, and full of May ;  
Small shouts, indeed, as wild-bees knew  
Both how to hum, and hollo too.

What ! Is the living meadow sown  
With dragon-teeth, as long ago ?  
Or is an army on the plains  
Of this sweet clime, to fight with cranes ?  
Helmet and hauberk, pike and lance,  
Gorget and glaive through the long grass glance !  
Red-men, and blue-men, and buff-men, small,  
Loud-mouth'd captains, and ensigns tall,  
Grenadiers, light-bobs, inch-people all,  
They come ! they come ! with martial blore  
Clearing a terrible path before !  
Ruffle the high-peak'd flags i' the wind.  
Mourn the long-answering trumpets behind  
Telling how deep the close files are—  
Make way for the stalwart sons of war !  
Hurrah ! the buff-cheek'd bugle band,  
Each with a loud reed in his hand !  
Hurrah ! the pattering company,  
Each with a drum-bell at his knee !  
Hurrah ! the sash-capt cymbal swingers !  
Hurrah ! the kingle-klangle ringers !  
Hurrah ! hurrah ! the elf-knights enter,  
Each with his grasshopper at a canter !  
His tough spear of a wild oat made,  
His good sword of a grassy blade,  
His buckram suit of shining laurel,  
His shield of bark, emboss'd with coral !  
See how the plummy champion keeps  
His proud steed clambering on his hips,  
With foaming jaw pinn'd to his breast,  
Blood-rolling eyes, and archêd crest !

Over his and his rider's head  
A broad-sheet butterfly banner spread  
Swoops round the staff in varying form,  
Flouts the soft breeze, but courts the storm.

GEORGE DARLEY.

## SPORTIVE GAMBOLS

COME follow, follow me,  
You, fairy elves that be,  
Which cirele on the green,  
Come follow Mab your queen !  
Hand in hand let's dance around,  
For this place is fairy ground.

When mortals are at rest  
And snoring in their nest ;  
Unheard, and unespied,  
Through key-holes we do glide ;  
Over tables, stools, and shelves,  
We trip it with our fairy elves.

And, if the house be foul  
With platter, dish, or bowl,  
Upstairs we nimbly creep,  
And find the sluts asleep ;  
There we pinch their arms and thighs ;  
None escapes, nor none espies.

But if the house be swept,  
And from uneleanness kept,  
We praise the household maid,  
And duly she is paid.  
For we use before we go  
To drop a tester in her shoe.

Upon a mushroom's head  
Our table-cloth we spread.  
A grain of rye, or wheat,  
Is manchet, which we eat.  
Pearly drops of dew we drink  
In acorn cups fill'd to the brink.

The brains of nightingales,  
 With unctuous fat of snails,  
 Between two cockles stew'd,  
 Is meat that's easily chew'd ;  
 Tails of worms, and marrow of mice,  
 Do make a dish that's wondrous nice.

The grasshopper, gnat, and fly,  
 Serve for our minstrelsy.  
 Grace said, we dance a while,  
 And so the time beguile.  
 And if the moon doth hide her head,  
 The glow-worm lights us home to bed.

On tops of dewy grass  
 So nimbly do we pass,  
 The young and tender stalk  
 Ne'er bends when we do walk.  
 Yet in the morning may be seen  
 Where we the night before have been.

PERCY'S RELIQUES.

## THE KING OF FAIRYLAND DRESSES FOR THE DANCE

THE dwarfish Faery elves  
 Having first attired themselves,  
 Prepare to dress their Oberon King  
 In light robes fit for revelling.  
 With a cobweb shirt (more thin  
 Than ever spider since could spin,  
 Bleached to the whiteness of the snow  
 By the stormy winds that blow  
 In the vast and frozen air—  
 No shirt half so fine, so fair)  
 A rich waistcoat they did bring,  
 Made of the trout-fly's gilded wing.



At which his elveship gan to fret,  
Swearing it would make him sweat  
Even with its weight. He needs would wear  
A waistcoat wrought of downy hair  
New-shaven from a stripling chin.  
That pleased him well. 'Twas wondrous thin.

The outside of his doublet was  
Made of the four-leaved, true-love grass,  
Changed into so fine a gloss  
With the oil of crispy moss,  
It made a rainbow in the night,  
Which gave a lustre passing light.  
On every seam there was a lace  
Drawn by the unctuous snail's slow pace,  
To which the fin'st, pur'st silver thread,  
Compared, did look like dull, pale lead.  
Each button was a sparkling eye  
Ta'en from the speckled adder's fry,  
And, for coolness next the skin,  
'Twas with white poppy lined within.

His breeches of the fleece was wrought  
Which from Colchos Jason brought,  
Spun into so fine a yarn  
No mortal wight might it discern,  
Weaved by Arachne on her loom,  
Just before she had her doom.  
A rich mantle he did wear  
Made of tinsel gossamer,  
Beflowered over with a few  
Diamond stars of morning dew,  
Dyed crimson in a maiden's blush,  
Lined with humble-bee's soft plush.  
His cap was all of ladies'-love,  
So wondrous light, that it would move  
If any humming gnat or fly  
Buzzed the air in passing by.

SIR SIMEON STEWARD.

THE KING OF FAIRYLAND HAS  
SUPPER

A LITTLE mushroom-table spread,  
After short prayers, they set on bread—  
A moon-parch'd grain of purest wheat,  
With some small glit'ring grit, to eat  
His choice bits with. Then in a trice  
They make a feast less great than nice.  
But all this while his eye is serv'd,  
We must not think his ear was starv'd ;  
But that there was in place to stir  
His spleen, the chirring grasshopper ;  
The merry cricket, puling fly,  
The piping gnat for minstrelsy.

And now, we must imagine first,  
The elves present to quench his thirst  
A pure seed-pearl of infant dew,  
Brought and besweetened in a blue  
And pregnant violet ; which done,  
His kitling eyes begin to run  
Quite through the table, where he spies  
The horns of papery butterflies ;  
Of which he eats, and tastes a little  
Of that we call the cuckoo's spittle.  
A little furze-ball pudding stands  
By, yet not bless'd by his hands.  
That was too coarse. But then forthwith  
He ventures boldly on the pith  
Of sugared rush, and eats the sag  
And well bestrutted bee's sweet bag ;  
Gladding his palate with some store  
Of emmets' eggs. What would he more ?  
But beards of mice, a newt's stew'd thigh,  
A bloated earwig, and a fly ;

With the red-cap'd worme, that's shut  
 Within the concave of a nut,  
 Brown as his tooth ; a little moth,  
 Late fatten'd in a piece of cloth ;  
 With wither'd cherries ; mandrakes' ears ;  
 Moles' eyes ; to these, the slain-stag's tears ;  
 The unctuous dewlaps of a snail ;  
 The broke-heart of a nightingale  
 O'er-come in musick ; with a wine,  
 Ne'er ravish'd from the flattering vine,  
 Brought in a dainty daisy which  
 He fully quaffs up to bewitch  
 His blood to height ; this done, commended  
 Grace by his priest, the feast is ended.

ROBERT HERRICK.

### PUCK—THE KING'S JESTER

FROM Oberon, in fairy land,  
 The king of ghosts and shadows there,  
 Mad Robin I, at his command,  
 Am sent to view the night-sports here.  
     What revel rout  
     Is kept about,  
 In every corner where I go,  
     I will o'ersee,  
     And merry be,  
 And make good sport, with " Ho, ho, ho ! "

More swift than lightning can I fly  
 About this aery welkin soon,  
 And, in a minute's space desery  
 Each thing that's done below the moon.  
     There's not a hag  
     Or ghost shall wag

Or cry, "Ware Goblins !" where I go,  
But Robin I  
Their feats will spy,  
And send them home, with "Ho, ho, ho !"

Whene'er such wanderers I meet,  
As from their night-sports they trudge home,  
With counterfeiting voice I greet  
And call them on with me to roam  
Thro' woods, thro' lakes,  
Thro' bogs, thro' brakes ;  
Or else, unseen, with them I go,  
All in the nick  
To play some trick  
And frolic it, with "Ho, ho, ho !"

Sometimes I meet them like a man ;  
Sometimes, an ox ; sometimes, a hound !  
And to a horse I turn me can,  
To trip and trot about them round.  
But if, to ride,  
My back they stride,  
More swift than wind away I go,  
O'er hedge and lands,  
Thro' pools and ponds  
I whirry, laughing, "Ho, ho, ho !"

When lads and lasses merry be  
With possets and with junkets fine,  
Unseen of all the company,  
I eat their cakes and sip their wine ;  
And, to make sport  
I cough and snort ;  
And out the candles I do blow ;  
The maids I kiss ;  
They shriek,—"Who's this ?"  
I answer nought, but "Ho, ho, ho !"

Yet now and then, the maids to please,  
At midnight I card up their wool ;  
And while they sleep and take their ease,  
With wheel to threads their flax I pull.  
    I grind at mill  
    Their malt up still ;  
I dress their hemp ; I spin their tow.  
    If any wake,  
    And would me take,  
I wend me, laughing, " Ho, ho, ho ! "

When any need to borrow aught,  
We lend them what they do require ;  
And for the use demand we nought ;  
Our own is all we do desire,  
    If to repay  
    They do delay,  
Abroad amongst them then I go,  
    And night by night,  
    I them affright  
With pinchings, dreams, and " Ho, ho, ho ! "

When lazy queans have nought to do  
But study how to cog and lie ;  
To make debate and mischief too,  
    'Twixt one another secretly,  
    I mark their gloze,  
    And it disclose  
To them whom they have wronged so.  
    When I have done,  
    I get me gone  
And leave them scolding, " Ho, ho, ho ! "

When men do traps and engines set  
In loop holes, where the vermin creep,  
Who from their folds and houses get  
Their ducks and geese, and lambs and sheep,

I spy the gin,  
And enter in,  
And seem a vermin taken so ;  
But when they there  
Approach me near,  
I leap out laughing, " Ho, ho, ho ! "

By wells and rills, in meadows green,  
We nightly dance our hey-day guise ;  
And to our fairy king and queen  
We chant our moon-light minstrelsies.  
When larks 'gin sing,  
Away we fling ;  
And babes new born steal as we go,  
And elf in bed  
We leave instead,  
And wend us laughing, " Ho, ho, ho ! "

From hag-bred Merlin's time have I  
Thus nightly revell'd to and fro ;  
And for my pranks men call me by  
The name of Robin Good-fellôw.  
Fiends, ghosts, and sprites,  
Who haunt the nights,  
The hags and goblins do me know ;  
And beldams old  
My feats have told ;  
So Vale, Vale ! Ho, ho, ho !

PERCY'S RELIQUES.

## PUK-WUDJIES

[“The Puk-Wudjies . . . the little People.”—*Longfellow.*]

THEY live 'neath the curtain  
Of fir woods and heather,  
And never take hurt in  
The wildest of weather,  
But best they love Autumn—she's brown as  
themselves—  
And they are the brownest of all the brown elves ;  
When loud sings the West Wind,  
The bravest and best wind,  
And puddles are shining in all the cart ruts,  
They turn up the dead leaves,  
The russet and red leaves,  
Where squirrels have taught them to look out for  
nuts !

The hedge-cutters hear them,  
Where berries are glowing,  
The scythe circles near them  
At time of the mowing,  
But most they love woodlands when Autumn winds  
pipe,  
And all through the cover the beech-nuts are ripe,  
And great spikey chestnuts,  
The biggest and best nuts,  
Blown down in the ditches, fair windfalls lie cast,  
And no tree begrudges  
The little Puk-Wudjies  
A pocket of acorns, a handful of mast !

So should you be roaming  
Where branches are sighing,  
When up in the gloaming  
The moon-wrack is flying,

And hear through the darkness, again and again,  
What's neither the wind nor the spatter of rain—  
    A flutter, a flurry,  
    A scuffle, a scurry,  
A bump like the rabbits' that bump on the ground,  
    A patter, a bustle  
    Of small things that rustle,  
You'll know the Puk-Wudjies are somewhere  
    around !

PATRICK R. CHALMERS.



## REALM 13

### HOMILY

- |   | PAGE |
|---|------|
| 1. <i>Life is a journey over an uneven road, beset at times by terrors that are difficult to face, lightened at times by wayside joys that snare and enslave the senses. The steadfast man will remember where his goal lies and trudge forward with level pace and never faltering aim</i> . . . . . | 328  |
| 2. <i>More to be esteemed than a string of precious gems are the polished maxims of the wise</i> . . . . .  | 329  |
| 3. <i>Happiness waits not on gifts from without but on graces from within. Honesty, Truthfulness, Temperance, and Meekness make the poorest household rich ; and Contentment is a talisman that turns wooden cups to gold and water into wine</i> . . . . .   | 333  |
| 4. <i>A picture of the very perfect knight by the very gentle poet</i> . . . . .  | 334  |
| 5. <i>An easy conscience offers a tranquil refuge from life's stormy seas and gives safe riding in the worst of weather</i> . . . . .   | 336  |

## CONSTANCY

Who is the honest man ?  
He that doth still and strongly, good pursue.  
To God, his neighbour, and himself most true.  
Whom neither force nor fawning can  
Unpin, or wrench from giving all their due.

Whose honesty is not  
So loose or easy, that a ruffling wind  
Can blow away, or glittering look it blind ;  
Who rides his sure and even trot,  
While the world now rides by, now lags behind.

Who, when great trials come,  
Nor seeks, nor shuns them ; but doth calmly stay  
Till he the thing, and the example weigh.  
All being brought into a sum,  
What place or person calls for, he doth pay.

Whom none can work or woo,  
To use in anything a trick or sleight ;  
For above all things he abhors deceit.  
His words, and works, and fashion too,  
All of one piece ; and all are clear and straight.

Who never melts or thaws  
At close temptation. When the day is done,  
His goodness sets not, but in dark can run.  
The sun to others writeth laws  
And is their virtue. Virtue is *his* sun.

Who, when he is to treat  
 With sick folks, women, those whom passions sway,  
 Allows for that and keeps his constant way.

Whom others' faults do not defeat ;  
 But though men fail him, yet his part doth play.

Whom nothing can procure  
 (When the wide world runs bias from his will)  
 To writhe his limbs—and share, not mend, the ill.

This is the mark-man safe and sure  
 Who still is right and prays to be so still.

GEORGE HERBERT.

## PROVERBS AND PRECEPTS

### SATIETY

IF all the year were playing holidays,  
 To sport would be as tedious as to work.

*Henry IV.*, Part I.

### NEGLIGENCE

A little fire is quickly trodden out,  
 Which, being suffered, rivers cannot quench.

*Henry VI.*, Part III.

### EXCUSES

Oftentimes excusing of a fault  
 Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse.

*King John.*

### CONCEIT

Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works.

*Hamlet.*

## COWARDICE

Cowards die many times before their deaths ;  
The valiant never taste of death but once.

*Julius Cæsar.*

## CENSORIOUSNESS

How would *you* be,  
If *He*, which is the top of judgment, should  
But judge you as you are ?

*Measure for Measure.*

## BULLYING

O it is excellent  
To have a giant's strength ; but it is tyrannous  
To use it like a giant.

*Measure for Measure.*

## CONSCIENCE

Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind.  
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

*Henry VI., Part III.*

## REPUTATION

The purest treasure mortal times afford  
Is spotless reputation. That away,  
Men are but gilded loam or painted clay.

*Richard II.*

## AMBITION

Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,  
Thy God's, and truth's !

*Henry VIII.*

## CHOICE OF OCCUPATION

To business that we love we rise betimes  
And go to't with delight.

*Antony and Cleopatra.*

## OPPORTUNITY

There is a tide in the affairs of men  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.  
Omitted, all the voyage of their life  
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

*Julius Cæsar.*

## MONEY

Neither a lender nor a borrower be !  
For loan oft loses both itself and friend  
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.

*Hamlet.*

## RETICENCE

Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice.

*Hamlet.*

## CONTENTION

Beware  
Of entrance to a quarrel ! But being in,  
Bear't that the opposêd may beware of thee.

*Hamlet.*

## FLUENCY

Mend your speech a little  
Lest it may mar your fortunes.

*King Lear.*

## CHEERFULNESS

A merry heart goes all the day,  
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

*The Winter's Tale.*

## HONESTY OF PURPOSE

Never anything can be amiss  
When simpleness and duty tender it.

*A Midsummer Night's Dream.*

## HARD WORK

## Weariness

Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth  
Finds the down pillows hard.

*Cymbeline.*

## FAITHFULNESS

A jewel in a ten-times-barred-up chest  
Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.

*Richard II.*

## CONTENTMENT

All places that the eye of heaven visits  
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.

*Richard II.*

## RESIGNATION

Things without all remedy  
Should be without regard. What's done—is done.

*Macbeth.*

## FORGIVENESS

Love thyself last ! Cherish those hearts that hate  
thee !

*Henry VIII.*

## FRIENDSHIP

Those friends thou hast, and their adoption  
tried,  
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel.

*Hamlet.*

## SELF-RESPECT

This above all—to thine own self be true  
And it must follow, as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

*Hamlet.*

## PRAYER

God's goodness hath been great to thee.  
Let never day nor night unhallowed pass,  
But still remember what the Lord has done !

*Henry VI., Part II.*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

## LORD OF HIMSELF

How happy is he born or taught  
Who serveth not another's will ;  
Whose armour is his honest thought,  
And simple truth his highest skill ;

Whose passions not his masters are ;  
Whose soul is still prepared for death—  
Not tied unto the world with care  
Of prince's ear or vulgar breath ;

Who hath his ear from rumours freed ;  
Whose conscience is his strong retreat ;  
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,  
Nor ruin make oppressors great ;

Who envies none whom chance doth raise  
Or vice ; who never understood  
How deepest wounds are given with praise,  
Nor rules of state but rules of good ;

Who God doth late and early pray  
More of his grace than gifts to lend,  
And entertains the harmless day  
With a well-chosen book or friend—

This man is free from servile bands  
Of hope to rise or fear to fall.  
Lord of himself, though not of lands,  
And, having nothing, yet hath all.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

## CHARACTER OF THE HAPPY WARRIOR

Who is the happy Warrior? Who is he  
That every Man in arms should wish to be?

It is the generous Spirit, who, when brought  
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought  
Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought;  
Whose high endeavours are an inward light  
That makes the path before him always bright;  
Who (with a natural instinct to discern  
What knowledge can perform) is diligent to learn;  
Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,  
But makes his moral being his prime care.

Who, doomed to go in company with Pain  
And Fear and Bloodshed—miserable train!—  
Turns his necessity to glorious gain;  
In face of these doth exercise a power  
Which is our human nature's highest dower;  
Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves  
Of their bad influence, and their good receives;  
By objects which might force the soul to abate  
Her feeling, rendered more compassionate;  
Is placable—because occasions rise  
So often that demand such sacrifice;  
More skilful in self knowledge; even more pure,  
As tempted more; more able to endure,



As more exposed to suffering and distress ;  
Thence, also, more alive to tenderness.

'Tis he whose law is reason ; who depends  
Upon that law as on the best of friends ;  
Whence, in a state where men are tempted still  
To evil for a guard against worse ill,  
And what in quality or act is best  
Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,  
He labours good on good to fix, and owes  
To virtue every triumph that he knows.

Who, if he rise to station of command,  
Rises by open means ; and there will stand  
On honourable terms ; or else retire  
And in himself possess his own desire ;  
Who comprehends his trust, and to the same  
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim ;  
And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait  
For wealth, or honours, or for worldly state—  
Whom they must follow, on whose head must fall,  
Like showers of manna, if they come at all.

Whose powers shed round him in the common strife  
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,  
A constant influence, a peculiar grace ;  
But who, if he be called upon to face  
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined  
Great issues, good or bad for human kind,  
Is happy as a Lover, and attired  
With sudden brightness, like a man inspired ;  
And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the law  
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw ;  
Or if an unexpected call succeed,  
Come when it will, is equal to the need.

He who, though thus endued as with a sense  
And faculty for storm and turbulence,  
Is yet a Soul whose master-bias leans  
To homefelt pleasures and to gentle scenes—  
Sweet images ! which, wheresoe'er he be,  
Are at his heart ; and such fidelity

It is his darling passion to approve ;  
More brave for this, that he hath much to love.

'Tis, finally, the Man, who lifted high,  
Conspicuous object in a Nation's eye,  
Or left unthought-of in obscurity,  
Who, with a toward or untoward lot,  
Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not,  
Plays, in the many games of life, that one  
Where what he most doth value must be won ;  
Whom neither shape of danger can dismay  
Nor thought of tender happiness betray ;  
Who, not content that former worth stand fast,  
Looks forward, persevering to the last,  
From well to better, daily self-surpass ;  
Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth  
For ever, and to noble deeds give birth,  
Or he must go to dust without his fame,  
And leave a dead unprofitable name,  
Finds comfort in himself and in his cause ;  
And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws  
His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause.

This is the happy Warrior. This is he  
Whom every Man in arms should wish to be.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

### THE UPRIGHT MAN

THE man of life upright,  
Whose guiltless heart is free  
From all dishonest deeds,  
Or thought of vanity ;

The man whose silent days  
In harmless joys are spent,  
Whom hopes cannot delude,  
Nor sorrow discontent ;

That man needs neither towers  
Nor armour for defence,  
Nor secret vaults to fly  
From thunder's violence.

He only can behold  
With unaffrighted eyes  
The horrors of the deep  
And terrors of the skies.

Thus, scorning all the cares  
That fate or fortune brings,  
He makes the heaven his book,  
His wisdom heavenly things ;

Good thoughts his only friends,  
His wealth a well-spent age,  
The earth his sober inn  
And quiet pilgrimage.

THOMAS CAMPION.



## LAST REALM

### PRAYER

	PAGE
1. <i>That we may ever have in remembrance the heroes of old, striving to do our duty as they did theirs, so that the torch which they have handed us may be carried on undimmed</i> .	340
2. <i>That we may grow up clean and strong and true, so that it may be our privilege in due time to protect the weak and succour the distressed</i> . . . . .	341
3. <i>That in times of prosperity and national success we may ascribe the glory to God Who gave it, and humble ourselves before His everlasting throne</i> . . . . .	342
4. <i>That our sins may be forgiven and their burden removed</i> . . . . .	343
5. <i>That we may be happy in the occasion of our death</i> . . . . .	344

## A PRAYER

WE thank Thee first, our FATHER,  
Beneath Whose hand did grow  
Our wooded hills and valleys,  
Our silver streams below ;  
Whose finger paints our meadows  
And tints the clouds above,  
Whose mercy saves our country,  
And makes her worth our love.

We thank Thee for our fathers,  
Who trod where now we tread,  
Our ageless roll of heroes,  
Our unremembered dead,  
Whose grave the world encircles  
From South to Northern ice,  
Who lived and died forgotten  
In patient sacrifice.

We thank Thee for Thy favour,  
As for Thy grace we pray  
On every good endeavour,  
In service, work, and play :  
Bless all the hours of boyhood,  
The sun, the wind, the rain :  
May strength be born of weakness,  
And sorrow turn to gain.

Oh, grant that now and ever,  
No act of ours may cast  
A stain on these fair meadows,  
Or scenes, where heroes passed ;

To-day, and through the ages,  
Their Faith shall be our shield,  
Their Hope shall light our darkness,  
Their Love shall win the field.

KENNETH FREEMAN.<sup>1</sup>

### THE CHILDREN'S SONG

FATHER in heaven Who lovest all,  
O help Thy children when they call;  
That they may build from age to age  
An undefiled heritage.

Teach us to bear the yoke in youth,  
With steadfastness and careful truth;  
That, in our time, Thy Grace may give  
The Truth whereby the Nations live.

Teach us to rule ourselves always,  
Controlled and cleanly night and day;  
That we may bring, if need arise,  
No maimed or worthless sacrifice.

Teach us to look in all our ends,  
On Thee for judge, and not our friends;  
That we, with Thee, may walk uncowed  
By fear or favour of the crowd.

Teach us the Strength that cannot seek,  
By deed or thought, to hurt the weak;  
That, under Thee, we may possess  
Man's strength to comfort man's distress.

<sup>1</sup> This poem was left by the Author incomplete. The concluding twelve lines were added by M. J. Rendall.

Teach us Delight in simple things,  
And mirth that has no bitter springs;  
Forgiveness free of evil done,  
And Love to all men 'neath the sun.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

### RECESSIONAL

God of our fathers, known of old,  
Lord of our far-flung battle-line,  
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold  
Dominion over palm and pine—  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies;  
The captains and the kings depart:  
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,  
An humble and a contrite heart.  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away;  
On dune and headland sinks the fire:  
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday  
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!  
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose  
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,  
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,  
Or lesser breeds without the Law—  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget!



For heathen heart that puts her trust  
In reeking tube and iron shard,  
All valiant dust that builds on dust,  
And guarding, calls not thee to guard,  
For frantic boast and foolish word—  
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord !

RUDYARD KIPLING.

### A PRAYER

WILT Thou forgive that sin, where I begun  
Which was my sin, though it were done before ?  
Wilt Thou forgive that sin through which I run  
And do run still, though still I do deplore ?  
When Thou hast done, Thou hast not done ;  
For I have more.

Wilt Thou forgive that sin which I have won  
Others to sin and made my sins their door ?  
Wilt Thou forgive that sin which I did shun  
A year or two but wallowed in a score ?  
When Thou hast done, Thou hast not done ;  
For I have more.

I have a sin of fear, that when I've spun  
My last thread, I shall perish on the shore.  
But swear by Thyself that at my death Thy Son  
Shall shine as He shines now and heretofore  
And having done *that*, Thou hast done.  
I fear no more.

JOHN DONNE.

## CROSSING THE BAR

SUNSET and evening star,  
And one clear call for me !  
And may there be no moaning of the bar,  
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,  
Too full for sound and foam,  
When that which drew from out the boundless deep  
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,  
And after that the dark !  
And may there be no sadness of farewell,  
When I embark ;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place  
The flood may bear me far,  
I hope to see my Pilot face to face  
When I have crost the bar.

LORD TENNYSON.

## INDEX OF AUTHORS

	PAGE
ADDISON, JOSEPH [1672-1719]—	
<i>Blenheim, from The Campaign</i> . . . . .	169
ANONYMOUS—	
<i>A Loyal Song</i> . . . . .	109
<i>Another Ode to the North-East Wind</i> . . . . .	264
<i>Chanty</i> . . . . .	239
<i>King John and the Abbot of Canterbury</i> . . . . .	12
<i>Puck—the King's Jester</i> . . . . .	321
<i>Spanish Ladies</i> . . . . .	114
<i>Sportive Gambols</i> . . . . .	317
<i>The British Grenadiers</i> . . . . .	112
<i>The Death of Admiral Benbow</i> . . . . .	89
ARNOLD, SAMUEL JAMES [1774-1852]—	
<i>The Death of Nelson</i> . . . . .	209
AYTOUN, WILLIAM E. [1813-1865]—	
<i>Killiecrankie</i> . . . . .	165
BEDDOES, THOMAS LOVELL [1803-1849]—	
<i>To Sea</i> . . . . .	244
BRIDGES, ROBERT [1844— ]—	
<i>A Passer-by</i> . . . . .	245
BROWNING, ROBERT [1812-1889]—	
<i>Cavalier Song</i> . . . . .	108
<i>Hervé Riel</i> . . . . .	84
<i>How they brought the good news from Ghent to Aix</i> . . . . .	42
<i>Incident of the French Camp</i> . . . . .	92
<i>The Pied Piper of Hamelin</i> . . . . .	16
BURNS, ROBERT [1759-1796]—	
<i>Auld Lang Syne</i> . . . . .	116

	PAGE
BYRON, LORD [1788-1824]—	
<i>The Destruction of Sennacherib</i> . . . . .	111
<i>To the Ocean, from Childe Harold's Pilgrimage</i> . . . . .	131
<i>Waterloo, from Childe Harold's Pilgrimage</i> . . . . .	171
CAMPBELL, THOMAS [1777-1844]—	
<i>Battle of the Baltic</i> . . . . .	207
<i>Hohenlinden</i> . . . . .	170
<i>Ye Mariners of England</i> . . . . .	123
CAMPION, THOMAS [d. 1619]—	
<i>The Upright Man</i> . . . . .	336
CANNING, GEORGE [1770-1827]—	
<i>The Knife-grinder</i> . . . . .	260
<i>The Pilot that weathered the Storm</i> . . . . .	154
"CARROLL, LEWIS" (CHARLES LUTWIDGE DODGSON) [1832-1898]—	
<i>Father William</i> . . . . .	263
<i>Hiawatha's Photographing</i> . . . . .	266
<i>The Walrus and the Carpenter</i> . . . . .	292
CHALMERS, PATRICK W. [1872- ]—	
<i>Puk-Wudjies</i> . . . . .	325
CORY, WILLIAM [1823-1892]—	
<i>A Ballad for a Boy</i> . . . . .	215
COWPER, WILLIAM [1731-1800]—	
<i>England, from The Task</i> . . . . .	3
<i>On the Loss of the "Royal George"</i> . . . . .	227
<i>The Castaway</i> . . . . .	246
<i>The diverting History of John Gilpin</i> . . . . .	273
CRABBE, GEORGE [1754-1832]—	
<i>A Storm, from The Borough</i> . . . . .	231
CUNNINGHAM, ALLAN [1784-1842]—	
<i>A Song of the Sea</i> . . . . .	115
DARLEY, GEORGE [1795-1846]—	
<i>A Trifle light as Air, from Sylvia</i> . . . . .	313
<i>Troops of Fairies and Legions of Elves, from Sylvia</i> . . . . .	315
DIBDIN, CHARLES [1745-1814]—	
<i>The Sailor's Consolation</i> . . . . .	239
<i>Tom Bowling</i> . . . . .	222

# INDEX OF AUTHORS

347

	PAGE
DOBSON, HENRY AUSTIN [1840— ]—	
<i>The Ballad of "Beau Brocade"</i> . . . . .	59
DONNE, JOHN [1573-1631]—	
<i>A Prayer</i> . . . . .	343
DOYLE, SIR F. HASTINGS [1810-1888]—	
<i>The English Soldier in China</i> . . . . .	101
<i>The Loss of the "Birkenhead"</i> . . . . .	95
DRYDEN, JOHN [1631-1700]—	
<i>The Four Days' Battle, from Annus Mirabilis</i> . . . . .	199
DU MAURIER, GEORGE [1834-1896]—	
<i>Adieu, from Trilby</i> . . . . .	222
FALCONER, WILLIAM [1732-1769]—	
<i>In Days of Oak and Hemp, from The Shipwreck</i> . . . . .	237
FIELDS, JAMES THOMAS [1817-1881]—	
<i>The Owl Critic</i> . . . . .	297
FREEMAN, KENNETH [1882-1906]—	
<i>A Prayer</i> . . . . .	340
GILBERT, SIR WILLIAM [1836-1911]—	
<i>A Nightmare</i> . . . . .	307
<i>The Magnet and the Churn</i> . . . . .	281
<i>The Modern Major-General</i> . . . . .	290
GOLDSMITH, OLIVER [1728-1774]—	
<i>Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog</i> . . . . .	252
GRAHAM, HARRY [1874— ]—	
<i>After Burns</i> . . . . .	255
GRAY, THOMAS [1716-1771]—	
<i>On a Favourite Cat drowned in a Tub of Goldfishes</i> . . . . .	272
HARTE, BRET [1839-1902]—	
<i>Plain Language from Truthful James</i> . . . . .	303
HENLEY, WILLIAM ERNEST [1849-1903]—	
<i>England, my England</i> . . . . .	5
HERBERT, GEORGE [1593-1633]—	
<i>Constancy</i> . . . . .	328
HERRICK, ROBERT [1591-1674]—	
<i>The King of Fairyland has Supper, from Oberon's Feast</i> . . . . .	320

HOARE, PRINCE [1755-1834]—

*The "Arethusa"* . . . . . 211

HOLMES, OLIVER WENDELL [1809-1894]—

*Æstivation* . . . . . 256

HOOD, THOMAS [1799-1845]—

*A Parental Ode to my Son, aged three Years and five**Months* . . . . . 256*Faithless Sally Brown* . . . . . 282

HUNT, LEIGH [1784-1859]—

*The Glove and the Lions* . . . . . 44

"INGOLDSBY, THOMAS" (RICHARD HARRIS BARIHAM) [1788-1845]—

*The Confession* . . . . . 253*The Jackdaw of Rheims* . . . . . 285

JOHNSON, SAMUEL [1709-1784]—

*The Spell and Hazard of Military Renown, from The  
Vanity of Human Wishes* . . . . . 151

JONSON, BEN [1573 ?-1637]—

*To Shakespeare* . . . . . 126

KING HENRY VIII. [1491-1547]—

*Song* . . . . . 104

KINGSLEY, CHARLES [1819-1875]—

*Ode to the North-East Wind* . . . . . 120

KIPLING, RUDYARD [1865- ]—

*A Ballad of East and West* . . . . . 72*Recessional* . . . . . 342*The Children's Song* . . . . . 341*The Flag of England* . . . . . 6

LONGFELLOW, HENRY W. [1807-1882]—

*How Hiawatha built himself a Birch-bark Canoe, from**Hiawatha* . . . . . 53*How Pau-Puk-Keewis danced at Hiawatha's Wedding,**from Hiawatha* . . . . . 56*King Robert of Sicily* . . . . . 25*Santa Filomena* . . . . . 97*The Wreck of the "Hesperus"* . . . . . 233

LOVER, SAMUEL [1797-1868]—

*The Quaker's Meeting* . . . . . 299

MACAULAY, LORD [1800-1859]—

<i>Ivry</i> . . . . .	158
<i>The Armada</i> . . . . .	180
<i>The Battle of Naseby</i> . . . . .	162

MARRYAT, CAPTAIN [1792-1848]—

<i>The Old Navy</i> . . . . .	153
-------------------------------	-----

MASEFIELD, JOHN [1875- ]—

<i>Sea Fever</i> . . . . .	236
----------------------------	-----

MASSEY, GERALD [1828-1907]—

<i>Robert Blake</i> . . . . .	80
-------------------------------	----

MILTON, JOHN [1608-1674]—

<i>A Plea for Peace, from Paradise Lost</i> . . . . .	138
<i>Words of the First Created Man, from Paradise Lost</i> . . . . .	140

MORRIS, WILLIAM [1834-1896]—

<i>Shameful Death</i> . . . . .	40
---------------------------------	----

NEWBOLT, SIR HENRY [1862- ]—

<i>A Ballad of John Nicholson</i> . . . . .	98
<i>Drake's Drum</i> . . . . .	224
<i>Hawke</i> . . . . .	91
<i>The Fighting "Téméraire"</i> . . . . .	93

NOYES, ALFRED [1880- ]—

<i>Forty Singing Seamen</i> . . . . .	48
<i>The Admiral's Ghost</i> . . . . .	240
<i>The Highwayman</i> . . . . .	67

PATERSON, A. B. [1864- ]—

<i>Mulga Bill's Bicycle</i> . . . . .	305
---------------------------------------	-----

PEACOCK, THOMAS LOVE [1785-1866]—

<i>The War-Song of Dinas Vawr</i> . . . . .	110
---	-----

POPE, ALEXANDER [1688-1744]—

<i>Sermon, from An Essay on Man</i> . . . . .	149
---	-----

PROCTER, BRYAN [1787-1874]—

<i>The Sea</i> . . . . .	230
--------------------------	-----

RALEIGH, SIR WALTER [1552?-1618]—

<i>Last Words</i> . . . . .	228
-----------------------------	-----

RODD, SIR RENNELL [1858- ]—

<i>The Armada, from Ballads of the Fleet</i> . . . . .	184
--	-----

## SCOTT, SIR WALTER [1771-1832]—

*Lochinvar*, from *Marmion* . . . . . 46

## SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM [1564-1616]—

*Cometh a Courier*, from *A Midsummer Night's Dream* 313

*Dirge*, from *Cymbeline* . . . . . 226

*Down into the Deep*, from *Richard III.* . . . . 248

*England*, from *Richard II.* . . . . 2

*Here are Fairies*, from *A Midsummer Night's Dream* 312

*Incantation*, from *Macbeth* . . . . . 106

*Mark Antony's Oration*, from *Julius Caesar* . . . 143

*Proverbs and Precepts* . . . . . 329

*Queen Mab*, from *Romeo and Juliet* . . . . . 314

*Song*, from *As You Like It* . . . . . 105

## SHELLEY, PERCY BYSSHE [1792-1822]—

*Prometheus, Imprisoned and Impenitent*, from *Prometheus Unbound* . . . . . 142

## SHIRLEY, JAMES [1596-1666]—

*Death levels All* . . . . . 223

## SMITH, HORACE [1779-1849]—

*To a Mummy* . . . . . 129

## SOUTHEY, ROBERT [1774-1843]—

*The Old Man's Consolation* . . . . . 262

*The Widow* . . . . . 258

## STEWART, SIR SIMEON [d. 1629]—

*The King of Fairyland dresses for the Dance*, from *The Faery King* . . . . . 318

## SWINBURNE, ALGERNON CHARLES [1837-1909]—

*Trafalgar Day* . . . . . 155

## TENNYSON, LORD [1809-1892]—

*Crossing the Bar* . . . . . 344

*Spring Song of King Arthur's Knights*, from *The Idylls of the King* . . . . . 107

*The Charge of the Heavy Brigade at Balaclava* . . . 174

*The Charge of the Light Brigade* . . . . . 176

*The "Revenge"* . . . . . 193

*To the Shade of Nelson at Wellington's Funeral*, from *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington* . . . 124

*The Passing of Arthur*, from *The Idylls of the King* . 32



# INDEX OF AUTHORS

351

PAGE

THACKERAY, WILLIAM MAKEPEACE [1811-1863]—

*Larry O'Toole* . . . . . 254

*Little Billee* . . . . . 295

THOMSON, JAMES [1700-1748]—

*Rule, Britannia!* . . . . . 122

VERNÈDE, R. E. [1875— ]—

*England to the Sea* . . . . . 133

WATSON, WILLIAM [1858— ]—

*The Battle of the Bight* . . . . . 210

*The Fighting Five* . . . . . 219

WHITMAN, WALT [1819-1892]—

*Paul Jones's Fight*, from *Leaves of Grass* . . . 213

*The World below the Brine*, from *Leaves of Grass* . . 248

WOLFE, CHARLES [1791-1823]—

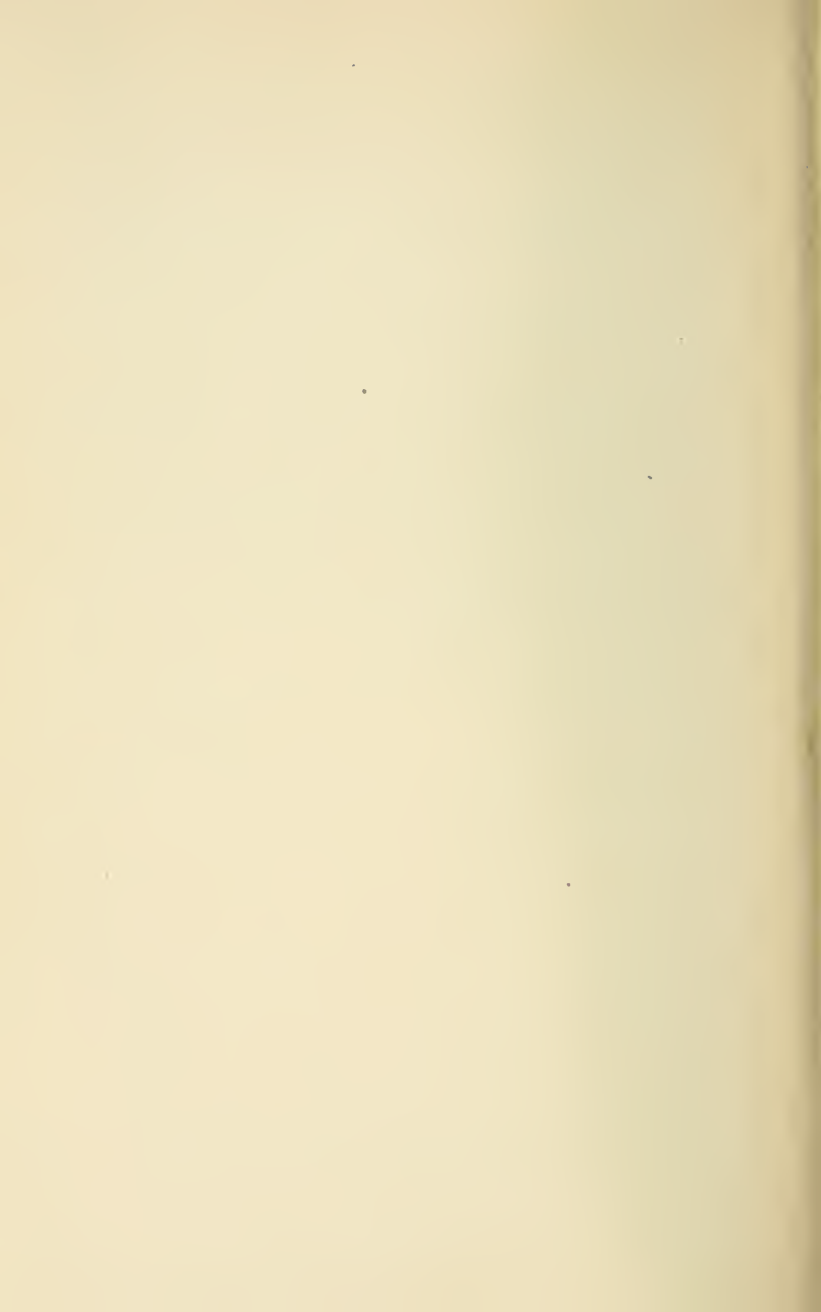
*The Burial of Sir John Moore at Corunna* . . . 225

WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM [1770-1850]—

*Character of the Happy Warrior* . . . . . 334

WOTTON, SIR HENRY [1568-1639]—

*Lord of Himself* . . . . . 333



## INDEX OF FIRST LINES

	PAGE
Across the seas of Wonderland to Mogadore we plodded .	48
A little mushroom-table spread . . . . .	320
A little work, a little play . . . . .	222
A lowering squall obscures the southern sky . . . . .	237
A Magnet hung in a hardware shop . . . . .	281
An ancient story I'll tell you anon . . . . .	12
And there was mustering all night long, wild rumour and unrest . . . . .	184
And thou hast walked about (how strange a story !)	129
At Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay . . . . .	193
A traveller wended the wilds among . . . . .	299
Attend, all ye who list to hear our noble England's praise .	180
Away, haul away, boys, haul away together . . . . .	239
A wet sheet and a flowing sea . . . . .	115
Behold in awful march and dread array . . . . .	169
Blow trumpet, for the world is white with May . . . . .	107
Cold was the night wind, drifting fast the snow fell . . . . .	258
Come, all ye jolly sailors bold . . . . .	211
Come, all you sailors bold . . . . .	89
Come follow, follow me . . . . .	317
Drake he's in his hammock an' a thousand mile away . . . . .	224
England, with all thy faults, I love thee still . . . . .	3
Even such is time, that takes in trust . . . . .	228
Farewell and adieu to you fine Spanish Ladies . . . . .	114
Father in Heaven who lovest all . . . . .	341
Fear no more the heat of the sun . . . . .	226

	PAGE
Forests at the bottom of the sea, the branches and leaves	248
Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears . . .	143
From his shoulder Hiawatha . . . . .	266
From Oberon, in fairy land . . . . .	321
Give me of your bark, O Birch-Tree . . . . .	53
God of our fathers, known of old . . . . .	342
God save great George our King ! . . . . .	109
Good people all of every sort . . . . .	252
Had I the fabled herb . . . . .	210
Half a league, half a league . . . . .	176
Hamelin town's in Brunswick . . . . .	16
Hang thee, vile North-easter ! . . . . .	264
Hearken, O Mother, hearken to thy daughter ! . . .	133
Heav'n from all creatures hides the "Book of Fate" .	149
Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling . . . . .	222
How happy is he born or taught . . . . .	333
I am the very pattern of a modern Major-General . .	290
If all the year were playing holidays . . . . .	329
If hushed the loud whirlwind that ruffled the deep .	154
I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky . . . . .	236
In eandent ire the solar splendour flames . . . . .	256
In seventeen hundred and fifty-nine . . . . .	91
I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he . . . . .	42
I tell you a tale to-night . . . . .	240
It fell in the year of Mutiny . . . . .	98
It was eight bells ringing . . . . .	93
It was the schooner <i>Hesperus</i> . . . . .	233
John Gilpin was a citizen . . . . .	273
Kentish Sir Byng stood for his King . . . . .	108
King Francis was a hearty man and loved a royal sport .	44
Last night among his fellow-roughs . . . . .	101
Lord, Lord ! methought what pain it was to drown .	248
Needy Knife-grinder ! whither are you going ? . . .	260
New-wak'd from soundest sleep . . . . .	140
Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note . . . . .	225

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts from whom all glories are !	158
Now the hungry lion roars . . . . .	312
Obscurest night involved the sky . . . . .	246
Of Nelson and the North . . . . .	207
Oh, east is east, and west is west, and never the twain shall meet . . . . .	72
Oh, wherefore come ye forth in triumph from the north .	162
One night came on a hurricane . . . . .	239
On Linden when the sun was low . . . . .	170
On the heights of Killiecrankie . . . . .	165
On the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two	83
Our fleet divides, and straight the Dutch appear . .	199
Our happy warrior ! of a race . . . . .	80
Over hill, over dale . . . . .	313
O who is so merry, so merry, heigh ho ! . . . .	313
O young Lochinvar is come out of the west . . .	46
Pastime with good company . . . . .	104
Right on our flank the sun was dropping down . .	95
Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane . . . .	25
Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll ! . .	131
Round about the cauldron go ! . . . . .	106
Sea, that art ours as we are thine, whose name . .	155
Seventeen hundred and thirty-nine . . . . .	59
She comes, in shape no bigger than an agate-stone .	314
Should auld acquaintance be forgot . . . . .	116
So all day long the noise of battle roll'd . . . .	32
Some talk of Alexander, and some of Hercules . .	112
Soul of the Age ! . . . . .	126
Sunset and evening star . . . . .	344
The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold . .	111
The captain stood on the carronade, "First Lieutenant," says he . . . . .	153
The charge of the gallant three hundred, the Heavy Brigade	174
The dwarfish Faery elves . . . . .	318
The festal blazes, the triumphal show . . . . .	151
The glories of our blood and state . . . . .	223
The Jackdaw sat on the Cardinal's chair . . . .	285
The man of life upright . . . . .	336

The mountain sheep are sweeter . . . . .	110
The queys are mooping i' the mirk . . . . .	255
There's somewhat on my breast . . . . .	253
There was a sound of revelry by night . . . . .	171
There were four of us about that bed . . . . .	40
There were three sailors of Bristol city . . . . .	295
The Sea ! the Sea ! the open Sea ! . . . . .	230
The sun was shining on the sea . . . . .	292
The towers of Heaven are filled . . . . .	138
The wind was a torrent of darkness among the gusty trees . . . . .	67
They live 'neath the curtain . . . . .	325
This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle . . . . .	2
Thou happy, happy elf . . . . .	256
Three thousand years of sleep-unsheltered hours . . . . .	142
Toll for the brave . . . . .	227
To sea, to sea ! The calm is o'er . . . . .	244
'Twas in Trafalgar's Bay . . . . .	209
'Twas Mulga Bill, from Eaglehawk, that caught the cycling craze . . . . .	305
'Twas on a lofty vase's side . . . . .	272
Under the greenwood tree . . . . .	105
View now the winter storm ! Above—one cloud . . . . .	231
Voices !—Ho ! ho !—A band is coming . . . . .	315
Welcome, wild North-caster ! . . . . .	120
We thank Thee first, our Father . . . . .	340
What have I done for you . . . . .	5
When Britain first at Heaven's command . . . . .	122
Whene'er a noble deed is wrought . . . . .	97
When George the Third was reigning a hundred years ago . . . . .	215
When you're lying awake with a dismal headache, and repose is taboo'd by anxiety . . . . .	307
Where the waves are as chargers that curvet and prance . . . . .	219
Which I wish to remark . . . . .	303
Whither, O splendid ship, thy white sails crowding . . . . .	245
Who is he that cometh, like an honour'd guest . . . . .	124
Who is the happy Warrior ? Who is he . . . . .	334
Who is the honest man ? . . . . .	328
" Who stuffed that white owl ? " No one spoke in the shop . . . . .	297
Wilt thou forgive that sin, where I begun . . . . .	343

# INDEX OF FIRST LINES

357

	PAGE
Winds of the World, give answer ! They are whimpering to and fro . . . . .	6
Would you hear of an old-time sea-fight ? . . . .	213
Ye Mariners of England . . . . .	123
" You are old, Father William," the young man eried .	262
" You are old, Father William," the young man said .	263
You know we French stormed Ratisbon . . . .	92
Young Ben he was a nice young man . . . .	282
You shall hear how Pau-Puk-Keewis . . . .	56
You've all heard of Larry O'Toole . . . .	254

THE END





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